THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Franklin

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MARCH 30, 1918

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1918, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 *PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 30, 1918* *Number 39*

THE DARK FLEECE

The Morning Was Gusty, With a Blue and Cloudless Sky, the Harbor a Half Moon as Blue and Bright as the Sky

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

THE house in old Cottarsport in which Olive Stanes lived was set midway on the steepness of Orange Street. It was a low dwelling of weathered boards holding close to the rocky soil, resembling, like practically all the Cottarsport buildings, the salt weed clinging to the seaward rocks of the harbor; and Orange Street, narrow, without walks and dipping into cuplike depressions, was a type of almost all the streets. The Stanes house was built with its gable to the public way; the length faced a granite shoulder thrust up through the spare earth, a tall, weedy disorder of golden glow and the sedgy incline to the habitation above.

When Hester and Jem and Rhoda had been little they had had great joy of the bowlder in the side yard; at first impossible and then difficult of accomplishment, they had rapidly grown into a complete mastery of its potentialities as a fort, a mansion impressive as that of the Canderays on Regent Street, and a ship under the dangerous shore of the Fijis. Olive, the solitary child of Ira Stanes' first marriage, had had no such reckless pleasure from the rock.

She had been, she realized, standing in the narrow portico that commanded by two steps the uneven flagging from the street, a very careful, yes, considerate, child when measured by the gay irresponsibility of her half brother and sisters. Money had been no more plentiful in the Stanes family or in all Cottarsport then than now; her dresses had been few, she had been told not to soil or tear them, and she had rigorously obeyed.

The second Mrs. Stanes, otherwise an admirable wife and mother, had, to Olive's young disapproval, rather encouraged a boisterous conduct in her children which overlooked a complete cleanliness or tidy array. And when she, like her predecessor, had died, and left Olive, at twenty-three, to assume full maternal responsibilities, that serious vicarious parent had entered into an inevitable and largely unavailing struggle against the minor damage mostly caused by the activities about the bowlder.

Now Hester and Rhoda had left behind such purely imaginative games, and Jem was away fishing on the Georges Banks. Her duty and worries had shifted, but not lessened; while the rock remained precisely as it had been through the children's growth, as it had appeared in her own earliest memories, as it was before ever the Stanes dwelling, now a hundred and fifty years in place, or old Cottarsport itself, had been dreamed of. Her thoughts were mixed: at once they created a vague parallel between the granite in the side yard and herself, Olive Stanes, they both seemed to have been so long in one spot, so unchanged; and they dwelt on the fact that soon—as soon as Jason Burrage got home—she must be utterly different.

Jason had written her that if they cared to they could build a house as large as the Canderays'. Under the circumstances she had been obliged to look on that as, perhaps, an excusable exaggeration, but she instinctively condemned the dereliction of the truth; yet, more than any other figure could possibly have done, it impressed upon her, from the boldness of the imagery, that Jason had succeeded in finding the gold for which he had gone in search nine years before. He was coming back soon, rich.

The other important fact reiterated in his last letter, that in all his absent years of struggle he had never faltered in his purpose of coming back to her with any fortune he might chance to get, she regarded with scant thought. It had not occurred to Olive that Jason Burrage would do anything else; her only concern had been that he might be killed; otherwise he had said that he loved her and that they were to marry when he returned.

"You Must Find It Pale Here After California, if What I've Heard is True," Honora Remarked

She hadn't really been in favor of his going. The Burrages, measured by Cottarsport standards, were comfortably situated. Mr. Burrage's packing warehouse and employment in dried fish were locally called successful; but Jason had never been satisfied with familiar values; he had always exclaimed against the narrowness of his local circumstance and restlessly reached toward greater possessions and a wider horizon. This dissatisfaction Olive had thought wicked, in that it had seemed to criticize the omnipotent and far-seeing wisdom of the Eternal; it had caused her much unhappiness and prayer; she had talked very earnestly to Jason about his stubborn spirit, but it had persisted in him and at last carried him West in the first madness of the discovery of gold in a California river.

Olive, at times, had thought that Jason's revolt had been brought about by the visible example of the worldly pomp of the Canderays—of their great white house with the balustraded captain's walk on the gambrel roof, their chaise, and equable but slightly disconcerting courtesy. But she had been obliged to admit that, after all was said, Jason's bearing was the result of his own fretful heart.

He had always been different from the other Cottarsport youths and men: while they were commonly long and bony and awkwardly hung together, thickly tanned by the winds and sun and spray of the sea, Jason was small, compact, with dead-black hair and pale skin. Mr. Burrage was the usual Cottarsport old man, he resembled a worn and discolored piece of driftwood; but though his wife was not conspicuously out of the ordinary, still there was a snap in her unfading eyes, a ruddy roundness of cheek, that showed a lingering trace of a French-Acadian intermarriage a century and more ago.

Olive always regarded with something like surprise her unquestioned love for Jason. It had grown quietly, unknown to her, through a number of preliminary years in which she had felt that she must exert some influence for his good. He frightened her a little by his hot utterances and by the manner in which his soul shivered on the verge of a righteous damnation. The effort to preserve him from such destruction became intenser and more involved; until suddenly, to her after-consternation, she had surrendered her lips in a single, binding kiss.

But with that consummation a great deal of her troubling had ceased; spiritual vision, she had been certain, must follow their sacred union and subsequent life. Even the gold agitation and Jason's departure for Boston and the Western wild had not given her especial concern. God was the supreme Master of human fate, and if he willed for Jason to go forth, who was she, Olive Stanes, to make a to-do? She had quietly addressed herself to the task of Hester, Jem and Rhoda, to the ordering of her father's household—he was mostly away on the sea and a solitary man at home—and to the formal recurrence of the occasions of the church.

In such ways, she thought, bathed in the keen, pale-red glow of a late afternoon in October, her youth had slipped imperceptibly away.

II

A STRONG salt wind dipped into the hollow and plastered her skirt, without hoops, against her erect thin person. With the instinct, bred by the sea, of the presence of the weather in all calculations, she mechanically dwelt on its force and direction, wrinkling her forehead and pinching her lips—she could hear the rising wind straining through the elms on the hills behind Cottarsport—and then she turned abruptly and entered the house.

There was a small, dark hallway within, a narrow flight of stairs leading sharply up; the door on the right, to the formal chamber, was closed; but at the left an interior of somber scrubbed wood was visible. On the side against the hall a cavernous fireplace with a brick hearth, blackened with shadows and the soot of ancient fires, had been left open, but held an air-tight sheet-iron stove. The windows, high on the walls, were small and long rather than deep; and a table, perpetually spread, stood on a thick hooked rug of brilliant primitive design.

Rhoda, in a creaking birch rocker, was singing an inarticulated song with closed eyes. Her voice gave both the impression of being subdued and of filling the room with a vibrant power. She had a mature face for sixteen years, vividly colored and sensitive, a wide mouth and a heavy twist of russet hair with metallic lights. The song stopped as Olive entered. Rhoda said: "I wish Hester would hurry home; I'm dreadful hungry."

"Sometimes they keep her at the packing house, especially if there's a boat in late and extra work."

"It's not very smart of her without being paid more. They'll just put anything on you they can there. I can tell you I wouldn't do two men's work for a woman's pay. I'm awful glad Jason's coming back soon, Olive, with all that money, and I can go to Boston and study singing."

"I've said over and over, Rhoda," Olive replied patiently, "that you mustn't think and talk all the time about Jason's worldly success. It doesn't sound nice, but as if we were all trying to get everything we could out of him before ever he's back."

"Didn't he say in the last letter that I was to go to Boston!" Rhoda exclaimed impatiently. "Didn't he just up and tell me that! Why, with all the gold Jason's got it won't mean anything for him to send me away. It isn't as if I wouldn't pay you all back for the trouble I've been. I know I can sing, and I'll work harder than ever Hester dreamed of ——"

As if materialized by the pronouncement of her name the latter entered the room.

"Gracious, Hester," Rhoda declared distastefully, making a nose, "you smell of dead haddock right this minute!"

The former, unlike Rhoda's softly rounded proportions, was more bony than Olive, infinitely more colorless, though ten years the younger. She had a black worsted scarf over her drab head in place of a hat, its ends wrapped about the meager stuff of her shoulders and bombazine waist. Without preliminary she dropped into her place at the supper table, the shawl trailing on the floor.

"The wind's smartening up on the bay," she told them. "Captain Eagleston looks for half a blow. It has got cold too. I wish the tea'd be ready when I get in from the packing house. It seems that much could be done, with Olive only sitting round and Rhoda singing to herself in the mirror on her dresser."

"It'll draw in a minute more," Olive said in the door from the kitchen, beyond the fireplace. Rhoda smiled cheerfully.

"I suppose," Hester went on in a voice without emphasis, but which yet contrived to be thinly bitter, "you were all talking about what would happen when Jason came home with that fortune of his. Far as I can see he's promised and provided for everybody, Jem and Rhoda and his parents and Olive—every Tom and Noddy but me."

"I don't like to keep on about it," Olive protested, pained. "Yet you can't see, Hester, how independent you are. A person wouldn't like to offer you anything until you had signified. You were never very nice with Jason anyway."

"Well, I'm not going to be nicer after he's back with gold in his pocket. I guess he'll find I'm not hanging on his shoulder for a cashmere dress or a trip to Boston."

"Pa ought to get into Salem soon," Rhoda observed. "He said after this he wasn't going to ship again, even along the coast, but tally fish for Mr. Burrage. Pa's getting old."

"And Jem'll be home from the Georges too," Olive added, seating herself with the tea. "I do hope he won't sign for China or any of those long voyages, as he threatened."

"He won't get so far away from Jason," Hester stated.

"I saw Honora Canderay to-day," Rhoda informed them. "She wasn't in the chaise, but walking past the courthouse. She had on a small bonnet with flowers inside the brim, and skimpy hoops, gallooned and scalloped."

"Did she stop?" Olive inquired.

"Yes, and said I was as bright as a fall maple leaf. I wish I could look like Honora Canderay ——"

"Wait till Jason's back," Hester interrupted.

"It isn't her clothes," Rhoda went on; "they're elegant material, of course, but not the colors I'd choose; nor it isn't her looks either; no one would say she's downright pretty; it's just—just her. Is she as old as you, Olive?"

"Let's see; I'm thirty-six, and Honora Canderay was . . . She's near as old, a year younger maybe."

"She is wonderful to get close to," said Rhoda; "no cologne and yet a lovely kind of smell ——"

"Not like dead haddock!" This was Hester again.

"Do you know," proceeded the younger, "she seemed to me kind of lonely. I wanted to give her a hug, but I wouldn't have for all the gold in California. I can't make out if she is freezing outside and nice in, or just polite and thinks nobody's good enough for her. She had an India shawl as big as a sail, and all over garnet and blue and dark green ——"

"Rhoda, I wish you wouldn't put so much on clothes and such corruption!" Olive spoke firmly, with a light of zeal in her gaze. "Can't you think on the eternities?"

"Like Jason Burrage and Honora Canderay," explained Hester; "Honora Canderay and Jason Burrage. They're eternities if there ever were any. If it isn't one it's bound to be the other."

"You Sound Exactly as if He Were a Jar of Quinces, and Not a True Lover Coming Back With Bags of Gold"

III

OLIVE'S room had a sloping outer wall and casually placed insufficient windows; her bed, with a blue-white quilt, was supported by heavy maple posts; there was a chest of drawers with a minute mirror stand, a utilitarian wash pitcher and basin, a hanging for the protection of her clothes, and uncompromising chairs. A small circular table with a tatted cover held her Bible and a devotional book, The Family Companion, by a pastor.

The room was cold when Olive went up to bed. With a desire to linger in her preparations she put some resinous sticks of wood into a sheet-iron stove and almost immediately there was a busily exploding combustion. A glass lamp on the chest of drawers shed a pale illumination that failed to reach the confines of the room; and for a while she moved in and out of its wan influence.

She was thinking fixedly about Jason Burrage and the great impending change

(Continued on Page 29)

The Strange Story of Mr. Smith

They Made the Round of the Candle-Lit Lofts and Silk-Curtained Cellars Where Bohemia Dances and Dines

By LOUISE DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

THIS story is strange, but Mr. Smith was not. He was one of the Wessington Smiths—the oldest one of the younger generation; no Wessington Smith was ever very young. His name was Charles Cornwallis Wessington Smith, but he was always called Wessington. He was not forty, but he was the head of the family, and was in full control of it and the family fortune and himself. He lived with his mother in her old house near a sleepy old park, from which the Wessington Smiths had not followed the tide of fashion. They never followed that tide. They did not have to. It waited for them, and often waited in vain.

Wessington Smith was not yet engaged to his cousin, Miss Helen Cornwallis, but society reporters were already sketching them together. Helen was almost as big and good-looking as Wessington, who lived, paid court, led cotillons and won polo cups, all in the public eye, like a prince of the blood, and was a better-liked man than many princes are.

He was a workingman, too, which all Wessington Smiths were not: junior partner in a reputable but prosperous firm of corporation lawyers, which took him on for his name and his backing, and kept him because he did the work of three men—his own and his two senior partners'. His office had the only shabby furniture in the suite, very battered and inky; but it had been his, a Wessington Smith's, since college, and had, therefore, a certain dignity in his eyes. The office had also, at the one window, the best working light in the suite, and, though he valued it less, the best view.

At five, one March afternoon, he sat by this window signing a pile of beautifully typed but uninteresting letters, which he read conscientiously through.

It was late March, and rainy and gray; but this story begins, as all love stories should begin, and many do, on the first day of spring, which spring itself appoints, and not the calendar—the day when spring makes up its mind to come into the world and stay, and buds of trees along far-away brooks know it and try harder to burst into bloom, and daffodils dying in bunches on city streets know it, too, and twinkle more bravely to catch some buyer's fancy before they die. Here in this overheated office, where the steam pipes sizzled angrily at Mr. Smith, who had turned off the steam, and where the open window seemed to let out air instead of letting it in, it was also spring. But it was not spring in the heart of Mr. Smith. In his well-ordered heart there was no room for the divine unrest and fever that are spring. All was well with Mr. Smith. Between the dull lines of his letters ran the story of a firm growing rich with the world at war. On his neat engagement pad was the noncommittal entry, "H.C. 9:30." It meant that, at nine-thirty to-night, as he knew and Helen knew, he would call upon his Cousin Helen and ask her to marry him.

"Damn!" said Mr. Smith.

We cannot choose our great moments, or we should meet them perfectly tailored—or gowned—and groomed. Thoughts that change the course of our lives come to us while we lace our boots. We travel by subway instead of surface cars, and avoid or meet our destinies. Mr. Smith's steam pipes, after an ominous hush, broke into a clamorous challenge he could not ignore.

"Damn!" he said, and rose and went to them. They quieted under his capable hand, and as he stood up something crumpled under his smart tan shoe—something that did not belong on his immaculate floor; so he picked it up. He stood by the window and looked at it. Then he put it on his ornate but correct blotting pad and looked at it, and finally switched off his reading lamp and sat with his feet in the second drawer of his desk and leaned back and looked at it, in the fast-gathering twilight, until he could see it no more.

The thing on Mr. Smith's desk was a rose—a street-corner rose, which had never been very pink; a little, sick, city rose, dying and almost dead, with two black wounds in its heart, where the wires pierced through. No fragrance came from it, but into the immaculate office of Mr. Smith something else came from it—something that was new there, very new. It was a voice that spoke to Mr. Smith. It spoke softly, and you and I should not have heard it if we had been there; we know that roses do not talk. We should have heard nothing. We should only have seen Mr. Smith, looking very handsome and big as he sat motionless there, staring at the wretched little rose.

"I am here," said the new voice.

"You?" said Mr. Smith. "Who are you?"

"You know," said the voice. "You know and every man knows. I am here. I am always here. I knock outside your door, and you will not let me in. I wait behind your chair, and you will not turn and see. I shall not wait much longer. But I am in all the sunsets and all the roses, forever."

"What do you want?" said Mr. Smith.

"You," said the voice. "Are you going to marry Helen?"

"Helen is real and you are a dream," said Mr. Smith.

"I am real, and your world is a world of dreams," the voice said; "little dreams of little men. I have called to you often."

"When?" said Mr. Smith.

"You know," said the voice again; "first at a carnival in New Orleans, when a masked woman threw you a rose and you would not follow her. Then ——" The voice whispered a name, and another name—names of women Mr. Smith had known, and knew no longer. One had married a title, years ago, and one a big fortune, that year.

"They would have loved you," said the voice; "and——" Very softly, as young girls confess first love, it gave him the name of the prettiest débutante of that season, whose engagement had just been announced.

"But I only saw her twice," said poor Mr. Smith.

"She," sighed the voice, "would have loved you best of all."

"It is too late for you now," said Mr. Smith.

"It is never too late for me."

"You are for poets and boys, and I am a business man, a tired business man."

"I am tired, too," breathed the voice. "If you marry Helen I shall never call again, and I can call now only through a small, tired rose. I do not ask much of you. You need not worship me or ride in quest of me. I ask only this, which you would give to your humblest friend or enemy, and never have given to me. Charles Cornwallis Wessington Smith"—and now the voice, which had been growing faint, gathered strength, like the perfume of flowers before they die—"give me a fighting chance!"

"How?" said Mr. Smith.

"Do not ask Helen to marry you to-night. Wait, and open your eyes to me. Open your heart to me. Believe that I may be in the world for you, and give me a chance to prove it. Give me a year."

"Too long," said Mr. Smith.

"If you were a boy or a poet, an hour would be enough. Will you give me a month? A week?"

"No," said Mr. Smith.

"Yes!" begged the voice. "Even condemned criminals get heard, you know. Hear me! Give me one week, out of all your life. One week!"

"It sounds fair enough," said Mr. Smith. Then he yielded suddenly. He always made important business

decisions suddenly. "I will give you a chance—every chance—for a week," he said.

"Then call me, for that gives me power. Call me by name."

It was dark now; the lights of a lightless night twinkled dimly, far below on Broadway. He reached a groping hand for his lamp. It closed on the rose, and the wire on it pricked him, as a thorn of that carnival rose had pricked long ago; and a little warm quivering thrill, that no man ever quite forgets if he feels it once, crept up the arm of Mr. Smith. "Romance," whispered Mr. Smith with stiff, unaccustomed lips. "Romance!"

"Romance," said Mr. Smith. You and I know that many have called on that name in vain. There were two reasons why Mr. Smith did not: one, since we do not believe in Fate, we will call the long arm of coincidence; the other was Mr. Smith. To think was to act, with him. He had settled the terms of an important merger only that day, in his own mind, almost before he finished suggesting it. Now he shut the rose into an unused drawer of his desk, which he locked. How was he to give Romance every chance in the rather short time he had allotted to it? Mr. Smith had a plan already. It was based on all the information about Romance that he had in his well-stocked legal mind. He perfected it rapidly. The plan was complete, and so far as he could control them—which, indeed, was not very far—the details of his experiences in the week to come were all settled when he rang for his stenographer.

"Miss Gibbs," he said, and his manner was quite as usual, though the directions he now gave were not. "I want you to break all my evening engagements for this week.

"I want you to," he repeated graciously. "I can only ask it as a favor, of course, for you are not my social secretary, though you are amply fitted to act as one. You will, in this—emergency? Thank you. I will give you my private engagement books and address books and any information you need to-morrow. This week I have—night work to do. I shall work here and shall want the place to myself. No watchman has access to this suite? What time in the morning does the scrub lady—or gentleman—come?"

"You won't work all night, sir?"

"Possibly. Get me a duplicate set of keys to this suite and the building, and all the keys to the closet in the outer office. It's empty now? Please also get my house on the phone and leave word that I shall not be home for dinner, but will see my mother before she leaves for Atlantic City to-morrow. Then get Miss Helen Cornwallis; talk to her personally, and say——" He paused, and Miss Gibbs, who had Helen's picture, cut from the Sunday supplement, regarded him with sentimental interest, which increased as he answered his telephone, ringing opportunely on his desk at this moment.

"Helen? . . . Too bad," said Mr. Smith; but even to the sentimental Miss Gibbs his voice was not that of a disappointed fiancé. "These grippe germs develop so fast. You felt perfectly well half an hour ago? And you will be able to see me—when? . . . . In about a week. . . . Certainly I can excuse you and I do understand, Helen. I—quite understand. Good night."

"Then that's all," said Mr. Smith; and his manner, as he hung up the receiver, was not that of a disappointed fiancé or a fiancé at all.

"That's all, Miss Gibbs."

That was all the part Miss Gibbs, efficient though she was, could play in the carrying out of Mr. Smith's plan, and until eight he, himself, could do nothing more. Eight was the hour he had set for his experiment to begin, and soon after eight he would know whether it was to succeed or fail. The last of the office force clattered away for the night, leaving the outer rooms of the suite all empty and dim. Mr. Smith put himself and his desk in perfect order, and then, with an impatience that he controlled but did not waste energy in trying to conceal, merely waited for it to be eight.

At last it was, and hastily but methodically turning off lights and locking doors, Mr. Smith—the elevators being all engaged by now in saving coal instead of running—groped his way quite eagerly down his four flights of stairs and out of the silent, echoing building. The streets outside were empty and silent too. Turning to the right, with some idea that it might bring luck to his plan, and making, after that, any sudden and intricate turn that occurred to him, Mr. Charles Cornwallis Wessington Smith walked off into the lightless night.

The lightless night seemed also a peopleless night. To walk abroad in it upon any errand or upon no errand at all was in itself adventure, and offered all the forbidden thrills that children know when they explore the pantry shelves at night and should be tucked safely into bed. But Mr. Smith was not looking for thrills. Turning a sudden corner—what corner he did not know, for he had succeeded in losing all sense of direction by this time—he saw at length, far ahead, what he was looking for. Nothing very unusual in city streets at night—it was the hurrying figure of a woman.

It had flashed suddenly into sight in the green glow of a street lamp and was soon lost in the dark; but Mr. Smith had seen it. He followed it.

He followed it through two dark blocks to a lighter one, where, before a shop window, it stood still. Mr. Smith stood still, too, for all the dead and living Wessington Smiths cried out in his blood against the thing that he was about to do, and he had to silence them. He did. Mr. Smith could not afterward recall anything that the window contained, though he stared at it for quite five minutes. At the end of that time he put a light but firm hand on the shoulder of the woman beside him.

"Madam," said Mr. Smith.

The girl—she was only a girl—turned and faced him. She was slender and small, and looked taller than she was. She wore a long soft cape and a round bright-colored hat, and under it her hair lay in smooth, ash-blond waves. Her small straight lips were parted, her breath came hard and fast and her bright brown eyes were angry. Mr. Smith's trained eye noted all these details. He inspected her for a few minutes without speaking. It was so dark that he could not see much, but he liked what he saw.

"You are pretty, but you leave enough to the imagination," he said. "I decided to speak to the first woman I met if she was possible at all, and you——"

The girl's brown eyes narrowed and quick color flashed into her cheeks.

"You are beautiful," discovered Mr. Smith; "and that is not necessary, but you'll do." A tramp taxi was rattling opportunely by, and he signaled it. "Allow me."

"How dare you?" said the girl, but it was not his passion for detail that led him to note that her light low voice was like muted violins. "It's not even late. It's not nine. I simply don't know what to say to you. I shall call a policeman, of course. But these things don't happen to me. They don't happen. Oh!"

"That is exactly my point," Mr. Smith explained. "They would happen if you would keep your mind open and your heart open. You ought to give them a chance, a fighting chance."

"Oh!" said the girl, who was now too angry to hear.

Then the cab, which had turned, stopped at the curb, and by the light of its lamps the two young people looked at each other. Mr. Smith's face was, even in that feverish glow, the face of a Wessington Smith, but with something new in the face of a Wessington Smith dawning now in the eager eyes; and in that light or any light the girl was beautiful. They looked and looked.

"Oh!" said the girl, very softly; and "Who are you?"

"We will not tell our real names," said Mr. Smith.

"What do you want of me?"

"I want you to dine with me every night for a week, and begin to-night."

"Why?"

"That is my own affair," said Mr. Smith, but so courteously that the rebuff was almost a compliment; "though I should tell you this: When the last evening is over you will not see me or hear from me again. I shall want your whole evening, upon each occasion—dinner, dancing, the play perhaps, supper, a drive, whatever you suggest."

"If I don't consent, what will you do?"

"Ask the next woman I meet," said Mr. Smith simply. "I should do my best to make your evenings—enjoyable," he added, and then awkwardly, as logical-minded men make irrelevant remarks, "I—like you."

The girl did not answer or seem to hear, but she turned and slipped suddenly into the waiting cab. She made room there for Mr. Smith graciously, as if the car were her own.

"You may drive me somewhere uptown," she said.

"The Plaza," said Mr. Smith, closing the shaky door. The taxi was a converted family car, with a top light which did not work when he nervously snapped the switch, and a flower holder now containing paper flowers, which he saw without surprise were roses.

"I do not consent to your plan, but you may tell me about it," the girl said.

"I am not a married man," said Mr. Smith. "I am not engaged. But I am soon to be. I am, as you would probably put it, tied up. I inflict this much information about my private affairs in order that you may not—may not——"

"Cherish false hopes?"

"Exactly! Thank you. I want an adventure. One week—all the time I can afford—should be time enough for one adventure. Picking up strange women—pardon the phrase—is, I understand, the essential of all adventures."

"What do I get out of it?" asked the girl practically.

"New York," said Mr. Smith promptly. "Fifth Avenue. Broadway. There is a lot of it left, with the world at war, you know. Smart restaurants. I wish to escape observation, but hardly a friend of mine would be there at this season; and, naturally, no friend of yours. Real food. I know a good deal about food, and more about drinks; and my favorite waiters know still more. The—white lights. Don't you want them? Most working girls do; and nice working girls never get a chance at them. And you are—please do not take this personally—so very nice, so much a gentlewoman, so charming—that I am sure they would be quite new to you.

"New York, and clothes," said Mr. Smith. "We can slip into the Plaza grill and eat to-night in what we have on; but clothes are New York. If you are not wearing real clothes, New York—isn't there. I should give you money to buy them. Here!" He put a banknote into her hand,

"The Thing You Want is the Thing That I Want. It is in My Heart for You, and in Your Heart for Me"

"I Have Called to You Often. First at a Carnival in New Orleans, When a Masked Woman Threw You a Rose and You Would Not Follow Her"

which closed over it passively. "I should ask you to spend one of these—all of it—on your clothes for each night," he said.

"It is—a very large sum."

"It is what I wish to pay for this week."

"You—appraise the worth of—what you wish to buy this week very exactly," the girl said slowly. "It is worth more to some men, and less to some men; but not many men, I think, could value it in terms of dollars and cents. Go on, please."

"Here are the keys of my firm's downtown office and of a closet where you could keep your clothes. You could dress there every night. I do not know how or where you live. I do not wish to know. But sudden additions to your wardrobe might be hard to explain. At the end of the week you could incorporate them one by one in your wardrobe and keep them; or sell them. You see, I have provided for everything.

"Clothes!" he went on with increased eloquence, for the instinct that made him a special pleader was beginning to tell him now that his audience was not with him, though the girl sat so straight and still. "You are beautiful, and beautiful women always care more for clothes, though that should not be true, since the ugly ones need them more. Primrose yellow—it was made for blondes, and most blondes don't know it. Cœur de rose—it was made for you."

"New York and clothes; that is all?" said the girl, and though no note of her low voice said that these things were not enough, he knew. And far up the pale-burning chain of blue-yellow lights that were Fifth Avenue he saw now the yellower lights of the big hotel, with the dim, light-starred park beyond.

"Me," offered Mr. Smith, conscious of weakening his cause but driven to it. "New York and clothes and me. I am not a ladies' man. I dance the old-fashioned waltz. I know only six tango steps. But I have invented three cocktails. I can make salad. I am middleweight amateur boxing champion of this state, though that would not interest you. And I thought that—nobody ever did—you might call me Charlie."

"You have certainly provided for everything," said the girl with a queer little break in her voice, like laughter and tears, yet like neither; and her little gloved hand closed lightly over his. "Tell your man to take a turn in the park," she said; "we can talk better there."

But they could not. Their ancient taxi skidded and speeded and flew along big breath-taking stretches of slippery drive, and plunged north, and lost itself in a maze of deserted avenues darkly wooded and starred with tiny far-set sleepy lights. Mr. Smith, finding the girl's hand still in his, let go of it politely, then groped for it again, and could not find it. "There is something that I could say to persuade you, which I have not said; and if you will tell me what it is I will say it," said Mr. Smith. Then: "This is no laughing matter to me."

The girl's laugh, low like her voice, but more clear, with a little silvery thrill in it, was quickly hushed and left no echo in the night.

"It is a serious matter," she admitted, "and might easily have been more serious for you. I advise you to study the methods of a more experienced masher next time. Your approach was—startling."

"Next time? Then you refuse?"

"Not exactly. I am in a position to consent to your plan, and it does offer much that is new to me. Something is going to happen to me next week, and until then I have a great deal of spare time on my hands. I asked for it; made it a condition, in fact. But now that I have it I use it only to think about the thing that is going to happen to me. I think of it all the time. I can't forget it. I—can't sleep. Your plan would—occupy my mind. It is not an agreeable thing that is going to happen to me."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Smith.

"You must not ask me to be more frank than you were. My name is Mary. It is my real name. You might call me Mollie. Nobody ever did before."

"Mollie?" said Mr. Smith. "Mollie dear? Mollie?" And again, for he liked the sound of it, "Mollie."

"Wait. I have not consented yet," she said, "for you are right; there is something you could say which you have not said—something you could offer, that is not clothes or New York or you. I have wanted it all my life. I have almost given up hoping for it—almost; but there is a chance, one last little ghost of a chance, that you could give it to me. I am willing to take that gambler's chance. If you do not give me this thing that I want you will cheat me; and though I shall never see you again I shall remember and hate you all my life. If you want your week on those terms, take it."

"If I don't?"

"Then drive me back to the corner where you found me, and I will remember and thank you all my life for giving me even a hope of the thing I want," said the girl—and it was only then that her shaken voice told him she had been crying—"Charlie."

Mr. Smith made no direct reply, but gave the chauffeur an order she did not hear. She leaned back into her corner and closed her eyes. When she opened them again the taxi had circled the park and left it, and Mr. Smith was holding out a large clean handkerchief to her.

"Wipe your eyes," he advised. "There'll be powder in your dressing room; and if you understand how to use it I'd rouge too."

"Then you want me?" she whispered. "Why?"

They were at the carriage entrance now. As the girl stepped down there, sweeping her cape aside and putting out her hand to him, Mr. Smith, gripping that small hand tight, saw, where her dark gown crossed at the throat, relieved by a fold of the sheerest white, one rose—a red, fading rose.

"I want you," said Mr. Smith—and as he said it, Mr. Smith, though he did not know why, knew that this strange thing was true—"because this week would not be possible for me with any woman in New York or the world but you."

"Then—you can have me," she said.

She said it looking up at him, small straight lips parted and smiling, brown eyes grave and deep, and out of them some question that he could not answer troubled Mr. Smith, and thrilled him; yet it seemed to him that those wise and tender eyes held the question and its answer, too, and the answers to all the questions in the world.

"A week is a very long time," said Mr. Smith irrelevantly but happily.

"A week is—a very short time," she said.

Mr. Smith and the Rose-girl—that was what he called her, for he could not use the Christian name of so new an acquaintance without turning crimson to the roots of his thinning, carefully brushed black hair—sat long over coffee on this first evening, in the lounge of the hotel where they dined. The Rose-girl stared at the soft lights and softer colors; and at the pretty women, who were not so pretty as she was; and at the men, who knew it; and at Mr. Smith—stared as only very ingenuous girls or very poised and sophisticated girls permit themselves to stare. Mr. Smith was not sure which she was.

"No," she said when he proposed dancing or a play; "not yet. Not to-night. Don't you like the theater best just before the curtain goes up? Didn't you like Christmas best just before they let you in to look at the tree? Don't you think the most interesting thing that two people can do is just to sit still and look at each other—if they are the right two people, and do it right?"

So they did it until twelve. Then he drove her to a quiet block on a quiet uptown street. He was not permitted to see which house, if any, she entered there, but left her looking after his taxi. And on the following evening adventures, as Mr. Smith had planned them, formally began.

Mr. Smith, climbing his stairs with a beating heart which he could almost hear beating, found in his dark and empty suite a little island of light, which was his room, and in the heart of the light a lady waiting. She was changed, but she was his lady of the night before, and could have been no other lady in the world—a lady in gray, the color for dreams and her. The gray dream-gown gained half its mysterious charm because she wore it and shook out of its shifting folds the faintest of faint perfume.

It was the shadowy gray of winter water; her hat was gray, with a touch of palest rose under the wide sweeping brim; and lights in the little string of pearls round her throat were gray.

"Not real," she said, touching the pearls.

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GOING IN—By George Pattullo

SOMEWHERE in the street a bugler blew reveille. It was still black night and rain fell dismally.

"Five-forty," grumbled a voice on the other side of the thin partition between my billet and the loft, where thirty soldiers were sleeping. "He's cheated us out of five minutes. Gee, you can spend a night quicker in this ol' country than anywheres on earth. Come alive, you guys! To-day's the day!"

Another voice: "And no joy ridin' in trucks this time, neither. Walk, doughboys! Walk!"

Followed sounds of stretching and mumbled sleepy protests. Then they tumbled out, and presently a thin shaft of light showed through a crack in the wall.

"Who's got my tin hat? Somebody's swiped my tin hat!" declared one of the voices.

To which a man with a cold made reply: "What do you care, Snitski? Cheer up! You'll soon be dead."

There was a crackling laugh at that from these men who were setting out for the trenches, on the real business of war at last.

Snitski spoke up again: "Remember what the major said to us yesterday? 'If you get your arm blowed off be thankful it wasn't your head; and if it's your head be thankful you're going to a warmer climate!' He sure is a cheerful stiff."

"You couldn't hurt the major's head none," remarked another in a tone that suggested he was still under the covers.

They made a prodigious noise getting their effects together.

"Look at ol' Shorty, will you? What's the matter, Ben? You look like somebody'd stole your girl."

"Don't you worry about me! I'm all right."

"Shorty's thinkin' about those machine guns. Hey, boys? Rat-tat-tat-tat!"

"Shucks! Bullets don't worry me none," came the retort. "When we were in before I got so I never even ducked my nut when they come buzzin' round."

"Oh, no you didn't! You got round-shouldered in less'n a week."

"I did not! But I admit—I admit them big ol' shrapnel don't sing Home, Sweet Home to me."

Somebody started up in a lugubrious howl:

"Oh, my, I don't want to die;
I want to go home."

"Can that stuff, Caruso! Don't you know we got orders to lay off that song? The orders are to sing something bright and snappy. Wow!"

I marveled. By what peculiar process of reasoning does even the military mind arrive at condemnation of this ditty for the troops? It would seem as if the most elementary understanding of psychology would tell it that men don't voice their fears when they are really afraid, and that if they sing dolefully before going out to fight it is a sure symptom of stout hearts.

A Plucky Sergeant

ONE by one they climbed down the ladder from their loft and went to breakfast. The village street was already thronged with men, who splashed through the mud and water holes and jumped the broad running streams at every corner. Twenty-four hours previously the country had been in the grip of a hard freeze. Every road had been smooth ice, so that horses and mules and men slid where they wanted to go and motor trucks did the witching waves down the hills. Then the rain started and the ice ran out in rivulets; so now we were wading.

Day had not yet broken and the soldiers were picking their way with the aid of flashlights. Some were carrying things to be packed in the wagons; others bore in their arms the straw on which they had slept. This was dumped in piles to be burned.

Soon a dozen huge bonfires lighted up the village, and immediately afterward came a brisk patter of what sounded like muffled rifle fire.

"What's that?" I asked a doughboy who was throwing more straw on a leaping blaze.

"Ca'tridges," he answered carelessly. "Soldiers just will leave ammunition round." Pop-pop-pop! "Go it, you little devils!"

I decided against that bonfire as a place to get warm, and went to the officers' mess for breakfast.

It was light when we emerged—a gray day with the sun trying to break through the morning mists. They were packing a wagon opposite the company kitchen and the cook was in a fine rage. Cooks always are when they're hurried.

"See that sergeant there?" asked the captain, indicating a tall soldier with a limp, who was bossing the loading. "He's just out of hospital. Broke his ankle. Oughtn't to be here at all; but he swore if we didn't let him come along he'd crawl there—so here he is."

We went down the street toward regimental headquarters. Men were hurrying everywhere with packs and bundles and forgotten equipment.

"Our stuff went up the day before yesterday in wagons," explained the officer. "There's only the odds and ends and rolling kitchens to go to-day. Good morning, Janowski! How did you sleep last night?"

The private stopped and saluted. He had been pretty cold, he said, and he ached down one side.

"But we doubled up, sir, and it wasn't so bad."

"You see," continued the captain as we walked along, "their cots and most of their bedding went on ahead. The last two nights they've been sleeping with only two blankets and any straw they could rustle. One of those blankets will be carried to-day on the wagons, and each man carries one in his pack."

Two mule teams passed us with heavy loads. The foremost driver suddenly pulled up and beckoned to the man behind.

"Say," he bawled, "where in thunder are we going to, anyhow? Do you know?"

"Search me!" said the other indifferently. "But let's go!"

"Maybe we'd best find out which road to take first. Hey?"

The suggestion seemed reasonable. They consulted a passing officer, obtained directions and moved out.

The Finest of the Fine

A LITTLE farther along we espied a private approaching, who walked as though his feet hurt him. At sight of the captain his trouble grew more pronounced. He halted a yard from us and saluted.

"Please, captain, I can't march to-day. My feet're killin' me."

The officer eyed him grimly a full minute.

"They are, are they? We never set out on a hike yet that your feet didn't kill you. Sit down on that step and take off your shoes."

The soldier obeyed. He removed shoes and socks, exposing a pair of number tens that looked absolutely sound.

"Just what I thought!" barked the captain. "Put 'em on again!"

"But they're kind of tender. They don't look like it, sir, but they hurt terrible. I know I couldn't make it."

What the captain said next would have burned a sensitive soul to a crisp.

"You'll march!" he ended savagely. "You'll go every step of the way too. Just let me see you trying to drop out and I'll put a man behind who'll keep you doing the fox-trot. Sore feet? Huh! You big quitter! Look at little Shorty. There's a man who really has sore feet, but he'll get there if he has to make it on his hands and knees. Now get up and join your squad!"

There was nothing unfeeling in this severity. You will find a few malingerers in every company—louts who whine and shirk and play the baby when there is nothing on earth the matter with them but a streak of yellow—and this was one of the breed.

"He's given me more trouble than any ten men I've got," cried the captain. "The only time that fellow acts perfectly well and lively is at chow. For two pins —— Did you hear him? And did you see his feet? All he wants is to ride on a wagon."

About seven-forty-five the battalion began pouring out of the company streets into the main thoroughfare. The sun broke through, flooding the village with the mellow radiance that is one of the glories of beautiful France.

Company after company lined up; they stretched round a far curve in the road. The men were in heavy marching order, with rifles and trench helmets, full packs and gas masks slung from the shoulder. The captain's eyes kindled as he looked at them.

"Uncle Sam never had an equal number of troops in such fine shape as our division is right now," he said. "Never in our whole history. Look at 'em! Hard as nails and ready for anything. If we don't give a good account of ourselves —— Well, so long! The colonel wants me."

He hurried off and a corporal approached softly. "Did you hear what the captain said?" he inquired in a confidential whisper.

"Certainly."

"Well, he's perfectly right. And our brigade is the best brigade in the division."

"Naturally."

"And this regiment is the best regiment in the brigade—by a mile!" he continued in a tone that dared me to deny it.

"Of course."

"And the colonel himself admits our battalion is the best battalion in the regiment."

"What else could he do?"

"And say—let me tell you something else," went on the corporal earnestly: "Company L is the best company in the whole battalion—by a mile!"

It was needless to ask where he belonged. I started up The Star-Spangled Banner.

"You think I'm kidding, but it's a fact," he assured me. "There's only one thing the matter with us: A bunch of new men came in a few days back and we've got to take them into the Front with us."

"How does that happen?"

"Well, you see we were below strength. So they sent a bunch of replacement men. Our company's got thirty-five. And that company over there has nearly seventy."

"Whew! Aren't they trained?"

"Some are and some aren't. But they'll soon pick it up in the trenches. A week there is worth two months' work in a training camp—hey? Besides, I guess they'll sort of keep the green ones back until they get some experience. Don't you think so?"

"I should imagine they would. Otherwise ——"

"Of course. It wouldn't be right. Some of these recruits are awful good boys too. We got a bunch from Montana, and they've sure come along fast. Willing? Say, they eat 'em alive. One guy who'd never shot a high-powered rifle before went out and beat the daylights out of the best we've got in the company. Fact! Ask the captain. They're going to make him a sniper."

On the wall of a billet across the street from us flared a large poster. On it was the picture of a ravishing débutante in evening dress, with a fur-lined cloak; she had been taken bodily from a magazine cover. "Protect Your Sister From the Hun!" it said below. The corporal perceived the direction of my gaze and nodded.

"That's right too," he remarked. "Maybe she don't look much like sis, but the idea's the same. Say, did you see a photograph of the boys who were taken prisoners by the boches in the first raid—that time we went in for training last November?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, I hear there's a picture of four of 'em lined up facing the camera, and every one of them has his eyes burned out. See it?"

I admitted that I had not.

"Anyhow ——"

And then an officer bellowed an order.

"So long. See you up the road. We're going to move."

Suzanne Learns English

WE MARCHED away at eight-fifteen in columns of fours. There was neither singing nor whistling, and the boys went along soberly with their heads bent under the pack and their eyes on the ground until we reached the outskirts of the village. The townspeople were at their doors to see them go by, but hardly a farewell was exchanged until the next to the last house was reached.

A girl stood in the doorway—a stocky, buxom wench with apple-red cheeks and a back like a wrestler. Some of L Company raised a joyous shout when they glimpsed her.

"Hello, Suzanne. How goes it? Good-by!"

She contented herself with smiling until she recognized a particular friend among the soldiers.

"How're you feeling to-day, Suzanne? Pretty good?" he cried.

"Damn, *oui!*" answered the girl courteously; and there was a roar of laughter. They had been teaching Suzanne English ever since their arrival three months before.

The road wound upward to the crest of a ridge. Fifty yards ahead of us was the tail of another company.

"Twelve minutes between battalions, and fifty meters between companies," announced the captain. "Be sure to regulate the stride, lieutenant, and keep our distance. First rest will be for fifteen minutes, and the others for ten minutes each. No man to take a drink of water until the third rest! Do you hear me, you men? Leave that water alone until I tell you, and don't eat any of your lunch until the noon rest. All right?"

Two of the lieutenants stayed in front to head the march and regulate the pace. The captain and I dropped back to the rear of the company.

"Good-by, old town!" yelled a doughboy as we topped the ridge and caught a last view of the village. "Maybe I'll never see you again. But if I don't you can keep all the money you've short-changed me on."

We moved at a moderate walk. Far ahead of us we could see some wagons and rolling kitchens rounding a bend in the road.

"Isn't this pretty slow?"

The captain grinned. "It may seem that way to you now, but wait a while, old-timer. We've got to do this all day. It'll be plenty fast enough for you soon."

He never uttered truer words.

We had sixteen miles to go. That sounds easy—but walk it! Oh, boy! And do it with a pack on your back and a rifle slung from the shoulder or at the slope. Even at the start the load weighs like a bad conscience, for the full equipment tips the scales round seventy pounds; at the end of eight miles it feels like a ton of cement; and beyond ten it becomes a nightmare. You begin to wonder whether the Pennsylvania Station hasn't been stuck in it by mistake.

Little Shorty was directly ahead of us. He walked with his head bowed and his eyes on the ground, lifting his feet like an old hen that has been through a hard winter. It was plain that he had his whole mind on the business in hand, for he never once looked to right or left.

"Lucky for us this thaw came," observed the captain. "I'd rather march through mud than on ice any day. Wasn't yesterday a holy terror? And the Steenth had to do twenty-four kilometers! I saw them do it. The mule teams came down that long hill into M—— with their front feet braced and their hind ones steering. They didn't have to take a step—just coasted down. It was some march! The boys called it the hesitation—one step forward and two back."

An Astonishing Recovery

THE road curved sharply, like a mountain railroad, so that the company in front was now abreast of us. Instantly there rose a chorus of yells and catcalls. That is a peculiarity of troops on a hike. They may go along silently for miles, but let them meet other soldiers face to face and they will break into jubilant shouts.

"Ten minutes' rest every hour," said the captain. "We'll halt soon for the first one, but it'll be fifteen minutes, to get the packs adjusted. We're supposed to march fifty and rest ten, with a quarter of an hour for lunch round noon."

Shortly afterward the column halted and we sat down on a bank at the right of the road. The pack seemed to worry some of the new men already, but the trained veterans were only beginning to warm up. Two of them felt so strong they went through a mock bayonet combat, but the majority relaxed with sighs of relief and eased their loads on their backs.

"You, there! Didn't you hear me say nobody was to drink any water until the third rest?" yelled an officer.

A doughboy sheepishly put away his canteen; but he had already taken a long pull.

"I got thirsty, sir."

"Too much farewell party last night, hey? Don't try to deny it; it shows all over you. Well, just wait about half an hour; that's all."

And then we were moving again. I noticed that Shorty had difficulty in keeping up. He was a stocky little man, built close to the ground, like a shorthorn calf.

"His legs aren't long enough for hiking," the captain remarked. "And he's had chilblains lately. It comes mighty hard for Shorty to hold the pace. But watch! I won't have to say a word to that boy from now until we get in."

We had gone perhaps two miles when a man in front dropped out. He wavered to the side of the road and then doubled up in the ditch. The column kept on as though nothing had happened; the captain and a lieutenant ran to his side.

"What's the matter with you?"

The soldier was blue in the face and moaning with agony—the selfsame man who had drunk water at the first rest.

"I thought so," cried the captain, rubbing a handful of snow against his mouth to revive him. "You will put on a farewell party, hey? Colic."

"Oh, I'm so sick," groaned the doughboy. "Leave me lay here, sir. Go on without me."

"I won't leave you here. You're coming with us. Don't you know that if you lie in that ditch you'll likely die?"

"I'd just as soon be dead," said the soldier as another cramp hit him. "Just leave me here. Please, captain."

But the officers would not hear of it. One on each side, they brought him to his feet with a jerk. The rough treatment was the best possible remedy. No sooner was he upright than the doughboy became violently sick and secured immediate relief.

"Fine!" exclaimed his commander. "You don't feel like dying now, do you?"

"No, sir. Where's my helmet?"

They put it on his head; he picked up his rifle and started after his company, now far in advance.

"And mind you don't drop out again!" admonished a lieutenant.

Never have I seen such an astonishing recovery. A hundred yards behind his section the soldier broke into a jog trot, and when he rejoined them he was comparatively fresh.

Then the sun went out and a cold wind sprang up. We were threading a valley and it struck us at thirty miles an hour. There was a chill back of it that portended a blizzard.

"Going to rain or snow," said the top sergeant glumly. "I wonder if this regiment ever did move in good weather?"

A moment later a man detached himself from the rear ranks and sat down on a rock pile beside the road. To my surprise none of the officers appeared to notice him.

"Leave him alone. He'll come along. It's Shorty," ordered the captain, as though that explained everything.

I approached the forlorn figure to inquire the trouble.

"My feet," he replied. "I just can't make it. But you go on. I'll catch up."

Glancing back a moment later I saw him horn in with the company behind. And at the next rest he rejoined us.

"There're ambulances behind," I mentioned to an officer. "Why doesn't he get into one?"

"Who? Shorty?" he asked in surprise. "I should say not! It'd break his heart."

On again; and suddenly the rain drove down. It came in furious waves, soaking everybody to the skin.

"Oh, my, I don't want to die,"

began a doughboy and then, abruptly remembering, broke into The Long Trail instead. A few of those near him joined in; others whistled it. "That company ahead never lets out a sound," I remarked. "They just keep pounding along with their eyes on the ground."

"Sure. What'd be the use of them singing? So many nationalities there, no two could understand what the others were singing. Besides, they've got a big percentage of recruits and I guess they don't feel much like music."

The next thing I noticed was Shorty at the side of the road again. He was shaking his head and talking to himself.

"I just can't make it," he was saying. "I just can't make it." Yet he kept on. When we spoke to him he answered fretfully without bothering to raise his eyes: "Leave me room, men. Quit crowdin' me."

He had dropped back the length of two companies before the next halt; but he was in his proper place when we made another start. Somebody offered to relieve him of his pack, but he flinched away. "Leave me alone, men. Quit crowdin' me."

Rough on the Rookies

THE wind howled and the rain beat furiously on our backs. Worse weather conditions for a march could not have been imagined.

A soldier suddenly stopped.

"What's the matter now?" demanded an officer.

"My shoes're full of blood, sir. The blisters must of broke."

"Nonsense! Unlace one of them and let me see."

The inspection was quickly made. His shoes were full of rain water that had dripped in from the top.

"Fix your putties to keep out the wet, and get into your place," ordered the lieutenant.

Through a couple of villages; we had come more than eight miles, and men were beginning to drop out. They were recruits, for the most part. The trained soldiers were comparatively fresh, except a handful who had staged farewell parties with friends and were now repenting them. If the laggards did not belong to L Company our officers let them alone. But when a man from Company L fell out somebody was at his side in a second.

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THE BRIDGE

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. EVERETT

L'âme ne peut se mouvoir, s'éveiller, ouvrir les yeux, sans sentir Dieu. On sent Dieu avec l'âme comme on sent l'air avec le corps. Oserai-je le dire? On connaît Dieu facilement pourvu qu'on ne se contraigne pas à le définir.

THE soul cannot move, awake or open the eyes without perceiving God. We perceive God by the soul as we feel air by the body. Shall I dare to say it? We know God easily so long as we do not force ourselves to define him. —JOSEPH JOUBERT, 1754–1824.

BECAUSE he was unaccustomed to doctors, and thought it the right thing to say, he asked the physician to name his malady frankly.

"I wish you'd tell me. I can stand it, you know."

In the bottom of his heart he was sure there was nothing to be afraid of. He was only sixty, which in the twentieth century is young, and as hale as he had been at thirty. This weakness, this sudden pain, this sense of suffocation, from which he had been suffering for the past few months, might be the beginning of a new phase in his life, the period commonly known as that of breaking up; but even so, he had good years still before him.

He could wait for the doctor's answer, then, without undue anxiety, turning toward him an ascetic, clean-cut profile stamped with a lifetime of high, kind, scholarly meditations.

The doctor tilted slightly backward in his chair, fitting his finger tips together, before he spoke. Any telltale expression there might have been in his face was concealed by a scraggy beard and mustache that grew right up to the edges of a lipless mouth.

"It's what is called Hutchinson's disease," he said at last. "I've known a few cases of it; but it's rather rare"—he added, as if reluctantly—"and obscure."

"But I've heard of it. Wasn't it," the patient continued, after a second's thinking, "the trouble with poor Ned Angel?"

"You mean the organist chap at St. Thomas—the near-sighted fellow with a limp—the one you had to get rid of?"

A sharp hectic spot like a splash of red paint came out in each of the clergyman's waxlike cheeks.

"That's the man. It—it carried him off in less than two months."

The doctor was used to embarrassing situations.

"I believe it did," he responded in a tone that seemed to make the fact of slight importance. "I remember hearing that he put up no fight; that he didn't want to live. You knew him better than I did ——"

"I knew him very well indeed; and a sweeter soul never breathed." There seemed to be something that the rector of St. Thomas was anxious to explain. "He'd played our organ and trained our choir for forty years—ever since the church was a little mission chapel, none too sure of its future. He was a chemist by profession, you may remember, and he'd done our work entirely without salary. But you know what American churches are. Once we'd become big and wealthy we had to have the best music money could provide; and so poor Angel had to go."

"And it killed him."

"No; I don't think so. People say it did; but I don't agree with them. It nearly killed me when I had to tell him—the parish put it up to me; but as for him he simply seemed to feel that his life on earth was over. He had fought his good fight and finished his course. That was the impression he made on me. He wasn't like a man who has been killed; he was rather like one who has been translated. He just—was not. All the same, it's been a good deal on my mind; on my conscience, I might say ——"

But the doctor had other patients in the waiting room and was obliged to think of them.

"Quite so; and, therefore, you see that in his case there were contributing causes; whereas in yours ——"

It was the patient's turn to interrupt:

"And for this Hutchinson's disease, is there any cure?"

In spite of his efforts to seem casual the doctor's voice fell.

"None that science knows of as yet. But able men have taken it up as a specialty ——"

"And its progress is generally rapid, isn't it?"

"Since you ask the question, I can only say, yes—generally. That doesn't mean, however, that in the case of a man of temperate life, like you ——"

But Berkeley Noone had heard enough. He listened to what the doctor had to say in the way of advice; he promised to carry out all orders; but he was sure his death sentence had been uttered. He took it as most men take death sentences—calmly as far as the eye could see, but with an inner sense of being stunned. Getting himself out of the office without betraying the fact that he knew he had heard his doom he roamed the city aimlessly.

By degrees he was able to think, though thinking led no farther than to the overwhelming knowledge that he was to be cut off. Cut off in his prime were the words he used. He had never been more vigorous than in the past few years—except for those occasional spasms that latterly had come and gone, and left him troubled and wondering. They had not, however, interfered with his work, seeing that he had preached and lectured and visited his parishioners and written books as usual. Moreover, he had fulfilled his duties with a power and an authority for which no younger man would have had the experience. For another ten years, he had been reckoning, he could go on at the same pace; and now the ten years were not coming!

II

NEVERTHELESS, when, a few weeks later, he was confined to bed he began to see that his situation was not without advantages of which he had taken no note at first. For one thing, he was tired. He had not recognized the fact till he had kept his room a week. A day having come when he was slightly better, it was suggested that he might get up and go out. But he didn't want to. He preferred to stay where he was. His lack of zest surprised him. It surprised him still more when he crept back into bed, with the conviction that it was the spot he liked best of all. Bed by day had always fired him with impatience. Now it seemed to him a haven, delicious and remote. The world might wag in the distance, but the wagging had nothing to do with him.

Nothing to do with him when all his working life had been spent at the heart of its energies! He had wrought and fought, and struggled and suffered, and lost and won. He had been maligned and abused and misunderstood, and had found enemies where he might have looked for friends; and yet he had never been more himself than when in the excitement of battle. It was the less credible then that the world should have no interest for him any more, and that he should find it a relief to get away from it.

And he should get away from St. Thomas. Six months ago he would have been angry with the man who had suggested that as a possible form of solace; and yet the fact was there. The parish had been his life. He had come to it as its first rector; his preaching had built it up. He had hardly ever taken a holiday without regulating beforehand every service and meeting that would take place in his absence. He had hardly ever come back without the sense of being just where he belonged. And now he should never again go into the pulpit and instruct other men as to what they ought to do! Never again should he make his round of calls on kindly carping parishioners! He should not have to take the respectful admonitions of his vestry any more, or try to appease its members, or defend himself for writing books. All that was over. He sank back among his pillows, with a sigh of comfort. He should get away from it.

Later he made a discovery that astonished him and gave him pain. He should get away from his wife.

A little thing revealed this, too, as an escape. Emily had bustled into his bedroom with a cup of broth. She liked plenty of salt in her broth, and he very little; but it was one of those small differences of taste to which she had never become reconciled. It fretted her that he shouldn't know when things were as they ought to be; and, not to fret her, he had during two-and-thirty years submitted to her wishes docilely. But to-day he felt privileged to put up a mild protest.

"Isn't there too much salt in this broth, dear?"

Standing by his bedside, she took the cup and tasted it.

"No, darling. It's very good indeed. I seasoned it myself. It's exactly right."

"Thanks, dearest." As broth exactly right, he forced himself to swallow it.

Having relieved him of the cup she went on to make him comfortable. He had been comfortable as it was, but she didn't believe it. She had always declared that if he would only rest as she did he would get more repose. She proceeded, therefore, to show him how, as she had shown him how perhaps a million times in the course of their life together. Patiently he allowed himself to be pulled and shunted while the sheets were straightened and the pillows smoothed, and he composed his figure to the lines that suited hers. Patiently, too, he pretended to be more at ease than he had been before, though he was saying to himself, with some eagerness, that death would take him away from this worrying wifely affection which never let him alone.

The anticipation gave him pangs of conscience, since they had lived together with quite the average degree of happiness, and he loved her with a deep and quiet love. Moreover, in spite of her double chin and her increase in waistline, he had never ceased to see in her the timid, wild-eyed nymph of a thing who had incarnated for him all that was poetry in the year when he was twenty-eight.

"He'd Played Our Organ and Trained Our Choir for Forty Years. Once We'd Become Big and Wealthy We Had to Have the Best Music Money Could Provide"

Not till after their first child was born had her birdlike shyness yielded by degrees to an assumption of authority, which in the end became a sort of lordship over him. By the time they had had three children she had formed the habit of correcting the thousand and one small faults into which he fell without knowing it. The way he ate; the way he sat at table; the way he held a book; the way he coughed; the way he yawned; the way he shook hands; the way he pronounced certain of his words; the way he gave out his notices in church; the way he allowed other men to walk over him—these, with a hundred similar details, had become the sphere of her loving, conjugal discipline.

For more than twenty of their thirty-two years of married life her comments on his oddities had trickled on like a stream that flows and stops, and stops and flows, and never dries up entirely.. He had borne it all because she could at any time, even now, throw him that look of the startled dryad which touched some hidden spring in him; but the moment had arrived when he couldn't help saying that he would be glad to get away from it.

And then, as his children roamed back one by one to see him die, it came to him that he should be glad to get away from them. That was a discovery which shocked him to the core. His children had been part of himself. They had been good children too—on the whole. There were five of them, and their ages ran from thirty-one to twenty-two. From a worldly point of view they were all doing reasonably well—and yet they were doing reasonably well in ways that never turned to him for sympathy.

Berkeley, Junior, was a broker in New York, and lived on Staten Island with a wife and a baby son. He seldom came home now, except for a wedding or a funeral. The father had had hopes for something more brilliant for the lad in the year when he was born; hopes that had grown with the boy's growth and followed him to school and college, only to fade when the young man struck out for himself.

Then there was Constantia, who had been such a wonderful little girl. Beauty and cleverness had been her portion, with a command of the piano that had promised the career of a Carreño. But she had married an agnostic professor in a Western state university, where, owing to the necessity of doing her own housework, she had given up her music, while in submission to her husband's teaching she refused to let her children be baptized.

The twins, Herbert and Philip, were in modern phases of business, the one selling agricultural implements in Texas, the other automobiles in Detroit. There was nothing a father could complain of in this. Berkeley Noone would not have so much as sighed if it hadn't been for his hopes. They had been such angelic little boys, and so quick at everything! He had placed them in the ideal walks of life; one perhaps as a historian or philosopher, and one—one at least—as a clergyman. But they had preferred the great career of making money, and, like their elder brother, rarely came home nowadays.

Beatrice was the enigmatic one. Though but twenty-two, she was restless and eager, and sometimes unhappy in ways as to which she never gave her mother or himself her confidence. Nominally living at home, she was oftener than not away on the pretext of studying art. All he knew of her with certainty was that she moved in the advanced brigade of the woman's agitation, that she had extraordinary friendships with young men, and that she smoked a great many cigarettes. Affectionate enough, but willful and mysterious, it pleased her to keep her parents in ignorance as to her doings, once she had closed their door behind her.

If his offspring had disappointed him it was not precisely disappointment that had worn him out; it was a sense of the futility of bringing children into the world at all. He had put his strength into theirs and they hadn't needed it. So long as they had let him, he had lived their lives with them, and shared their struggles, and suffered their pains; he had yearned and longed and looked forward for them more than they had ever yearned and longed and looked forward for themselves. He had seen them all as children of destiny! Whatever they might become, they could never be commonplace! Even when they had crosses to carry and cares to endure, their places in life could never be anything but high ones! And now now they were all there, each absorbed in what seemed to him a merely starveling way of life, waiting for him to die in order that they might return to it as quickly as steam and electricity could carry them. Vitally and essentially he was no more to them than the parent bird to the robin that has mated and made its nest in another tree.

So he gave up his yearnings over them. As they came and went in his room he watched them with the same detachment they betrayed toward him. He would have said he had outlived them had he ventured to use a word in which life was a compound. Certainly there was a sense in which he had outgrown them. He had left them behind in some race that had more than death for its goal. The effort to keep going back to them, going back and pulling them along, was too wearisome to keep up.

In the place for which he was bound he would get rest from the cravings on their behalf that had haunted him ever since the minute when he knew the first of them was to be born.

III

AND yet his thoughts were not all of rest. Far from it! He was of Puritan stock and traditions. Though in later life he had abandoned that belief in an angry God in which his childhood had been nursed, something of the early teaching clung to him. Won as he had been by the modern doctrine of eternal hope, he still lapsed into moments when death became to him, in biblical phrase, "a certain fearful looking for of judgment."

He had been a great sinner. Though no one knew it but himself, a great sinner he had been. He had preached to others, and warned them, and consoled them, and prepared them for death, and had passed as a man of God; and no one suspected the depths of evil that lay beneath the dignified surface of his life. There had been wicked thoughts, hasty words, carnal desires, envies, antipathies, doubtings, angers, rashnesses, and everything else that makes a man's inner life something which he hides from others, and that often appalls himself.

This was true even of his later life. And when he went back to his earlier manhood, to his youth, to his boyhood, to his childhood —

There were nights when the cold sweat broke out all over him as he thought of these things. In a few days now—in a fortnight or three weeks at furthest—he would have to give an account of all that was recorded against him. When the Throne was set and the Books were opened he might be blasted forever under the Judge's keen, all-seeing glance. That glance in itself would be the worm that dieth not and the fire that never should be quenched.

But he had other moments of exalted and somewhat desperate trust in a redeeming love that had paid the penalty for these offenses and won their forgiveness. He was not very clear as to how this vicarious atonement could ever have been made; but since the thought of it was all there was to cling to he did his best to cling to it. He repeated hymns and prayers and passages of Scripture as he had repeated them at the bedsides of men and women who had been facing the crisis he was facing in his turn. He told himself he was comforted; he almost persuaded himself that he was; and yet at the back of his mind there lay the suspicion of a mere self-administered spiritual drug.

So day by day he receded from the world, from his work, from his wife, from his family, and from all that had formed his interests, seemingly making that peaceful end for which those who cared for him watched and prayed. But inwardly he was like a man sweating blood. Death was abhorrent to him. There were minutes when he could have doubted the goodness of a God who had foreordained it. What was the good of birth and effort and love if they could only end in this? There was the great question with which he wrestled as he had never wrestled with anything before.

He reminded himself of One who said: "If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death." But for sinners like himself there was nothing in the promise, or in any promise similar; and there never had been. He should have to taste of death. He should have to eat its last morsel and drink its last dregs. Hutchinson's disease had got him by as many tentacles as the octopus gets its victim. It was swathing him round, and dragging him down, and darkening his intelligence. He was going the way of all flesh. His wife would come after him, and their children after them, and their children after them; and so on till the globe collapsed. What was the good of it? What was the good of it? Why could not the All-intelligent, if there was such a Being, have given man a life that wouldn't have to come to this miserable wreckage?

These were his thoughts as he waited for his last agony. That it was expected soon he judged by the way in which the doctor shook his head, and his wife relaxed her bustling to watch him with tearful eyes. Two or three times a day the boys tiptoed into the room, gazed at him with solemn, sympathetic faces, and tiptoed out again. Beatrice cried in corners, and Constantia helped the nurse when her mother was obliged to rest.

Practically they had taken their farewell of him; but there came a day when they did it in actual fact. It was a bright summer afternoon, with the sunshine streaming in at all the windows. The nurse had given the sign by summoning Emily; Emily had called Constantia; and

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Nominally Living at Home, Beatrice Was Oftener Than Not Away on the Pretext of Studying Art

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

By WILL IRWIN

A TOWN IN INTERIOR FRANCE, December 28, 1917.

ON MY way down to this quaint and pleasant old city, whither I have come to look into the condition of German prisoners, I found myself in a second-class compartment with a French family—father, fourteen-year-old son and two daughters in their late teens. The older of the two girls was studying English, and upon hearing my accent in French switched the conversation—by way of practice, I suppose—to my native tongue. However, father, an expansive Frenchman with grizzled hair, monopolized talk for the rest of the journey. I happened incidentally to mention the American Army—and he was off. In two minutes I realized that he took me for an Englishman; but I guiltily held my peace.

"My faith, monsieur," he said, "but these Americans have much money! There's a battalion near ——, where I live, and they wear a little number in their buttonholes"—by this token I identified a famous militia regiment now incorporated with the new national army—"and I am told that they are all millionaires. Figure you that! Not a million francs, monsieur, but a million dollars! And how they spend the money!

"I have a friend in one of the American ports of landing, and he has told me this: An American officer who had just arrived wanted to give a dinner to a French friend or two. He asked at the hotel for ducks. Now ducks in that place are very hard to find and the season is nearly over. The *maître d'hôtel* responds that ducks will be very expensive. 'I *fiche* myself of the expense,' says the American. 'I will have ducks! What is your best Burgundy?' Now the *maître d'hôtel* has some very old and choice Burgundy. 'I will have that wine!' says the American. The bill comes. It is large—so large that the *maître d'hôtel* has great fear of presenting it—an affair of two hundred and fifty francs."

The Republic Saluted

"THE dinner has been so good that the American pays it, and gives fifty francs more as tips. And when he has finished, the *maître d'hôtel*—he told the story that night, that very night, to my friend—heard the American say: 'Well, after all it is no more than I should pay for a good time in New York.'"

"Perhaps it is only fair to tell you, monsieur," I put in guiltily at this point, "that I am an American."

"*L'Amérique!*" exclaimed father, his expression showing that he had great fear of giving offense, "the great republic! That friend that has come to our aid! Salute him, my children!"

Then having made amends, having blown off a little emotion, he came back to cool reason, as the French have a way of doing.

"But tell me, monsieur," he said, "why it is that your countrymen spend so carelessly. Is it true that they are all millionaires? Or is it" he hesitated on the word "is it a pose?"

I tried to explain—how the United States is a country not of tight conditions like France but of very loose conditions; how with the well-to-do among us it is a case of easy come, easy go. I stated emphatically that we were not all millionaires by any means, and that one free spender among a body of American troops attracted great attention, while a hundred poor young men attracted no attention at all. I scarcely convinced him, I think.

This conversation illuminated one trouble in the adjustment of American soldiers to French life and of French life to American soldiers. All sorts of men make up our volunteer army. Among them—as always happens in volunteer armies—is a rather undue proportion of rich men. Over here on a desperate adventure, they do not count pennies. They spend freely, and being benevolently inclined toward the French they give away large sums—for France—in tips. That is all very good, but after half a dozen such experiences the French tradesman or hotel servant forms the quite human and natural conclusion that all Americans are made of money—and charges accordingly.

This particular town is a center for most interesting war industries, and also for German prisoners. I regret that I am under compulsion to describe it no less narrowly than that. Everywhere you see the prisoners, dressed in old French uniforms dyed a villainous green, and working desultorily at common tasks. After I had made my formal call at headquarters I was whisked off in charge of a French officer to the first of the camps. It stood on the edge of town—a group of long one-story sheds surrounded by a high fence, which in turn was guarded by a line of electrified barbed wire. French territorials in disreputable old uniforms and low old-fashioned caps stood guard before the doors and in turrets at the corners of the inclosure.

It was the middle of the morning; most of the working gangs were out. There remained in camp only the sanitary-service men—exempt by international agreement from hard labor outside the camps; the barber and his assistants; and a squad of newly taken prisoners.

We passed from shed to shed while I studied the arrangements for the health and comfort of the prisoners. I am to record elsewhere my formal findings. Let me only say here that in this camp and two others which I visited during the day I found nothing to criticize, considering the general condition of Europe. The accommodations are almost exactly the same as those given our American soldiers in their French camps. Indeed the Germans fare rather better in this respect, since there has been time to shake things together. The bunk houses are tight, well roofed, amply lighted with windows and with electricity. The single beds, knocked together out of wood, have each a straw mattress, a pillow and two blankets. Everything was clean—that is, attended to by the prisoners themselves, and any flaw in cleanliness would be their own fault. A shelf runs above every row of bunks; on this the prisoners who occupy the beds beneath keep their few personal possessions—as books, religious objects, musical instruments and, almost always, family photographs. The camps are sanitated on the latest standards of military engineering. They are furnished also with hot and cold shower baths. The prisoners may bathe as often as they wish, and must bathe every week.

Now I profess that I began this journey of inspection without prejudice; and if I had any feeling of the sort it was killed by a little meeting that occurred as I entered the camp. Across an opening between shed and shed came skipping a young German prisoner. Ice had formed on the water in a gutter. Smiling to himself he took a run and a slide. He was a blithe and bonny youth, and he called to my mind, somehow, the old sentimental Germany which we know through the literature of the past generations; I thought of Goethe and Schiller, and especially of an old romantic child tale called The Nightingale, which was one of the first books I ever read. I could like that boy, I felt—how foolish, after all, is racial feeling!

Then in this camp and two others so like it that I shall not describe them separately I saw more than three thousand German prisoners. And in all honesty I must say to-night the general impression was a little disagreeable. I felt them, by the end of the day, to be what they doubtless are—a powerful people, but brutal. The faces as contrasted with those of their French guards seemed lacking in obvious intelligence; but I did sense in them a kind of inner force. Yet something that I cannot fully express—"brutal" is after all the nearest word I can find to express it—made me feel the danger in this miseducated people. And remember, that little incident at the door of the camp had sent me among them with an open mind and heart.

Mustache Cultivators for Prisoners

AS WE entered each inhabited bunk house a sergeant snapped out a sharp word of command and all the occupants sprang, with a click of their heels, to attention. Those noncommissioned officers, turned out in the hard Prussian school, are the true bosses of the prison camps. They keep up, French officers tell me, all the traditions of Prussian discipline—even under these hard circumstances. Each moved among his men with the air of a superior being, and each wore a mustache trained, Kaiser-fashion, toward the heavens. Later I found in the canteen, where the prisoners are allowed to spend their earnings on certain little comforts of life, a box of "mustache cultivators" which the noncoms wear by night to give these symbols of Kultur the proper direction.

Before I had finished looking over the bunk houses the noon Angelus was ringing from the church towers of the city and a working squad, black with coal dust, was coming in for luncheon. In a trough under the shower bath they splashed off the worst of the dirt and then lined up with their grub cans before the cook shed. Meals in a prison camp lack sociability; there is no dining room. As each man received his allotment of stew he carried it away with him to his bunk. His daily allowance of bread—six hundred grams, which means an extra-large loaf—had already been given him at breakfast and had been stored on the shelf over his bed. This noon dinner is the event of the day; for then the prisoner gets his allowance of meat. In the beginning the French gave the German prisoners exactly the rations of their own reserve troops. Then the Germans cut down the meat ration of the French prisoners in their hands to eighty-six grams a day. The French maintain that the only way to insure decent treatment for their prisoners in German hands is to institute reprisals; so down went the meat allowance to German prisoners. Eighty-six

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At the British Internment Camps in Switzerland the Men Who Have Recovered Play Football and Cricket

ALICE OF THE RED TAPE

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ALICE DELAMAR had played in hard luck ever since she could remember. Now don't begin thinking that she was poor or oppressed or humpbacked or any easy thing like that. She was perfectly good looking, in a slim, quiet, gray-eyed American way; and nobody oppressed her but her father, regularly, when he told the same stories every night, and her mother, occasionally, when she implied that Alice might have been married, like her sisters. They were quite rich enough, from your point of view and mine, but they were very poor from their own point of view, because their friends and neighbors were much richer. This is possibly the most grinding poverty in the world. It is certainly the most souring to the disposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Delamar were two of the most ingrained snobs the Lord ever made, but they really couldn't help it, and they honestly believed that somehow they ought to have had more money. They had good birth, good breeding and a good education; now why, they would beg to know, with an amusing little shrug, couldn't their great-grandfather have bought up Manhattan Island, when it was going for a song? Alas, he was only signing the Declaration of Independence or some such little thing!

People got rather tired of them sometimes; but they really were nice, and they'd always lived at Valley Brook, their country place, and the girls all rode and played bridge and could drive a car at a pinch, and were awfully good at bazaars and relief organizations.

Alice had wanted to be trained for something; to earn her living, to count somehow or other in life for something else than the Delamar girl who didn't marry. But her father wouldn't hear of it; said jocosely that it was a pity if he couldn't save one out of the litter to bring his slippers and read the Times when his eyes went back on him. He was jolly enough about it, but he meant what he said, unfortunately, and so Alice went on apologizing for their simple family luncheons of only five courses, when Mrs. Delamar felt that she must give one. These apologies wouldn't have been necessary if Mrs. Delamar hadn't felt obliged to invite to them only those ladies who were in the habit of giving formal, unfamily dinners of eight courses themselves. Of course I am not at all sure that luncheons given in this way are ever quite so successful as the givers hope. But you know, yourself, that they seem to have to be given. Alice knew, from the age of seven, that crabmeat soufflé at a lunch party meant corned-beef hash for the next two days in the home circle, and she often wondered vaguely if it was all worth while; but she had no particular talent of her own, and filling-in generally seemed the best that she could ever do. She did it very nicely, too, so that people said at the last minute: "Just see if you can't get Alcy Delamar—she won't mind."

"You are Polite as Well as Pretty," Miss Bertha Remarked

Two of her three sisters had married pretty well, and an aunt of her mother's took her South and abroad and gave her at least one thoroughly good frock a year. She made no particular complaint.

We all know these girls; but there are going to be comparatively few of them after the war in my opinion.

That first summer, when a great nation threw down a scrap of paper over a scrap of a nation and trampled across it to apparent victory, the county people shuddered, and kept on playing tennis.

The second summer they said "It isn't possible!" and adopted French orphans.

The third summer they let their boys go to drive ambulances and airplanes, and stopped dancing.

The fourth summer they learned two verses of the Star-Spangled Banner and got to work, because it was their war now, and every healthy woman with two hands was needed by her country.

Alice had always been clever with her hands and made most of her clothes. Mrs. Delamar, too, was very deft and had always knitted. They were more than ever pinched for money, for all Mr. Delamar's stocks were dwindling, and how to keep even the few servants they had scrambled along with became an increasing problem.

However, all this was less compromising than it would have been once and, as Mrs. Delamar pointed out, they had plenty of room, at least, if any societies wanted to meet there. There would be sandwiches and coffee and plain cake—Alice made it—and nobody should require more in wartime.

So Valley Brook became Auxiliary No. 243 of the great American Red Tape Society, and Alice, long the local secretary, worked hard, under a visiting instructress, to become a certified expert in the manufacture of surgical dressings.

This was not easy, for a good many reasons. I have always understood that the great are invariably simple; but if this is really true, then the Red Tape theory of surgical dressings couldn't have been great, because it was very complicated indeed. This complication was increased by the incomprehensible necessity for having dozens of involved dimensions which could perfectly well have been printed on cards or copied onto blackboards and consulted as need should rise. So that Alice, who was very expert with her fingers but quite untrained in the concentration necessary for arbitrary feats of memory, nearly wept from rage and ennui with trying to force into her unretentive mind that 52½ inches by 7 inches was the way you cut the belt part of a T bandage, while 40½ inches by 13½ inches represented the tailpiece of the thing. Added to this annoyance was the maddening manner with which the Red Tape was wont to change, with the utmost airiness and the greatest frequency, those very dimensions to which the law of the Medes and Persians had appeared the merest by-law! Having, for instance, spent nerve-racking hours in the completion of a set of laparotomy pads worthy of a test inspection at Washington headquarters—and to make a laparotomy pad correctly is nearly as hard as to spell it—the class learned that the Red Tape had decided to cease making them at all.

"It's against the rules, I suppose, to be wounded abdominally any more," grumbled the satirist of the class.

Well, they muddled through somehow, and Alice, after a terrifying written and oral examination which kept her awake at night, and turned her dreams into nightmares of eighths of inches measured on the selvage edges of miles of cheesecloth, received a formal ticket including her, in a reserved and noncommittal manner, in its forces of legitimate instructors in the art of making surgical dressings.

She signified her willingness to teach any class of eight members who might care to meet at the Red Tape workrooms, secretly hoping that they mightn't care, because she simply couldn't understand the difference between disinfection and sterilization, and had never succeeded in learning how to spell bacteriology.

But the only class that offered, insisted on selecting the afternoon when she had a seat in her aunt's box at the Philharmonic Concerts, and Alice was fond of music, and fonder still of getting into town with a good excuse. So the wife of the local veterinary took that class, and Alice felt that she mustn't let anything stand in the way of her next opportunity to put her certificated knowledge into practice.

She very nearly balked at that opportunity, however, when it came. Strolling into the New York headquarters of the Red Tape one morning, she was seized by her most important cousin, who adorned, by a sort of family inheritance, most of the executive committees of the metropolis.

"Oh, Alcy! You're just the one I want to see! We've got a job for you, my dear," said this busy cousin.

"Yes?" Alice answered conservatively; for Cousin Lucy rarely noticed you unless she had a job for you, you see.

"Could you go directly and take charge of a surgical-dressings class for Mrs. Edwin F. Markheimer at her country place?"

"You mean Pauline Miller?"

"Yes, she's giving the whole thing: instruction, materials, workrooms—everything. It's really awfully decent of her. She sent to us, and of course we want to send her an awfully good person."

"But I—I never meant to go off like that, Cousin Lucy, really. I don't mind in our own rooms, of course, or in the village, but —— You mean, go and stay there?"

"Yes, of course! Now don't make objections, Alcy—you're just the one. She's never done much for the Red Tape, you know—I mean in proportion to what you might expect—and we think it's a wonderful chance. Of course we can't send *anybody!*"

"No, I suppose not," Alice admitted.

You know about Pauline Miller. One of the richest women in the East, married to one of the richest men of the West; childless, philanthropic, perpetual patroness; the negro, the orphan, the blind and the heathen owe much of their various ameliorations to her charitable aid. Struggling young architects—if they happen at the same time to be Presbyterians—design her dairies and tea houses; coming sculptors and artists—if they believe in national prohibition—model and paint dozens of nieces and nephews; ladies whose husbands died insolvent give talks in her drawing-room—if they are firmly opposed to any extension of the suffrage.

"You'll have to go, Alcy," said her sister; and Alice admitted glumly, "I suppose so. What would you take?"

"Oh, a black-lace evening dress—not very low, and a scarf. You mustn't smoke, of course. Maybe they don't change at all except for big dinners. When people don't drink at all sometimes they don't change," said her sister luminously. "Billy went there once on business with

Mr. Markheimer, and he said there was a Chinese missionary, and a negro that was a professor, and a German socialist, and the governess of one of her nieces, and Mr. Markheimer's secretary at dinner. All that and not one cocktail, Billy said, was a little too much for him."

"It sounds delightful," said Alice demurely. "I wonder who will be in the class?"

"Oh, people from the village, I suppose," said her sister. "They adore her, Lucy says. She really does oceans for them, and Billy says he's an awfully kind little man. They sent me five hundred for my day nursery, and he gives us a special car every year for our mothers' outing."

You may picture her, slim, a little pale, carefully dressed, settling into her plush chair on the afternoon train that was to take her where she didn't really want to go. Her brother-in-law came down with her and put her on the train, himself, after lunch. He admired her pluck, he said. He bought her a bunch of violets, a lapful of magazines, and even offered facetiously to stand her a drink.

"It's the last you'll get, poor girl," he warned her, wagging his head.

"There goes one awful nice girl, if she is my sister-in-law," he confided to his uncle. "I wish somebody'd marry her. She leads a devil of a life, if you ask me."

"Nonsense! Hunter Delamar's a very kind man," said the uncle.

"He's a darned old snob, all the same," said Billy.

Now I am telling you all these details for a reason; not because I don't know how to get on with my story. I know how very well, as you will see presently, but I am preparing you, all unbeknown to yourself, for what is going to happen. I want you to see the sort of girl that Alice is and how she has been brought up. Because, as I don't mind telling you, that is the point of the story. So I am willing to spend quite a little time on it.

If you have visited in as many country houses as Alice, you soon learn, if you have any sense, how to pack what you will need for a week into very small compass. Alice was rather proud of her packing, and not very much pleased at the perplexity of the chauffeur who met her, as to where he could best arrange her two suit cases. They were handsome cases, of very good leather, Christmas presents from her brother-in-law, Billy. People gave Alice presents of that sort, you see.

A steady, cold October rain had started while she was in the train, and the country was pretty gloomy and chilly. The cheap little car seemed very tiny after Billy's limousine, and was so choked with bundles, besides, that Alice rather wondered if they had expected her to arrive in one of her suit cases. The chauffeur, obviously an old family retainer, was as testy and obstinate as old family retainers only too often appear to be to the unprejudiced eyes of the rest of us, who don't employ them; and it took a great deal of firmness on Alice's part to convince him that her precious suit cases couldn't go outside with him.

"It's pretty full in there, miss," he grumbled. "You'll scarcely have room, I'm thinking."

"Then take some of this stuff out," she answered brusquely; and muttering and grunting he obeyed.

"How can people keep such insufferable servants?" she marveled as they bumped along the country road, "and why didn't they send a larger car?"

But she knew the temptations of the rich, among which small, senseless economies rank high; and she knew how women agonize to save their cars in the country, especially if they own a number of them!

It took twenty minutes to reach the great gates flanked by the little lodge, and fully half as many more to wind up to the big, ugly graystone towers of Heim Mark. Alice was quite ready for some tea and a little friendly conversation, if only with a stranger. But everybody said that Pauline Markheimer was one of the kindliest souls alive; and very probably there would be people staying at Heim Mark whom Alice knew anyway. Maybe they'd be in the surgical-dressings class. All kinds and sorts meet and mingle in the classes of the Red Tape.

The butler, a trim, dignified, young-old fellow, one of the best types in service, waved her bags to his subordinate man.

"For the west wing," he said briefly. "Miss Delmer, if you please? Thank you. The maid will direct you, miss."

The great hall was still, unlittered by any signs of occupation, warm, rich with chrysanthemums and potted ferns. An enormous fire burned under a hideous mid-Victorian marble mantel; a beautiful collie yawned before it; a tea table in course of preparation flanked it. It looked very cozy and Alice felt that she'd be glad to get back to it. She followed the maid up the long stairway, broken by many landings, through a long wide hall, round a corner and down another narrow hall. Not a soul appeared, not a voice was heard during the journey; Alice felt suddenly, distinctly and helplessly lonesome.

The maid opened a door and entering, pointed to Alice's bags, already standing by the bed.

"Dese is yours, is it not?" she inquired gutturally. "If you need somet'ing you yust ring dat bal, dere in de wall."

"Thank you, I will," Alice answered dispiritedly. Illogically she detested the girl. At home they expected, naturally, to wrestle with untrained Scandinavian maids sometimes, but why should Pauline Markheimer have to?

"I'll unpack my bags myself," she added briefly, but when she looked up she saw that the girl had gone.

The room seemed very bare and uninviting after her sister's chintz-hung guest room, of course. It was the perfection of neat freshness, and there was a nice little desk with blotters and a calendar; but there were no hangings beyond the immaculate sash curtains, no fireplace and no couch or lounging chair. An out-of-date, framed poem, supposed some years ago to have been suited to the spiritual needs of guests, hung over the bed, and several engravings of cathedrals appeared to cover the walls, though really there were only two. It was rather a stupid room.

Alice unpacked her bags, laid the black-lace dress on the bed, with her little black-beaded slippers under it, washed her hands and face, straightened her trim, feathered toque over her smooth, lightish hair and sat down by the window. After twenty minutes of silence she got out, a little nervously, her Red Tape notebook and tried to learn over again the difference between disinfection and sterilization. The rain beat against the window.

I won't say that she didn't sniff a little, just here; she was not particularly heroic and she wanted her tea.

Ordinarily she would have gone downstairs anyway; but in this strange, silent house she didn't quite dare to, to tell the truth. Why didn't somebody come and ask her? She took up one of Billy's magazines and read awhile.

Presently there came a tap at her door, and a prim, rather elderly ladies' maid stood in the open doorway.

"Mrs. Markheimer wished to know if you'd everything you needed, miss," she asked politely.

"Quite, thank you," said Alice. "Mrs. Markheimer knows that I am here?"

"Ach, Jo!" the Thick Voice Rumbled, "it Makes it So Dark Here I Lose Myself"

"She has not come in yet," said the maid. "We don't just know when to expect Mrs. Markheimer. I'm to tell you dinner is at six-thirty, miss, and please to be quite prompt."

"I will, certainly," Alice assured her. "Can someone come and help me, a little before?"

It was nearly dark in the room, but the maid's eye traveled to the bed, where the black-lace dress lay above the beaded slippers.

"Oh, nothing of that sort will be necessary, miss," she said hastily, "not to-night. You see, everyone's very busy ——"

"Very well. I'll come down as I am, then."

"Yes, miss. At six-thirty, please."

The door closed gently. Alice faced the window and shook her head. "This," she said, "is the limit!"

You see she used slang, though her father detested it.

Six-thirty! That put tea out of the question, of course. What an idiotic hour to dine! Did they dine at that hour on account of being Presbyterians? Or Prohibitionists? Or because we were at war? Or to save electricity? Or because, simply, they liked to? Perhaps the Chinese missionaries and the negro professors preferred it.

"What a horrible house!" said Alice.

At six-twenty-five, by the little porcelain clock on the desk, came another tap, and the guttural little maid escorted her along the still silent hall. They went back through the main hall, down the stairs as far as the first landing, off to one side and along a glass-walled sort of bridge, half conservatory, half reading room, which seemed to connect two sections of the building.

"This is the strangest establishment I ever saw in my life," thought Alice. "This will simply kill Billy!"

The maid opened a door.

"De yang lady," she announced.

It was no dining room but a cheerful little breakfast room, with no sideboard even, and a gate-legged table drawn up by a jolly little fire. A canary sang in a cage in the window, goldfish floated in a great white jar, the collie of the big hall yawned before the small fire now, and the young-old butler stood waiting behind the inviting little table. The maid pulled out a chair as her mistress advanced, a smile on her kindly, middle-aged face.

"Good evening, my dear. I'm glad to see you so prompt," she said.

Here was the shrewd plain body of the occasional newspaper pictures. Accurately waved hair; soft, dark, well-cut dress, expensive but not fashionable; only one quaint old ring on her plump hand; a composed, sure-of-herself woman.

"It's very good of you, Mrs. Markheimer," Alice began, amazed at all this privacy but acting as if here, and here only, was where she had naturally expected to dine.

"Oh, I'm not Mrs. Markheimer, Miss Delmer. It's Delmer, isn't it? She's not dining here this evening. Mr. Markheimer has a dinner for a number of gentlemen to-night, and Mrs. Markheimer is in town till late."

Alice stared. She began to feel very odd.

The atmosphere of the comfortable little room became suddenly almost uncomfortable.

"I didn't understand —— This is ——" she began doubtfully.

The little maid put soup on the table and looked at her mistress expectantly.

"I am Mrs. Arkwright, my dear, the housekeeper," she said; "and this is Mr. Motherwell. Mr. Motherwell, Miss Delmer."

The young-old butler bowed gravely.

"Shall we sit down, Mr. Motherwell? I know you've hurried," said the mistress of the little room.

* * * * * *

I have put a row of stars here because it is the best way printers know to bring you up with a start. And if you are not amazed and shocked now, I don't know when you would be, really. Hunter Delamar's daughter, invited to a country house, to dine in the housekeeper's room with the butler! I am quite frank to say that I hesitate to comment further on this matter—if you feel that any further comment is necessary.

She had to act very quickly. If she intended to leave the room and ask to be taken back to the station, she must do so immediately. You must not appear to debate the question of dining with the butler. On the other hand, if she intended to stay she must begin to stay, so to speak, immediately. A guest must not shilly-shally.

While the maid put down the third plate of soup Alice's mind raced. Slow at learning dimensions of cloth, it was a mind quick at forming social conclusions. The shopkeeper's child calculates quickly by inheritance; the mother whose life is based on an observance of minute social detail endows her offspring, also, with a certain mental agility.

"After all, why am I here?" thought Alice. "I never met Pauline Markheimer. I am sent by the Red Tape, at her request, to teach a class of strangers. I naturally expect to be served by her butler, not to eat with him; but she does not know this, evidently, and might not agree with me if she did. Am I going back on the Red Tape—or am I going to do the sporting thing?"

She had turned very red and then very white. Motherwell, the butler, looked quickly away from her during this process. But this alternation of color was her only sign of confusion, and after only a few seconds of silence she said perfunctorily enough, "Mr. Motherwell," bowed her head a trifle and sat down in front of her soup. It was very good soup, and a well-served dinner followed it.

Mrs. Arkwright chattered easily on; Mr. Motherwell spoke little, but what he said was well phrased, sensible and to the point. He was evidently English, and had the cultured voice and the precise articulation of the high-class English servant. He felt the responsibility of his employer's dinner party very clearly, and seemed a little absent sometimes. It was to be a large, patriotic assembly, Mrs. Arkwright explained. Mrs. Markheimer and Mr. Markheimer's sister from Milwaukee, Miss Bertha, hoped to get back to hear the speeches. Miss Bertha was a German, of course, and showed it in her way of speaking and her manner, which wasn't really, to tell the truth, quite like our ladies over here; but she was a good-hearted soul and had got the village so interested in the Red Tape! They'd made, already, hundreds of compresses and "swabs" and "wipes." But now the Red Tape was getting so particular, and everything had to be just so, they said, so Mrs. Markheimer had suggested doing the thing thoroughly and forming a regular auxiliary. Mr. Markheimer had given the billiard room and everybody from the village came and worked there. He was a generous man, Mr. Markheimer—a real American.

At first Alice could not eat. The food choked her. Things grew blurred before her eyes and she wanted to cry out, it was all so ridiculously impossible. But she had in her social conduct a very strong will, as Puritans have in the matter of religion, as soldiers must have in battle. Moreover, the man and woman beside her were occupied in their own responsibilities, interested in her only from politeness, utterly unaware of the great gulf which lay, we must presume, between them. She was reserved, plainly dressed, employed, as they supposed, by their employer. It was obvious that more than one betwixt-and-between young person ate with these high dignitaries of the house from time to time. Evidently the mysterious differences of caste must be previously established in the mind before they are felt! At this idea a certain obscure humiliation moved her and she stiffened. Then a hysterical thought of Billy and her sister flashed across her and she wanted to scream.

"You might care to take a look at the workroom, Miss Delmer," said the housekeeper after coffee. "I'll be pleased to show you the way, while Mr. Motherwell has his cigar."

"If I might be allowed, I'll take Miss Delmer myself," Motherwell suggested. "I'll leave my cigar to-night, Mrs. Arkwright. In case that Mr. Markheimer would wish to show the gentlemen the billiard room, I'd feel better to have a look. Will you follow me, miss?"

His manner could have been no more deferential toward the chatelaine of Heim Mark herself, and Alice, with a simple "Thank you, I shall be glad to," followed. He had the quiet, springy step of a good servant; as he went down the stairs before her she noticed that not only his heels but his soles were rubber-coated. Instinctively she went as softly as he; the dim corridor, which he made no effort to lighten, induced quiet. As usual in that tomblike house nothing stirred or cried.

Hunter Delamar's Daughter, Invited to a Country House, to Dine in the Housekeeper's Room With the Butler!

"Have the ladies returned yet, Sarah?" he asked gently, and Alice jumped as the elderly ladies' maid appeared, standing at the mouth of a side corridor.

"Mrs. Markheimer has returned, Mr. Motherwell, but not Miss Bertha, I understand," she answered in a subdued, even voice.

"Ah! I am showing the young lady the library. This way, please, miss," said Motherwell, and turned abruptly to the left.

"The library? I thought it was the billiard room," slipped through Alice's mind.

"Vat is it he says?" came a thick whisper; and a heavy figure shuffled up to the maid, a red face peered into Alice's.

"Mercy, Elsa, how you startled me! Our Mr. Motherwell is taking the young lady to the library. Is your lady back yet?"

"*Ach*, so!" the thick voice rumbled, "it makes it so dark here I lose myself."

"Miss Markheimer's maid, miss. Did she startle you?" the butler inquired. "She *has* a sudden way with her."

"If there were a little more light here ——" Alice began nervously, but just then her guide turned abruptly and hastened down a cross hall.

"It is rather dim, as you say, miss," he answered, and increased his pace so that she had really to hurry in order to keep up with him.

"We're simply dashing backward and forward," she thought confusedly, when all at once he stopped at a door, seized the handle and seemed to be trying to turn it so as to make no noise. Accomplishing this and having exerted a slight pressure, apparently as if to try if it were locked, he threw it open and in the same moment pressed a button, so that a flood of light sprang out from the ceiling.

"This way, miss; right in here!" he cried so loudly that Alice fairly jumped, it was so unlike his ordinary tone.

"Who comes? *Ach Gott!*" a woman's voice gasped.

In one corner of the great billiard room, full of white, oil-clothed tables and ranks of pine shelves, a tall figure straightened itself. It was a broad blond woman in a heavy fur motor coat, with her arms full of thick white bundles. In the strong glare her face was as white as the gauze in her hands.

"I beg pardon if I alarmed you, Miss Markheimer. I do, indeed," the butler murmured apologetically, his eyes turned away from the woman's terrified face. "This is the young lady to take charge of the work. I'd no idea you were working here or I'd not have been so sudden. I hope you'll excuse it."

"*Dummkopf!*" muttered the German. "Miss, good evening. I put away the new gompresses from the village. Already they send me *vier* hundred more. I am fery glad to see you. Tomorrow we hope to learn much, all of us, from such a bretty teacher."

She stacked her armful carefully on the shelf and advanced with an outstretched hand. Alice took it mechanically, wondering at its icy coldness, till she remembered the motor coat.

"I am as nervous as my sister-in-law, who lives in New York and is therefore always nervous," Miss Bertha continued. "My sister looks forward, also, to the tomorrow's class. Do you work here tonight?"

"It was only to show Miss Delmer the room', Miss Markheimer," the butler interposed. "The heat is turned off, I believe. If you'll excuse me, miss, I must be getting back. You'll be able to find your way now, miss?"

"I thinkso, thank you," Alice returned, increasingly confused by his quick departure.

"A good servant, but he mettles," said Miss Markheimer decidedly. "Good evening, miss!" And turning off the light she swept away.

Alice went to her room to bed.

At eight the next morning she was wakened by the little maid, who deposited with a somewhat restrained expression a substantial breakfast tray upon the table near her bed. This was a surprise, if a pleasant one, and Alice, with her nerves strung for the ordeal of a week's breakfasts in the housekeeper's room, felt a little illogical shade of disappointment.

This was her test, do you see, and she was determined to pass it. I don't know whether you look at the thing from my point of view, of course; how can I? But I shall feel very sorry if you don't think this Alice of mine a pretty good sort. I meant you to, all along.

She intended, you understand, to eat three meals a day with the butler. You, probably, have a soul above all that; and of course I shouldn't mind it at all. A really clever butler has at least five chances out of ten of being his master's superior in brains and knowledge of the world. But Alice wasn't like us. Her soul wasn't above social values, because she knew more about them than you do, perhaps; and she never pretended for a moment to be as clever as I am. So it was hard on her. But it was her idea that it was her duty to her class and to the Red Tape to do this, and so she got ready for it. I admit frankly that I admire the child for it, and you will have to excuse me for being more interested in this attitude of hers than in the exciting events that followed.

At nine o'clock, having received no communication from anybody, she put on her Red Tape overall and her white coif, which was very becoming, and went, after a few mistakes, to the billiard room. By this time she had lost interest in hearing from Mrs. Markheimer and had begun to think it would be rather a joke if she never met her at all.

Busily making compresses at one of the long tables sat Miss Bertha. (Continued on Page 74)

WATCH YOUR STEP!

By Maude Radford Warren

"WATCH your step!" is the slogan that dominates retail trade to-day. Millman and manufacturer, jobber and merchandiser, designer and buyer and consumer—they are all feeling for the right route, and the measure of their judgment and power of prophecy is to be the measure of their success. The problem for everyone is complicated by the necessity of being patriotic. How is a consumer to know whether it is wise or not to buy in advance for fear prices will rise? How is a business man to forecast a problematical future, carry on business at a profit, be fair to his customers, coöperate with his competitors, defer to the wishes of the Government, pay his taxes, and at the same time yield to the human impulse of letting someone else hold the bag—if the bag is to be held.

Their hands clasped, here they go round the mulberry bush of war-needs, all that circle of people, and their eyes are turned toward Mrs. Average Woman. To a certain extent stores and manufacturers are going to survive or perish by her expenditure of her husband's income. Mrs. Rich Woman in these days of stress is a broken reed to her shopkeeper; just as useless as she would be if she were trying to run a third-class boarding house, doing the cooking herself. Mrs. Average Woman is their very present help in time of trouble.

In the Age of Extravagance

THE war is educating Mrs. Average Woman—or should educate her. Up to last April she was what she had been made by the frantic competition of department stores, specialty shops, designers, tailors, dressmakers, fashion magazines and mail-order catalogues—all bidding for her attention. They had pampered her with expensive and wholly unnecessary service. She had lost her sense of proportion, had become a person with two standards in choosing clothes—look, or style; and feel. If she liked the feel of a bit of cloth or silk, that meant to her that it was good material, no matter how grossly ignorant she might be of the real facts of the fabric. But far more important than feel was style, or look.

"Many a time," said an expert saleswoman to me, "I have seen a woman come in whose husband's income was about twenty-five hundred dollars. No matter what airs a woman puts on, a keen salesperson knows to within a hundred dollars what her husband is getting. All the little shifts and imitations that make women feel that they look like Upper Fifth Avenue don't deceive us. Well, I'll show this woman a really good dress reduced from forty-five dollars to twenty-one. Will she examine it, estimate its value, see how she could perhaps make it up-to-date? She will not! She will take one glance at it and snort:

"'Why, that's last year's style!'

"Then she will turn to our most recent model for twenty-one dollars, a cheap thing that I wouldn't be caught talking to a German in, and she'll buy it because it has what the French fashion plates have taught her is the latest cut."

Twenty-five years ago, when the capital invested in woman's wear was about a million dollars instead of a hundred and twenty-five millions, the practice of Mrs. Average Woman was to look over her wardrobe and see whether or not she needed a new dress for Easter Sunday or for early autumn; or whether she could furbish up the old one and get by with the camouflage of a new hat. In those days a woman did not put on her straw hat at the end of January to show that she could anticipate the latest creation; nor did she wear a felt hat in late August or the first sweltering days of September. She was like a well-bred race horse, starting fair on Easter Sunday, and, with some laxity, in the first days of October. She was influenced first by her needs, and second by the fact that she could or could not afford to get better than she had last year or better than her neighbor was getting.

But to her, better did not mean feel and style, but quality. Mrs. Average Woman would go to the dry-goods store, see her cloth in the piece, select the two or three kinds she liked best and ask the salesman to cut her samples. Then she would test the samples. If she was sufficiently old-fashioned she would proceed to chew them, to estimate the amount of cotton contained in a so-called woolen. She would base her choice on the proportion of wool rather than on color and weave. When she carried the goods to the dressmaker she selected a style that was not extreme, that would allow of making over. She wore her dress or suit two to five years.

But when telephones grew to be common, and automobiles began and waxed, and country clubs became a necessity, that delicate and tenacious vampire called style fastened upon Mrs. Average Woman. It also fastened upon young men; so that anything with last year's label was a badge of shame, a kind of scarlet letter. Because style is like ice and melts, quality and durability were relegated to the background, like croquet sets and side saddles and carriages and real buffalo robes. Just the current cut, the current cachet of distinction counted. Consequently the wardrobes of girls and women became laden with clothes out of date. What increased the drunken-sailor prodigality of waste in clothes was the discovery by girls that lack of beauty could be partly atoned for in the eyes of men by a sense of style in dressing. After that, all was lost—except honor.

Consider Mrs. Average Woman to-day, sitting with her husband at a breakfast table where one egg is eaten instead of two, and bacon is consumed far more sparingly than it was. For if the Bureau of Labor Statistics states that wholesale prices during 1917 advanced twenty-four per cent it is easy to guess what has happened to retail prices. Mrs. Average Woman is better educated at present on the food question than she is on the clothes question. This is partly because the economy campaign in regard to food has been far more complete and far-reaching than the campaign that cautions saving in clothes. It is also partly because the food question is constant and the clothes question only occasional. Mrs. Average Woman is continually reminded that the increase in the cost of living since 1914 is several laps ahead of the increase in her husband's salary or wages.

So there she sits at the table, skimming the morning paper, with the old surging ante-spring impulse in her veins to go down and see what they're selling this year in the shops. Is it really to be a dress year? In that case she ought to have a new long coat. And will Paris be influencing the styles much? She might as well take a look about. In the back of her mind is a hazy impression that there is a shortage of wool. If she has a brother or son or sweetheart in camp or at the Front she may visualize the wool situation in the khaki suit or the blanket that is to keep warm the man dear to her. If her imagination and heart are not deeply touched she may think of wool shortage as meaning a silk or a silk-and-wool dress for herself instead of one wholly of wool.

"I suppose," she says to her husband, "that I ought to buy now what we positively must have."

Static Salaries and Dynamic Prices

PERHAPS he trusts her power to stretch a static salary so that it will overtake the dynamic progress of the high cost of living. Or perhaps he hopes silently that the bad weather will continue, which has this winter kept at home so many would-be shoppers.

Out she goes, purse in hand, into stores more keenly anxious than ever they were to sell. How well able is she to guard her precious dollars in this hour when they are worth so much? Has she gone over her wardrobe to see what clothes she could remodel? Has she examined her shoes to see if any of them could be resoled? Does she know that goods bought in the basement are by no means always cheaper than goods to be bought on the main floor, because the basement may be a separate store and not a dump for up-stairs stock that has not sold. Does she know how to judge wool and silk? Is she able to watch her step?

Upon her rest the hopes of retailers and manufacturers, merchandise men, heads of departments, designers and buyers. They would like to forecast her whim. Mark that word; it is their phraseology—her whim. They don't say her common sense, her judgment. Whichever way she drifts they will scurry round to try to catch her. They will give her what she demands. In all honor to her and to them and to the patriotism of the country it looks as if common sense rather than whim is going to guide her. Some spenders will go on spending recklessly; new spenders have risen who never before had money to throw away. Those who had the habit of saving will go on saving. There is a certain proportion of the working people who look with suspicion on advice to save; they wonder what the Government and the officials expect to get out of them by this.

Certainly many great centers of spending seem to present a new and different surface. New York, for example, is far from what it was during the months just before the war, when the always-rich people who could not go abroad went there to play, and when the newly-rich went there to learn how to be extravagant. Restaurants that had been losing money not only became solvent but

(Continued on Page 81)

"She is Doing Without the Luxury of Evening Wraps and Expensive Slippers, But She Still Wants High-Class Goods"

THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

Sometimes the Ambulance Was on One Side of the Road and Sometimes on the Other; It Rolled and Leaped With Both Lights Full On

XXV

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS clear to Sara Lee from the beginning of the evening that Harvey did not intend to hear her story. He did not say so; indeed, for a time he did not talk at all. He sat with his arms round her, content just to have her there. "I have a lot of arrears to make up," he said. "I've got to get used to having you where I can touch you. To-night when I go upstairs I'm going to take that damned colorless photograph of you and throw it out the window."

"I must tell you about your photograph," she ventured. "It always stood on the mantel over the stove, and when there was a threatened bombardment I used to put it under ——"

"Let's not talk, honey."

When he came out of that particular silence he said abruptly:

"Will Leete is dead."

"Oh, no! Poor Will Leete."

"Died of pneumonia in some God-forsaken hole over there. He's left a wife and nothing much to keep her. That's what comes of mixing in the other fellow's fight. I guess we can get the house as soon as we want it. She has to sell; and it ought to be a bargain."

"Harvey," she said rather timidly, "you speak of the other fellow's fight. They say over there that we are sure to be drawn into it sooner or later."

"Not on your life!" he replied brusquely. "And if you don't mind, honey, I don't care to hear about what they think over there." He got up from his old place on the arm of her chair and stood on the rug. "I'd better tell you now how I feel about this thing. I can't talk about it, that's all. We'll finish up now and let it go at that. I'm sorry there's a war. I'll send money when I can afford it, to help the Belgians, though my personal opinion is that they're getting theirs for what they did in the Congo. But I don't want to hear about what you did over there."

He saw her face, and he went to her and kissed her cheek.

"I don't want to hurt you, honey," he said. "I love you with all my heart.

"But somehow I can't forget that you left me and went over there when there was no reason for it. You put off our marriage, and I suppose we'd better get it over. Go ahead and tell me about it."

He drew up a chair and waited, but the girl smiled rather tremulously.

"Perhaps we'd better wait, if you feel that way, Harvey."

His face was set as he looked at her.

"There's only one thing I want to know," he said. "And I've got a right to know that. You're a young girl, and you're beautiful—to me, anyhow. You've been over there with a lot of crazy foreigners." He got up again and all the bitterness of the empty months was in his voice: "Did any of them—was there anybody there you cared about?"

"I came back, Harvey."

"That's not the question."

"There were many men—officers—who were kind to me. I ——"

"That's not the question, either."

"If I had loved anyone more than I loved you I should not have come back."

"Wait a minute!" he said quickly. "You had to come back, you know."

"I could have stayed. The Englishwoman who took over my work asked me to stay on and help her."

He was satisfied then. He went back to the arm of her chair and kissed her.

"All right," he said. "I've suffered the tortures of the damned, but—that fixes it. Now let's talk about something else. I'm sick of war talk."

"I'd like to tell you about my little house. And poor René ——"

"Who was René?" he demanded.

"The orderly."

"The one on the step, with a rifle?"

"Yes."

"Look here," he said: "I've got to get to all that gradually. I don't know that I'll ever get to it cheerfully. But I can't talk about that place to-night. And I don't want to talk war. The whole business makes me sick. I've got a car out of it, and if things keep on we may be able to get the Leete house. But there's no reason in it, no sense. I'm sick to death of hearing about it. Let's talk of something else."

But—and here was something strange—Sara Lee could find nothing else to talk about. The thing that she had looked forward so eagerly to telling—that was barred. And the small gossip of their little circle, purely personal and trivial, held only faint interest for her. For the first time they had no common ground to meet on.

Yet it was a very happy man who went whistling to his room that night.

He was rather proud of himself too. After all the bitterness of the past months, he had been gentle and loving to Sara Lee. He had not scolded her.

In the next room he could hear her going quietly about, opening and closing the drawers of the new bureau, moving a chair. Pretty soon, God willing, they need never be separated. He would have her always, to protect and cherish and love. He went outside to her closed door.

"Good night, sweetheart," he called softly.

"Good night, dear," came her soft reply.

But long after he was asleep Sara Lee stood at her window and listened to the leaves, so like the feet of weary men on the ruined street over there.

For the first time she was questioning the thing she had done. She loved Harvey—but there were many kinds of love. There was the love of Jean for Henri, and there was the wonderful love, though the memory now was cruel and hurt her, of Henri for herself. And there was the love of Marie for the memory of Maurice the spy. Many kinds of love; and one heart might love many people, in different ways.

A small doubt crept into her mind. This feeling she had for Harvey was not what she had thought it was over there. It was a thing that had belonged to a certain phase of her life. But that phase was over. It was, like Marie's, but a memory.

This Harvey of the new car and the increased income and the occasional hardness in his voice was not the Harvey she had left. Or perhaps it was she who had changed. She wondered. She felt precisely the same, tender toward her friends, unwilling to hurt them. She did not want to hurt Harvey.

But she did not love him as he deserved to be loved. And she had a momentary lift of the veil, when she saw the long vista of the years, the two of them always together and always between them hidden, untouched, but eating like a cancer, Harvey's resentment and suspicion of her months away from him.

There would always be a barrier between them. Not only on Harvey's side. There were things she had no right to tell—of Henri, of his love and care for her, and of that last terrible day when he realized what he had done.

That night, lying in the new bed, she faced that situation too. How much was she to blame? If Henri felt that each life lost was lost by him, wasn't the same true for her? Why had she allowed him to stay in London?

But that was one question she did not answer frankly.

She lay there in the darkness and wondered what punishment he would receive. He had done so much for them over there. Surely, surely, they would allow for that. But small things came back to her—the awful sight of the miller and his son, led away to death, with the sacks over their heads. The relentlessness of it all, the expecting that men should give everything, even life itself, and ask for no mercy.

And this, too, she remembered: Once in a wild moment Henri had said he would follow her to America, and that there he would prove to her that his and not Harvey's was the real love of her life—the great love, that comes but once to any woman, and to some not at all. Yet on that last night at Morley's he had said what she now felt was a final farewell. That last look of his, from the doorway—that had been the look of a man who would fill his eyes for the last time.

She got up and stood by the window. What had they done to him? What would they do? She looked at her watch. It was four o'clock in the morning over there. The little house would be quiet now, but down along the lines men would be standing on the firing step of the trench, and waiting, against what the dawn might bring.

Through the thin wall came the sound of Harvey's heavy, regular breathing. She remembered Henri's light sleeping on the kitchen floor, his cap on the table, his cape rolled round him—a sleeping, for all his weariness, so light that he seemed always half conscious. She remembered the innumerable times he had come in at this hour, muddy, sometimes rather gray of face with fatigue, but always cheerful.

It was just such an hour that she found him giving hot coffee to the German prisoner. It had been but a little earlier when he had taken her to the roof, and had there shown her René, lying with his face up toward the sky which had sent him death.

A hundred memories crowded—Henri's love for the Belgian soldiers, and theirs for him; his humor; his absurd riddles. There was the one he had asked René, the very day before the air attack. He had stood stiffly and frowningly before the boy, and he had asked in a highly official tone:

"What must a man be to be buried with military honors?"

"A general?"

"No."

"An officer?"

"No, no! Use your head, boy! This is very important. A mistake would be most serious."

René had shaken his head dejectedly.

"He must be dead, René," Henri had said gravely. "Entirely dead. As I said, it is well to know these things. A mistake would be unfortunate."

His blue eyes had gleamed with fun, but his face had remained frowning. It was quite five minutes before she had heard René chuckling on the doorstep.

Was he still living, this Henri of the love of life and courting of death? Could anything so living die? And if he had died had it been because of her? She faced that squarely for the first time.

"Perhaps even beyond the stars they have need of a little house of mercy; and, God knows, wherever I am I shall have need of you."

Beyond the partition Harvey slept on, his arms under his head.

XXVI

HARVEY was clamoring for an early wedding. And indeed there were few arguments against it, save one that Sara Lee buried in her heart. Belle's house was small, and though she was welcome there, and more than that, Sara Lee knew that she was crowding the family.

Perhaps Sara Lee would have agreed in the end. There seemed to be nothing else to do, though by the end of the first week she was no longer in any doubt as to what her feeling for Harvey really was. It was kindness, affection; but it was not love. She would marry him because she had promised to, and because their small world expected her to do so; and because she could not shame him again.

For to her surprise she found that that was what he had felt—a strange, self-conscious shame, like that of a man who has been jilted. She felt that by coming back to him she had forfeited the right to break the engagement.

So every hour of every day seemed to make the thing more inevitable. Belle was embroidering towels for her in her scant leisure. Even Anna, with a second child coming, sent in her contribution to the bride's linen chest.

By almost desperately insisting on a visit to Aunt Harriet she got a reprieve of a month. And Harvey was inclined to be jealous even of that.

Sometimes, but mostly at night when she was alone, a hot wave of resentment overwhelmed her. Why should she be forced into the thing? Was there any prospect of happiness after marriage when there was so little before?

For she realized now that even Harvey was not happy. He had at last definitely refused to hear the story of the little house.

"I'd rather just forget it, honey," he said.

But inconsistently he knew she did not forget it, and it angered him. True to his insistence on ignoring those months of her absence, she made no attempt to tell him. Now and then, however, closed in the library together, they would fail of things to talk about, and Sara Lee's knitting needles would be the only sound in the room. At those times he would sit back in his chair and watch the far-away look in her eyes, and it maddened him.

From her busy life Belle studied them both, with an understanding she did not reveal. And one morning when the mail came she saw Sara Lee's face as she turned away, finding there was no letter for her, and made an excuse to follow her to her room.

The girl was standing by the window looking out. The children were playing below, and the maple trees were silent. Belle joined her there and slipped an arm round her.

"Why are you doing it, Sara Lee?" she asked.

"Doing what?"

"Marrying Harvey."

Sara Lee looked at her with startled eyes.

"I'm engaged to him, Belle. I've promised."

"Exactly," said Belle dryly. "But that's hardly a good reason, is it? It takes more than a promise." She stared down at the flock of children in the yard below. "Harvey's a man," she said. "He doesn't understand, but I do. You've got to care a whole lot, Sara Lee, if you're going to go through with it. It takes a lot of love, when it comes to having children and all that."

"He's so good, Belle. How can I hurt him?"

"You'll hurt him a lot more by marrying him when you don't love him."

"If only I could have a little time," she cried wildly. "I'm so—I'm tired, Belle. And I can't forget about the war and all that. I've tried. Sometimes I think if we could talk it over together I'd get it out of my mind."

"He won't talk about it?"

"No."

"He's my own brother, and I love him dearly. But sometimes I think he's hard. Not that he's ever ugly," she hastened to add; "but he's stubborn. There's a sort of wall in him, and he puts some things behind it. And it's like beating against a rock to try to get at them."

After a little silence she said hesitatingly:

"We've got him to think of too. He has a right to be happy. Sometimes I've looked at you—you're so pretty, Sara Lee—and I've wondered if there wasn't someone over there who—cared for you."

"There was one man, an officer —— Oh, Belle, I can't tell you. Not *you!*"

"Why not?" asked Belle practically. "You ought to talk it out to someone, and if Harvey insists on being a fool that's his own fault."

For all the remainder of that sunny morning Sara Lee talked what was in her heart. And Belle—poor, romantic, starved Belle—heard and thrilled. She made buttonholes as she listened, but once or twice a new tone in Sara Lee's voice caused her to look up. Here was a new Sara Lee, a creature of vibrant voice and glowing eyes; and Belle was not stupid. She saw that it was Henri whose name brought the deeper note.

Sara Lee had stopped with her recall; had stopped and looked about the room with its shiny new furniture and had shivered. Belle bent over her work. "Why don't you go back?" she asked.

Sara Lee looked at her piteously.

"How can I? There is Harvey. And the society would not send me again. It's over, Belle. All over."

After a pause Belle said: "What's become of Henri? He hasn't written, has he?"

Sara Lee got up and went to the window.

"I don't know where he is. He may be dead."

"Bareheaded, Henri Had Gone Forward Toward the German Lines"

Her voice was flat and lifeless. Belle knew all that she wanted to know. She rose and gathered up her sewing.

"I'm going to talk to Harvey. You're not going to be rushed into a wedding. You're tired, and it's all nonsense. Well, I'll have to run now and dress the children."

That night Harvey and Belle had almost a violent scene. He had taken Sara Lee over the Leete house that evening. Will Leete's widow had met them there, a small sad figure in her mourning, but very composed until she opened the door into a tiny room upstairs with a desk and a lamp in it.

"This was Will's study," she said. "He did his work here in the evenings, and I sat in that little chair and sewed. I never thought then ——" Her lips quivered.

"Pretty rotten of Will Leete to leave that little thing alone," said Harvey on their way home. "He had his fling; and she's paying for it."

But Sara Lee was silent. It was useless to try to make Harvey understand the urge that had called Will Leete across the sea to do his share for the war, and that had brought him that peace of God that passeth all understanding.

It was not a good time for Belle to put up to him her suggestion for a delay in the marriage, that evening after their return. He took it badly and insisted on sending upstairs for Sara Lee.

"Did you ask Belle to do this?" he demanded bluntly.

"To do what?"

"To put things off."

"I have already told you, Harvey," Belle put in. "It is my own idea. She is tired. She's been through a lot. I've heard the story you're too stubborn to listen to. And I strongly advise her to wait a while."

And after a time he agreed ungraciously. He would buy the house and fix it over, and in the early fall it would be ready.

"Unless," he added to Sara Lee with a bitterness born of disappointment—"unless you change your mind again."

He did not kiss her that night when she and Belle went together up the stairs. But he stared after her gloomily, with hurt and bewilderment in his eyes.

He did not understand. He never would. She had come home to him all gentleness and tenderness, ready to find in him the things she needed so badly. But out of his obstinacy and hurt he had himself built up a barrier.

That night Sara Lee dreamed that she was back in the little house of mercy. René was there; and Henri; and Jean, with the patch over his eye. They were waiting for the men to come, and the narrow hall was full of the odor of Marie's soup. Then she heard them coming, the shuffling of many feet on the road. She went to the door, with Henri beside her, and watched them coming up the road, a deeper shadow in the blackness—tired men, wounded men, homeless men coming to her little house with its firelight and its warmth. Here and there the match that lighted a cigarette showed a white but smiling face. They stopped before the door, and the warm little house, with its guarded lights and its food and cheer, took them in.

XXVII

A VERY pale and desperate Henri took the night train for Folkestone after he had said good-by to Sara Lee. He alternately chilled and burned with fever, and when he slept, as he did now and then, going off suddenly into a doze and waking with a jerk, it was to dream of horrors.

He thought, in his wilder intervals, of killing himself. But his code did not include such a shirker's refuge. He was going back to tell his story and to take his punishment.

He had cabled to Jean to meet him at Calais; but when, at dawn the next morning, the Channel boat drew in to the wharf there was no sign of Jean or the car. Henri regarded the empty quay with apathetic eyes. They would come, later on. If he could only get his head down and sleep for a while he would be better able to get toward the Front. For he knew now that he was ill. He had, indeed, been ill for days, but he did not realize that. And he hated illness. He regarded it with suspicion, as a weakness not for a strong man.

The drowsy girl in her chair at the Gare Maritime regarded him curiously and with interest. Many women turned to look after Henri, but he did not know this. Had he known it he would have regarded it much as he did illness.

The stupid boy was not round. The girl herself took the key and led the way down the long corridor upstairs to a room. Henri stumbled in and fell across the bed. He was almost immediately asleep.

Late in the afternoon he wakened. Strange that Jean had not come. He got up and bathed his face. His right arm was very stiff now, and pains ran from the old wound in his chest down to the fingers of his hand. He tried to exercise to limber it, and grew almost weak with pain.

At six o'clock, when Jean had not come, Henri resorted to ways that he knew of and secured a car. He had had some coffee by that time, and he felt much better—so well indeed that he sang under his breath a strange rambling song that sounded rather like René's rendering of Tipperary. The driver looked at him curiously every now and then.

It was ten o'clock when they reached La Panne. Henri went at once to the villa set high on a sand dune where the

King's secretary lived. The house was dark, but in the library at the rear there was a light. He stumbled along the paths beside the house, and reached at last, after interminable miles, when the path sometimes came up almost to his eyes and again fell away so that it seemed to drop from under his feet—at last he reached the long French doors, with their drawn curtains. He opened the door suddenly, and thereby surprised the secretary, who was a most dignified and rather nervous gentleman, into laying his hand on a heavy inkwell.

"I wish to see the King," said Henri in a loud tone—because at that moment the secretary, lamp and inkwell and all, retired suddenly to a very great distance, as if one had viewed them through the reverse end of an opera glass.

The secretary knew Henri. He, too, eyed him curiously

"The King has retired, monsieur."

"I think," said Henri in a dangerous tone, "that he will see me."

To tell the truth, the secretary rather thought so too. There was a strange rumor going round, to the effect that the boy had followed a woman to England at a critical time. Which would have been a pity, the secretary thought. There were so many women, and so few men like Henri.

The secretary considered gravely. Henri was by that time in a chair, but it moved about so that he had to hold very tight to the arms. When he looked up again the secretary had picked up his soft black hat and was at the door

"I shall inquire," he said. Henri saluted him stiffly, with his left hand, as he went out.

The secretary went to His Majesty's equerry, who was in the next house playing solitaire and trying to forget the family he had left on the other side of the line.

So it was that in due time Henri again traversed miles of path and pavement, between tall borders of wild sea grass—miles which perhaps were a hundred yards. And went round the screen, and—found the King on the hearthrug. But when he drew himself stiffly to attention he overdid the thing rather and went over backward with a crash.

He was up again almost immediately, very flushed and uncomfortable. After that he kept himself in hand, but the King, who had a way all his own of forgetting his divine right to rule, and a great many other things—the King watched him gravely.

Henri sat in a chair and made a clean breast of it. Because he was feeling rather strange he told a great many things that an agent of the secret service is hardly expected to reveal to his king. He mentioned, for instance, the color of Sara Lee's eyes, and the way she bandaged, like one who had been trained.

Once, in the very middle of his narrative, where he had put the letter from the Front in his pocket and decided to go to England anyhow, he stopped and hummed René's version of Tipperary. Only a bar or two. Then he remembered. But one thing brought him round with a start.

"Then," said the King slowly, "Jean was not with you?"

Only he did not call him Jean. He gave him his other name, which, like Henri's, is not to be told.

Henri's brain cleared then with the news that Jean was missing. When, somewhat later, he staggered out of the villa, it was under royal instructions to report to the great hospital along the sea front and near by, and there to go to bed and have a doctor. Indeed, because the boy's eyes were wild by that time, the equerry went along and held his arm. But that was because Henri was in open revolt, and while walking steadily enough showed a tendency to bolt every now and then.

He would stop on the way and argue, though one does not argue easily with an equerry.

"I must go," he would say fretfully. "God knows where he is. He'd never give me up if I were the one."

And once he shook off the equerry violently and said:

"Let go of me, I tell you! I'll come back and go to bed when I've found him."

The equerry soothed him like a child.

Through the Trenches That Night Went the Word That There Was to be Had Hot Soup and Chocolate and Cigarettes

An English nurse took charge of Henri in the hospital, and put him to bed. He was very polite to her, and extremely cynical. She sat in a chair by his bed and held the key of the room in her hand. Once he thought she was Sara Lee, but that was only for a moment. She did not look like Sara Lee. And she was suspicious, too; for when he asked her what she could put in her left hand that she could not put in her right, she moved away and placed the door key on the stand, out of reach.

However, toward morning she dozed. There was steady firing at Nieuport and the windows shook constantly. An ambulance came in, followed by a stirring on the lower floor. Then silence. He got up then and secured the key. There was no time for dressing, because she was a suspicious person and likely to waken at any time. He rolled his clothing into a bundle and carried it under his well arm. The other was almost useless.

The ambulance was still waiting outside, at the foot of the staircase. There were voices and lights in the operating room, forward along the tiled hall. Still in his night clothing, Henri got into the ambulance and threw his uniform behind him. Then he got the car under way.

Outside the village he paused long enough to dress. His head was amazingly clear. He had never felt so sure of himself before. As to his errand he had no doubt whatever. Jean had learned that he had crossed the channel. Therefore Jean had taken up his work—Jean, who had but one eye and was as clumsy as a bear. The thought of Jean crawling through the German trenches set him laughing, until he ended with a sob.

It was rather odd about the ambulance. It did not keep the road very well. Sometimes it was on one side and sometimes on the other. It slid as though the road were greased And after a time Henri made an amazing discovery: He was not alone in the car.

He looked back, without stopping, and the machine went off in a wide arc. He brought it back again, grinning.

"Thought you had me, didn't you?" he observed to the car in general, and the engine in particular.

There was a wounded man in the car. He had had morphia and he was very comfortable. He was not badly hurt, and he considered that he was being taken to Calais. He was too tired to talk, and the swinging of the car rather interested him. He would doze and waken and doze again. But at last he heard something that made him rise on his elbow

It was the hammering of the big guns.

He called Henri's attention to this, but Henri said:

"Lie down, Jean, and don't talk We'll make it yet."

The wounded man intended to make a protest, but he went to sleep instead.

They had reached the village now where was the little house of mercy. The ambulance rolled and leaped down the street, with both lights full on, which was forbidden, and came to a stop at the door. The man inside was grunting then, and Henri, whose head had never been so clear, got out and went round to the rear of the car.

"Now, out with you, comrade!" he said. "I have made an error, but it is immaterial. Can you walk?"

He lighted a cigarette, and the man inside saw his burning eyes and shaking hands. Even through the apathy of the morphia he felt a thrill of terror. He could walk. He got out while Henri pounded at the door.

"*Attention!*" he called. "*Attention!*"

Then he hummed an air of the camps:

Trou là là, ça ne va guère;
Trou là là, ça ne va pas.

When he heard steps inside Henri went back to the ambulance. He got in and drove it, lights and all, down the street.

Trou là là, ça ne va guère;
Trou là là, ça ne va pas.

Somewhere down the road beyond the poplar trees he abandoned the ambulance. They found it there the next morning, or rather what was left of it. Evidently its two unwinking eyes had got on the Germans' nerves.

Early the next morning a Saxon regiment, standing on the firing step ready for what the dawn might bring forth, watched the mist rise from the water in front of them. It shone on a body in a Belgian uniform, lying across their wire, and very close indeed.

Now the Saxons are not Prussians, so no one for sport fired at the body. Which was rather a good thing, because it moved slightly and stirred. And then in a loud voice,

(Continued on Page 93)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.50. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 30, 1918

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BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit, but he will have it later.

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The Next Liberty Loan

ON DECEMBER thirty-first the national banks owned six hundred million dollars of Liberty Bonds. The amount owned by all banks, including state institutions, must have been a billion. Available data suggest that half a billion dollars' worth more was held by the banks as collateral for loans.

Bonds in the hands of the banks, whether owned or held as collateral for loans, must be regarded as mostly undigested. They have not been paid for out of the income and savings of the country, as they should be. So far as we fail to pay for the bonds out of saved-up income we are inflating credit and not going the right road. It is true that the banks are constantly accumulating funds—partly their own surplus earnings—which are properly investable in long-term bonds. But the ideal situation at this time would leave not a dollar of Liberty Bonds in the hands of the banks.

The banks can take Liberty Bonds to an enormous extent by the simple but highly undesirable process of passing them on to the Federal Reserve Banks, which will issue circulating notes or reserve credits against them. But that is bogus financing—essentially the same thing as issuing fiat money by a government printing press. Germany and Austria-Hungary are doing it; but it would be scandalous for the United States to resort to it extensively at this stage.

The banks' capacity to take bonds should be saved up for an extremity. At this stage it ought to be trenched upon very little.

A greater effort than we have yet made is required for the next Liberty Loan. On the first two loans we have fallen somewhat short of what we should have accomplished, for we have left too many of the bonds in the hands of the banks. A more energetic effort at saving is required; but still more the situation requires more energetic and better organized efforts at producing. All our railroad congestion, port congestion, heatless Mondays, plants running at two-thirds capacity because raw materials are held up somewhere, labor disputes, plan delays at Washington—are so much dead loss out of national income. They probably come to as much as the amount of Liberty Bonds held by the banks.

The figures show that we have not toed the mark. We must do better!

Who Works?

A STATEMENT attributed some time ago to Charles M. Schwab has attracted a good deal of attention. "The time is coming," it ran, "when men of the working class, men without property, will control the destinies of this world of ours. . . . We must look to the worker for a solution of the economic conditions now being considered. I am not one carelessly to turn over my belongings to the uplift of the nation; but I have come to a belief that the worker will rule, and the sooner we realize this the better it will be for our country and the world at large."

Nobody worth mentioning in the United States would disagree with the statement "The worker will rule," or "The man who works will control the destinies of the world." But Mr. Schwab evidently did not mean that. He had in mind that invidious convention by which "worker" is commonly taken to mean an industrial wage-earner—usually an organized wage-earner. Members of labor unions are usually spoken of as constituting the "labor" of the nation—often with an implication that the remaining nine-tenths of the population is merely loafing.

Many more than ninety per cent of the males who voted at the last presidential election earned their living by labor and were virtually dependent upon their labor for a living. They rule now. Of course they will continue to rule. If there is any sign of a new orientation and alignment on the part of a majority of them—or even a very considerable minority—indicating an intention to rule on some wholly different plan we have not been able to detect it.

The paramount economic interest of nine-tenths of the population of the United States is a labor interest. To nine families out of ten the return from labor of hand or brain is more important than the return from capital. Why labor in the invidious conventional sense of industrial wage labor should have the monopoly of ruling is not clear.

Labor Governments

A LABOR government in England is a decided possibility of the not-distant future—taking "labor" in the narrow sense of organized industrial wage-earners. The United Kingdom, with forty-six million inhabitants, has about four million members of labor unions—roughly, nine per cent of the population. There is already a very well-organized and well-disciplined Labor Party, with forty-two members in the House of Commons. That the next general election will give labor a very strong or even a dominant position in the government is probable.

The German Empire, with sixty-eight million inhabitants, reports a slightly smaller membership in labor unions than England—not much more than five per cent of the population. But the Social Democrat Party, mainly representing industrial wage-earners, is already a big factor in the Reichstag. The next election, especially if pending franchise reforms are carried out, will most likely make it a decidedly bigger factor.

The American Federation of Labor reports a dues-paying membership of two million three hundred thousand, and the World Almanac puts total membership in American labor unions at two million six hundred thousand, or about two and a half per cent of the population.

Usually the first step in any class-conscious labor movement consists of enrollment in a labor union. It is a fair inference that the wage-earner who is not a member of a union has rather slight attachment to and interest in what is called the labor movement. At any rate he has not taken the usual first step toward enrolling himself under a class banner. Labor, in the narrow definition of the word, has never taken a distinctive part in American politics. It is well known that the policy of the American Federation of Labor has always been against that. On this showing a labor government in the United States appears to be a remote contingency.

A Country at a Bargain

THE currency of Russia sold the other day at nine and a half cents a ruble, which means substantially that you can buy Russia at about twenty cents on the dollar. It does not look like a very good bargain, even at that.

Almost all the tangible wealth that Russia ever possessed is still there intact. The land, chief item of her wealth, is as good as ever it was. The great deposits of mineral wealth have not been diminished. There are as many miles of railroads, as many factories, stores, dwellings. A late report by our Department of Agriculture shows many million cattle, horses, sheep—a wealth in livestock nearly equal to that of the United States. Locomotives, freight cars, machinery have no doubt deteriorated somewhat; but in tangible goods Russia is almost as rich as ever.

Her currency sells at twenty cents on the dollar, the population of her capital faces starvation day after day, there is want everywhere—because intangible wealth in the form of industrial organization and discipline has been destroyed. All the pieces of the machine are there—the same wheels, pistons, rods, pulleys; but they have mostly been taken apart. There are even some millions of Russian soldiers; but a few regiments of Germans took an important strongly fortified city as easily as a squad of policemen clear out a gambling joint—the same city that Hindenburg battered at in vain for more than a year when there was a Russian Army.

No other modern country was ever disorganized to the extent that Russia now is. It was not a difficult feat. The Bolsheviki detested the capitalistic or "bourgeoise" organization. In a few months they practically disrupted it. Broadly speaking, anybody in possession of the powers of government can do that. Finding a workable substitute is an infinitely more difficult matter.

Storing Food

WAR has everywhere painfully illustrated our hand-to-mouth mode of living. Every big industrial city depends for to-day's food upon supplies brought in yesterday. Great Britain, mainly a manufacturing and trading hive, is pretty much in the same situation. Almost any thickly populated spot in Western Europe or the United States might be literally starved by cutting off food shipments for a few days.

The situation has been deplored and a good many schemes of local or national scope have been proposed to change it. But as a matter of fact that is the way we ought to live; it is the economical way.

Any warehousing system that would alter the situation in any degree worth mentioning would involve an enormous outlay and thereby make food more expensive. Take the thing in its smallest phase: Few city dwellings contain at any given time more than enough food to furnish three meals for the occupants. To keep even one week's food on hand would require a pantry three times as large as at present, with a huge refrigerator, and six or seven times the present investment in foodstuffs. Apply that, say, to New York's million and a half families. There is never a week's full supply of food in the city. A storage system by which a month's full supply could be kept on hand would be an economic absurdity. Great Britain's position in war would not be materially altered by any possible storage scheme. If an enemy could cut off food supplies for a week it could cut them off permanently, for it would have taken command of the sea out of England's hands.

What the world is suffering from now is not lack of warehouses but lack of food and interference with transportation. No amount or kind of storage capacity would alter its problem.

Hand-to-mouth is the economical way. But it is the way of permanent peace, with all roads open and the freest movement of goods.

Public Utilities

THE President, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency have written recently on the situation of what are commonly called public-utility companies—the privately owned corporations that supply almost all American towns and cities with local transportation, gas and electric light and power. Their income is limited by ordinances which fix the prices at which their products are sold. Rapidly mounting costs of operation have brought many of them uncomfortably near to bankruptcy.

The officers of the Government mentioned above have declared the great importance to the nation of these public-utility companies and urged state and local authorities, as the President expresses it, "to respond promptly to the necessities of the situation"—which means to raise rates.

Of course no such urging should have been necessary. The situation has been well known for at least a year, and has been growing worse.

A good many state and local authorities have met it; but a good many others have not.

As with the railroads the whole case of private versus government ownership is involved. If the American experiment of private ownership and public regulation fails because regulating bodies have not the courage to face criticism or because they are animated by hostility to capital, the only alternative is government ownership—to the great satisfaction of Tammany Hall and every like organization. The experiment will fail unless, on the whole, regulating bodies discover a more courageous and liberal temper.

ME UND MOHAMMED

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

HISTORY may hurl at the head of the Kaiser Mount Ararat, the Armenians' mountain, and Noah's; but I can merely flick him across the face with, say, the little girl's braid of hair that I picked up amid the ruins of the American compound at Van, in captured Turkey.

It was a very ordinary pigtail, of dark hair, tied with cotton string; just such a braid as millions of eight or ten year old girls are wearing all over the world to-day. The curious thing about this particular pigtail was that it had survived when so much else had perished. The weather had caused the string to fade and decay, but the plaited hair still hung together as when it was first tightly braided by a careful mother.

Oh, yes; there was a still more curious thing about that fifteen inches of pigtail—it had been cut off by two strokes of a sharp knife or sword. Whether the little girl herself was slain on the spot or carried off to be a Moslem's slave I prefer not to imagine. I cannot even picture the struggle that severed the pigtail. I hope that both she and her mother were slain outright; for I have met too many of these Armenian mothers who are mourning more for daughters torn from their arms by lustful Turks than for the sons and daughters and husbands whom they saw slain before their eyes. I vividly recall that strong-faced woman in the stable of the holy Etchmiadzin monastery—how could Ararat glow with such a lovely pink just outside the door?—who had lost three sons and three daughters, as well as her husband, yet who cried to me: "It is not of them that I think day and night until my poor brain is crazed. I know they are dead and safe; but oh, the daughter that the Turks carried off! Where is she? I cannot sleep of nights for thinking, thinking about her."

There are a good many thousands of such daughters, some few of whom have escaped and whom I have met, and whose stories I know.

PHOTO. BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

The Arms of the Allies are the Only Defense Left for the Life of This Persecuted Christian Nation

What the Turks Did to Van

TO RETURN to the pigtail. It lay out amid the missionary graves at Van, where even the headstones had been overturned and broken. The very flowers that had been planted by the grave of Mrs. Clarence D. Ussher, who died during the siege as a martyr to her ministry to the Moslems, had been destroyed. But Mrs. Ussher's roses, about the blackened and broken walls of what once had been a typical American home, had somehow survived the fire. How indifferent Nature is to human cataclysms! Everything else was desolation in that compound. As I entered the gate I saw over it the faded and tattered remnant of a small muslin American flag, which evidently one of the fleeing missionaries had put up, in token that the property was under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. Who cared? Every American home within those walls had been utterly destroyed, the great flag over the compound having been deliberately and repeatedly fired upon. Likewise the hospital and the schools, the kindergarten and the industrial shops. What a focus this spot has been of American altruism and cosmopolitanism! Now the invested years seem nullified. Of all the buildings that once represented the American spirit of ministry in this immemorial city of Van, none remained except the little church, built by Doctor Raynolds with indemnity money received from the Turkish Government twenty years after he had been cut up by the Kurds. Now the Russians use it as a church.

So complete was the ruin of the American Board Mission that it seemed less ghostly than the rows upon rows of devastated streets, with their half-fallen walls, and empty windows like eyeless sockets. Van, the center of modern Armenian life, as it was also the ancient capital, is a more pictorial and impressive ruin than Babylon or Nineveh, because it is so new and still carries so many shreds of the prosperity and happiness that characterized it until the Kaiser and the Sultan went into partnership in the business of carrying on a "holy war." The old castle rock, with its cuneiform inscriptions, which has looked down upon uncounted sanguinary scenes since the days of Semiramis and Darius, never saw a braver defense than the Armenians made here. Manuk, our servant, glowed with excitement and pride as he pointed out to me the bullet-scarred house on one side of the street which he had helped to defend against the Turks in the equally marred ruin on the other side of the street.

As I fingered the gruesome and typical relic of the joint enterprise of Kaiser and Sultan at Van—I wish now I had saved that braid to send to the Kaiser, after exhibiting it in America—I realized that it represented the first phase of that horror which has staggered civilization—the Armenian atrocities of 1915–18. For it was at Van, quite appropriately from a logical and chronological standpoint, that this business concocted by Berlin and Constantinople brains—great is kultur!—began. Hitherto, when the Turk has wanted to diminish his enterprising Christian population and increase the solidarity of his Moslem subjects he has simply ordered a massacre, with the death of Christians as a reward, which opens the gates of paradise to the faithful. As a by-benefit, the Christian girls became the property of the Moslems, to augment their harems, and the Christians' goods were fair loot. All was simple and elemental, and in entire accord with the ethics and usages of the Seljuk Turkish tribesmen from time immemorial. Draw the sword and slay, slay, slay! So commanded the Prophet.

This really was rough work, however, and it brought troublesome consequences from the Great Powers. It was not in accord with the kultur which Young Turkey had taken on with its alliance with Germany. So when Kaiser and Turk put their heads together, to see how great mutual advantage they could derive from the prosecution of a "holy war" against all Christians, the bright idea of deportations evolved. Two considerations controlled: In the first place, the Moslems must be given a reasonable excuse for entering the war; and no other slogan is so powerful as that of the "jihad" or "holy war."

Murdering Armenian Competition

IN THE second place, Germany must have no competition in Turkey from initiative or efficiency along commercial lines. What is the use of building the Bagdad Railway if Armenians and not Germans are to handle the business it creates? So Turk and Teuton were a unit in desiring the elimination of the Armenians. And the shrewd way to effect this was to deport the Armenian population from their homes, letting them die a natural death on the way. What a rank amateur was Nero, who merely dipped Christians in pitch and then set them afire!

True, there were some ragged edges in the carrying out of the business of the firm of William, Mohammed & Co.; little things, like the leaving of a child's hair braid lying where a historian could find it; and like the appearance of German officers to direct the slaying of certain groups of deportees. [See the Bryce Report.] Also, it was not wholly practicable to trust entirely to deportation for the elimination of the Armenians, so as a rule such men as were not serving in the army were dealt with separately, by dumping

At the Foot of Mount Ararat, on the Brown Worn-Out Plains of This Oldest Corner of the Earth, Lies the Little Town of Etchmiadzin, Where Saint Gregory Had His Vision

them wholesale into the Black Sea; by shooting them en masse; by chopping them up with axes, first being careful to tie their hands and feet; by burning them alive; by lining them up alongside their own graves and then neatly severing the heads from the bodies with adzes; by hanging their leaders, especially the priests and bishops and educators, often first putting them through such a third degree as the tearing off of their finger nails and toenails with pincers, or slicing off all protruding parts of their bodies, or nailing horseshoes to their feet, or singeing off their hair and beards and drenching them in kerosene before applying the match.

A Grain Boat on the Dnieper

Detailed accounts of many such barbarities may be obtained from the Bryce Report; from the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, Metropolitan Building, New York; or from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Boston. These accounts are commended to the careful perusal of all pacifists and other timorous souls who would be willing to negotiate for a world peace on any basis short of the conditions laid down by President Wilson. To let the Kaiser and the Sultan continue their partnership, in full control of the ancient little Christian peoples who were practicing their Christian religion more than fifteen centuries before ever the Prussian monarch professed it, would be such a betrayal of righteousness as would cause the Allies to deserve all the evil that would follow from an inconclusive peace. If the Bible lands, with their martyr nations, who have kept the faith despite fire and sword for all these patient centuries, wherein their daily prayer has gone up: "How long, O Lord! how long?" are not to be delivered forever from the double yoke of the Teuton and the Turk, then this war will have been fought in vain. The man who does not believe in letting his angry passions rise will have secured a victory for the bloodiest power that has ever ravaged this sacred and ensanguined soil.

The Martyr Grace of Armenia

TO RETURN to Van, which, after Mount Ararat, is the geographical spot most intimately connected with the Armenians. They were a nation hereabouts long before the Christian era. The Old Testament mentions them. Their past is lost in the mists of antiquity. In this region they became converted to Christianity. Though there were many Armenian Christians prior to the fourth century—their own legends make Saint Thomas, the apostle, the first missionary to the Armenians—the nation, as such, was converted to Christianity in 303 by Gregory the Illuminator. Saint Gregory is to the Armenians as Saint Patrick is to Ireland. Both were Christian missionaries. Both led their nations to adopt Christianity. Both have become the preëminent figures in their respective national histories. To Gregory it was given to make Armenia the first of all Christian nations, antedating by nearly ten years the acceptance of the faith by Rome under Constantine the Great.

That act, paradoxically, brought Armenia under the sword of persecution and at the same time saved her national identity. Otherwise she would have been submerged beneath the tides of immigration and conquest that have swept over her soil. It was the translation of the Scriptures that gave the people a distinctive language, which the church services to this day conserve. After the political identity of ancient Armenia had been lost, since she could not withstand the successive onslaught of Persian, Roman, Arab, Mongol and Tartar, her ecclesiastical unity kept her together as a people. Armenia to this day is a church state, with no independent head or leader except the Catholicos of all Armenia, whose seat is at Gregory's old church at Etchmiadzin, Russian Caucasus, at the foot of Mount Ararat.

A veritable genius for enduring persecution seems to have possessed this people from the first; doubtless the theologians would call it "the martyr grace." In Gregory's day they had to suffer for their faith, and ever since they have dwelt under the shadow of the sword. No other people or church in history has had to endure the persecutions to which the Armenians have been subjected. Still they stand by the Cross.

Germany has put out literature explaining away the Armenian atrocities; for the Kaiser is the brains of the firm of William, Mohammed & Co., while the Sultan is the practical man. However, before they had their orders, certain publications in Germany printed eyewitness stories of the deportations, which substantiate the worst tales that have been told. This was just one little defect in the system.

All the German apologies and explanations of the way the firm does business are nullified by the fact that the situation at Van has been recorded by a group of college-trained Americans of highest character, both men and women, who were residents in the city, spoke the language and knew the leaders in the events on both sides. The Turco-Teutonic claim is that the Armenian deportations resulted from an insurrection at Van against the Turkish authority. Whereas in truth the Armenians, after seeing their leaders and compatriots foully and treacherously massacred, undertook to defend themselves against a German-led Turkish force that had come up against them. For twenty-seven days fifteen hundred Armenians, with only three hundred rifles, held off a Turkish force of five thousand troops, until they were delivered by the Russian Army.

In the meantime the civic management of the city was in the hands of an American, and six thousand refugees were sheltered and fed under the American flag. From Dr. Clarence D. Ussher, the only physician available, to his Boy Scout son Neville, with the women also doing yeoman service, that little company of American missionaries under fire lived up to the noblest traditions of American valor, resourcefulness, helpfulness and cheer. The story has been told by them, and it is one of the good things of the Bryce Report. So long as the Americans remained in Van there were no little girls held up screaming by their braided hair, which a brutal soldier whacked off with two strokes of his sword.

Before ever the fighting in Van began, in April, 1915, the orders for deportation were out in Anatolia. This simple scheme of deportation can be told in a sentence, but not fully described in a volume. It was the official removal of all Armenians from their homes to some distant point, the Arabian Desert being the principal objective. What followed no man can describe. It makes the lot of Belgium seem like serenity and safety. The exile of the Children of Israel was humane alongside of it. For these deported people, first deprived of their natural protectors, were able to take little or nothing with them. Often they were not even permitted to enter their homes after receiving the notification. College-bred women and peasants' wives fared alike, except that the latter were more inured to hardship. Those who had money or goods quickly were deprived of them on the way. The grafting gendarmes who guarded them spared neither their charges' chattels nor their persons.

Brutalities That Beggar Description

IF WHAT I write in this paragraph is too plain speaking for American readers the editor will tone it down; I have been hearing so much, told with Oriental unreserve, that I may have lost my hold on the proprieties of American speech. The first reward to the Moslems of these, as of all the Armenian outrages, was possession of the comeliest Armenian girls and young women. Officials had first pick. Then the soldiers had their choice. As the bands of exiles traversed the desert highways the villagers en route had opportunity to select. Failing to acquire any women for their exclusive use they were given access to all the Armenian women, sometimes openly by day as well as by night. Bestiality could not be worse than that exhibited by these sensual-minded Moslems. Little girls of eight and ten shared the same fate as mothers, after the more acceptable women had been culled out or killed.

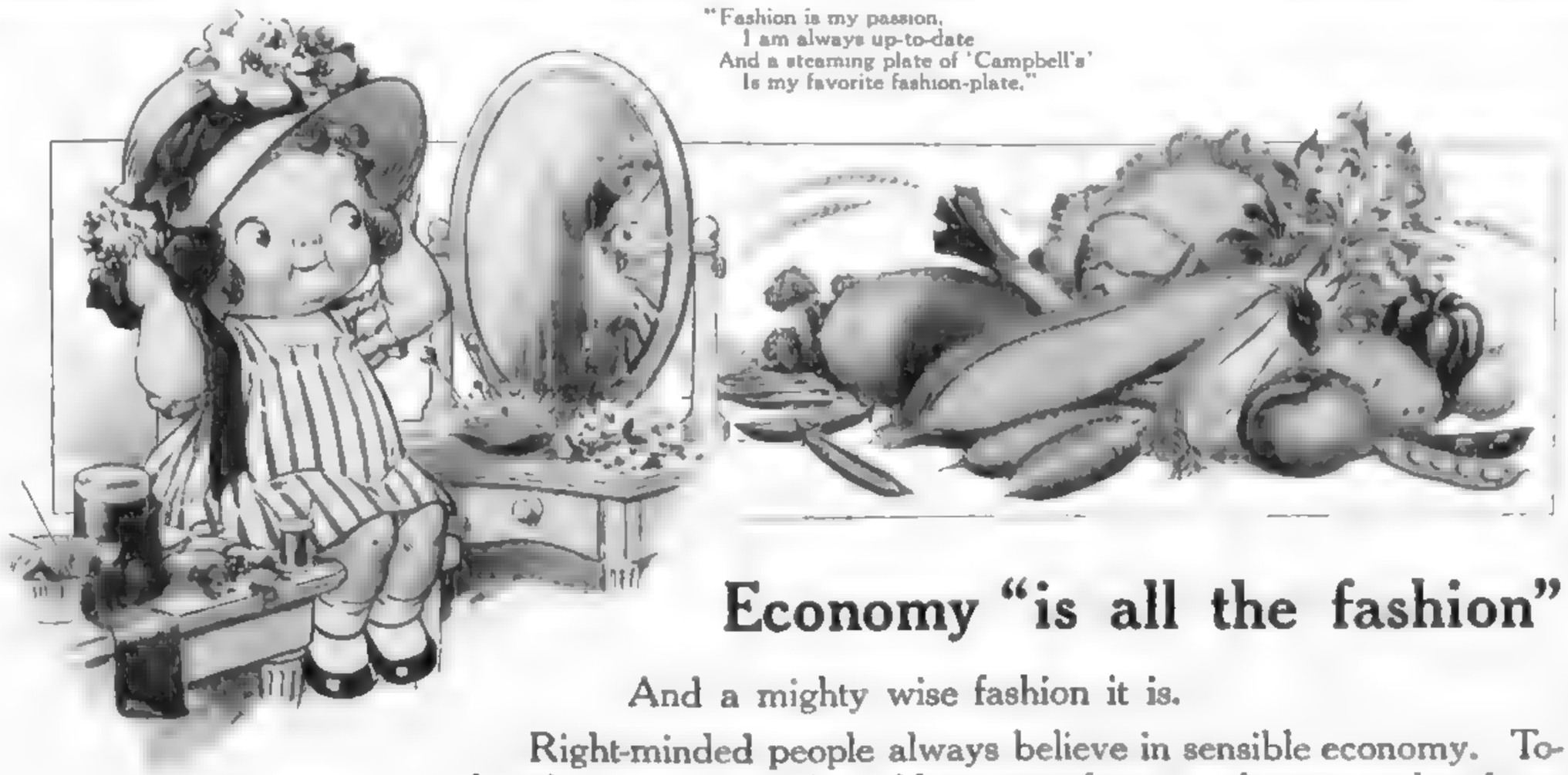
Of course thousands of women escaped by leaping into rivers or from cliffs or bridges. It was no uncommon thing for wells to be choked to the top with the bodies of women who sought this route of escape with honor. Most of the women, though, had no such opportunity; the physical power was with these heartless Turks and Kurds, who not infrequently would bayonet a woman or throw her into the river after the crowd was through with her.

Equally incredible was their treatment of babies and pregnant women. Even my pen falters here and refuses to write that which I know: Of crying babies having their brains dashed out before their mothers' eyes; of troublesome little laggards on the march spitted on bayonets and tossed into the Euphrates; of mothers in childbirth prodded with bayonets and forced to walk with the procession—there is evidence all too abundant.

It was reported that so many corpses of Armenians were in the Euphrates at certain spots that the air was unbearably polluted. The old roads to the desert were lined with dead bodies. The pariah dogs of the village fed full in those days, for the Turks did not even bury the dead. What novelist ever imagined a state of mind that could

(Concluded on Page 24)

Americans Who Have Toiled and Given for This Cause Should Know That Their Benevolence Has Borne Fruit in Lives Saved



Economy "is all the fashion"

And a mighty wise fashion it is.

Right-minded people always believe in sensible economy. Today they are *proud of it.* No matter how much money they have they are ashamed to waste it.

Every intelligent and patriotic housewife studies food values, studies to provide her table with ample nourishment of the *right kind* at the least expense.

"*Live well,* but wisely and *without waste!*" That is what the National Food Administration asks of us all. And there is no food-product which gives you more practical help in this direction than

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Wholesome, hearty, tempting—it supplies the food elements most needed to complete a properly balanced diet.

We use selected beef to make the full-bodied satisfying stock. With this we combine choice white potatoes, Canadian rutabagas and tender Chantenay carrots—diced. Also small green peas, "baby" lima beans, "Country Gentleman" corn, Dutch cabbage, celery, parsley, green okra and a puree of fine tomatoes. We add plenty of barley and rice, a sprinkling of alphabet macaroni and a delicate bit of leek, onion and sweet red peppers to enhance the attractive flavor.

Pure, rich in food value, and its use involving no waste nor cooking expense for you—this nourishing soup is in every sense as economical as it is appetizing and delicious.

Let your grocer send you a dozen or more at a time, and keep it on hand.

21 kinds 12c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Printanier
Bouillon	Julienne	Tomato
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Concluded from Page 22)

conceive of marching hungry and thirsty women and children, charged with no crime, for days alongside a stream of water, and yet refusing to let them drink? That seems to have been a favorite diversion of these blood-sated Turkish guards. Likewise, in passing through a town they would not permit the residents, either foreign or native, to give food to the starving. Pleasant little pranks like the following were played upon the miserable ones: All would be forced to shed whatever rags or remnants of clothing they wore before wading across a stream—and then they would be obliged to continue the journey in stark nudity! Some of the women and children so treated were from homes of Western education and refinement, some of them graduates of American mission schools. Yet, in the face of all this, very, very few of the victims sought escape by renouncing Christianity and accepting Islam.

Obviously all this was worse than a crime; it was a blunder. The attempt to exterminate an entire people could not possibly be successful. There are too many Armenians living outside of Turkey for this result to be accomplished, even if every last drop of Armenian blood beneath the entwined Prussian and Turkish flags was poured into the sea. What was done was to cripple beyond reckoning the economic and commercial and industrial life of Turkey, since the Armenians were the merchants and artisans and bankers of the land. Some Turkish communities, like Urfa, later sent deputations to lay their case before the government. Even religious zeal will not atone for inability to secure a mechanic to mend your pots or pump or house. And the Turkish women are not pleased when merchandise is no longer brought to the stores of their town by the enterprising Armenians. The same spirit that led the ancestors of the Armenians, in Roman times, to branch out into trade with Scythia and India and China has since made them purveyors of progress to the Turkish Empire. Wiping out the business brains of the land may suit German designs, but it is of no benefit to Turkey.

Flecks of light illumine this dark page. Not all Turks and Kurds conformed to the made-in-Germany program of dealing with the Armenian question. By the way, so far back as 1883, Bismarck told the British that Germany cared nothing about Armenian reforms, and that the subject should be allowed to drop. Individual Moslems had compassion on the Christians and saved their lives. Some Turks and Kurds jeopardized their own personal safety by giving protection to Armenians. I have talked with many of the latter who escaped across into Russia and who told me that they were sheltered by Moslem neighbors and fed until they could get away. Some German missionaries also sent formal protests to their government against these foul deeds, for all of which Germany cannot escape a share of responsibility. Russia did nobly. Her troops delivered many of the besieged; and the Russian Government undertook to help maintain all who crossed her border. Six rubles a month per refugee was allotted for this purpose, and paid regularly by the imperial government, less regularly by the Kerensky government, and not at all apparently by the Bolshevik régime.

A Terrible Exodus

A quarter of a million of the victims of these atrocities escaped to the Russian Caucasus. Others got into Persia and Egypt. A few weeks ago twenty-three Armenian refugees reached Port Said, Egypt. They were the only survivors of a band of 227 who had been driven out, two and a half years ago, from their village near Cæsarea, Asia Minor. All this time they have been seeking safety in the Taurus Mountains and in the Arabian Desert, knowing all the terrors of mountain snows and sandy heat, of wild beasts and wilder men, of hunger and thirst and nakedness and exhaustion. The anabasis of Xenophon's ten thousand, and the wanderings of the Children of Israel in this same region, seem uneventful beside such an achievement.

This tenacity of life is one of the marvels of the Armenian situation. I do not wonder that a million have died, but rather that a million have lived. The questions that have recurred to my mind as I have seen the poor creatures, in rags and patches and wearing the unmistakable famine pallor, huddling on the dirt floor of a dark stable at the Etchmiadzin monastery, and as I have listened to the tales of scores and hundreds, have been: "Why didn't you die? How have you managed to survive? What sort of spirit have you that defies all these deadly conditions?"

Epidemics have followed hard on the heels of hunger—12,000 died in Etchmiadzin alone, and 70,000 on the way thither from Van. These are the natural causes that the instigators of the deportations had in mind. Few persons ever die of actual starvation, but rather of diseases induced by malnutrition. Of the round million who have perished in this spectacular Turco-Teutonic "holy war," perhaps not more than a quarter met a violent death; the others, women and children, simply passed away en route. It is a marvel beyond explanation how the survivors have ever got through. Take, for instance, that monkey-faced babe. When little children are starving their skin grows taut and their eyes pop out until they look like wee apes. This particular child is trying to draw food from empty breasts that hang limp against the bony body of a woman who looks to be seventy years old. By all reason and expectation the miserable morsel of humanity should have perished within a month of birth, for the mother has scarcely clothes or food for herself, or yet nourishment for her child.

Help From America

A great and beautiful and heart-breaking hope sustains her and myriads of others—that the Americans will come with relief. "They little know of America, who only America know." In the far, waste places of earth, where famine stalks, the name that is synonymous with rescue and life is America. There are no peoples so remote or benighted that they have not heard of America, the almoner nation. I have had personal experience of this attitude in the famine-smitten fields of North Japan, of mid-China, of Persia, of Kurdistan, of Russia, of Rumania and of Armenia. All the ingenuity and effort of Germany could not possibly build up such a reputation as has made America's name unique among the oldest nations of the earth. Twice the space permitted to this article could be filled with incidents of how in my hearing people have borne their testimony of gratitude to America for her practical manifestations of brotherhood.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that thereupon I put my foot through the regulations of the local American Committee for Armenian Relief, and assured that starving mother and babe a place on the relief lists? Necessarily the committee has to be systematic and rigid, giving out of its scanty store only to certain most desperate classes. It is conducting its work on a basis that would win encomiums from the associated charities of the world. Every penny contributed gets to the field—a New York business man pays all the administrative expenses of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief—and is disbursed by Americans or by American-trained natives under American direction. It is but common justice to say that if it had not been for the presence of American missionaries on this field, skilled in the language, accustomed to local conditions and able to command the assistance of a great corps of trained native workers, the vast humanitarian service which America has done for the Armenians and the Syrians would have been impossible.

There can be no doubt that the seven million dollars which this country has already contributed has been the means of saving hundreds of thousands of lives. The host of altruistic and far-visioned Americans who have toiled and given for this cause should know that their benevolence has borne fruit in lives actually saved.

With Yankee ingenuity the relief workers have established extensive industrial enterprises in the Caucasus, so that no actual relief is given directly, except to orphans. Women are paid for carding and spinning wool at home. Refugee men weave this on looms made by the refugees into cloth that is made up by refugees into clothes for other refugees—ten thousand orphans will be clothed from these looms in Erivan alone. Cooperating with the London Lord Mayor's committee the American relief workers are, so far as possible, reaching the entire quarter of a million refugees in the Caucasus, their efforts being especially desperate this winter because of the famine conditions.

All plans look to the rehabilitation of the refugees in their former homes after we have finally put the firm of William, Mohammed & Co. out of business. When one considers the complete devastation of hundreds of entire towns and villages, the destruction of flocks, herds and other livestock, as well as of crops, and the entire loss of household effects and of material with which to resume business, it will be seen that the task to which America has laid her hand is no small one.

Meantime Turkey is sick of her alliance with Germany and of the conditions it has brought upon her. This I know from interviews with many Turkish prisoners. The country would revolt at once were it able to do so; but the strong hand of Prussia has steadily tightened upon the land. Most of the men of leadership have been made away with, even as the Armenians. Naturally the early zest with which the Moslem population took up the "holy war" has diminished. Of the Armenians who wander abjectly and homelessly about the country, few are now being called upon to suffer death from violence. But with the whole land hungry they are starving. It is estimated that something like a million Armenians still remain alive in Turkey. These survivors have gradually made their way toward the centers where American consuls and missionaries are distributing relief. Yes; despite all, the Americans have remained by the task, regardless of peril to themselves. They are the envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary of the generous, sympathetic heart of their country. Some day they will be publicly recognized and honored. Meantime they are paying a price for the privilege of representing America. Only those who have had to listen to the cry of the starving for food when there is no food, to the frantic pleas of mothers that their little children be accepted as a gift, and to the despair of men who are helpless to care for their families—can know what a toll is extracted from the spirit.

One who travels in Armenia nowadays gets new light upon what America means to this long-harried people. More than once the proposal was put to me by leaders of the Armenian people that provision be made for the emigration of a hundred thousand Armenians, practically in a body, to the United States. Of course almost every individual one meets is eager to talk of his or her chance of getting to America, the promised land. And when one sits down to talk over the future of Armenia with her leaders he finds that the conversation follows the two main lines of present relief and future protection by America. What President Wilson has said about the self-government of the little peoples has put a heart of hope into this remnant. The very awfulness of their sufferings has projected their cause into the whole world's mind, so that now they are on the docket of all who have to do with the formulation of the Allied terms as a people who must realize their ancient dream of self-government.

The Catholicos of Armenia

Naturally I called upon George V, the Catholicos, at the old church and monastery of Etchmiadzin, where Gregory had his vision. Here the mummified hand of the great missionary is kept, and is used in blessing the oil of ordination for the higher prelates. Aside from the old church buildings the town is a commonplace settlement, with no beauty or other quality of interest in itself.

Mount Ararat, which dominates the scene, seems to have absorbed all the beauty of this region to itself, and it has plenty. Above the brown, worn-out plains of this oldest corner of the earth the mountain of the ark rises to a height of 17,000 feet, covered forever with snow, and glowing with all the tints of loveliness. Seven miles away is Little Ararat, on the sides of which three nations converge—Persia, Russia and Turkey. Little Ararat is perfectly conical, and upon it are modeled the steeples of Armenian churches and the headdress of the priests.

Behind the Catholicos, when I met him, hung a picture rug, woven in 1903 to commemorate the sixteenth centenary of the founding of the Armenian Church by Gregory; and this rug curtained a picture of the old church as well as of the two Ararats. As a rug it was not beautiful; I observed that here, at the highest official point in Armenia, there was not a single good rug, either in the residence of the Catholicos or in the church itself. A strip of worn Brussels carpet ran the length of the commonplace audience chamber of this man, who combines in himself, so far as they exist at all, the functions of prelate and king—for my handsome host is both the religious and political head of the Armenian people. Nevertheless, he talks hopefully of the day when Armenia will be a republic, on the American model, with her independence guaranteed by the Allies.

We talked of the Armenian situation, the sufferings of the people and the religious effects thereof. But we quickly got to the overshadowing subject of the preservation of the Caucasus line, from which the Russians are returning, and where they will assuredly not put up a fight.

"God help us if the line breaks!" cried the Catholicos. "Then we shall be at the mercy of the Moslems. Nobody can help us but God and ourselves. That is why I am beseeching Russia to let all our Armenian soldiers come to this Front. They have a supreme motive for standing fast. Not only is there a blood debt to pay"—and here the Catholicos spoke with fire—"but they must fight to protect the lives of the remnant of our people. It is our last stand for self-preservation."

A Message to America

Then we entered upon a discussion of the theme that holds first place in the thought of the Caucasus region, and I may say that my own investigations entirely confirmed the statements of the Catholicos: "The Germans and the Turks are organizing a fresh 'holy war' propaganda behind the Caucasus line. It centers in Baku, and covers Western Persia and the Caucasus. Every Moslem is armed and ready to rise as soon as a fresh attack in force is made on the line. I have personal knowledge that their plans include the killing of all of us here at Etchmiadzin, and the complete destruction of this holy place. They mean to go to the center of the Armenian nation this time, and exterminate it root and branch. All who survived the recent atrocities are marked for slaughter. The plot is complete and ready, and we have definite information concerning it. All that it awaits is the breaking through of the Caucasus Front."

Nowhere on the long-drawn-out battle line of the world war is the sacredness of the cause of the Allies more concretely illustrated than right here in this remote corner of the earth. The arms of the Allies are the only defense left of the life of this persecuted Christian nation. The most direct contribution that can be made to Armenian relief is to stiffen up this battle front. If craven counsels should force a negotiated peace and the continuance of the "integrity of Turkey" the direct result would be the handing over to foul slaughter of these Christians who have fixed all their hopes on the pledges of America and Great Britain.

While we talked the Catholicos went into an adjoining room to bring out a copy of the message he had sent to President Wilson, after the President's address to Congress last April. He talked at length of the confidence of the Armenians that at the peace council America will safeguard the interests of his people and give them self-government under Allied protection and oversight. Armenia does not want to become a province of Russia or yet an independent monarchy, but a real republic. It covets opportunity to show the world what is in the Armenian people. All the tendencies and spirit of the Armenians to-day are toward democracy. For himself the Catholicos would gladly resign his primacy for the sake of securing a democratic autonomy for the nation. As to the geographical limits of a new Armenia he suggested Sivas, Erzerum, Mush, Van, Bitlis and Diarbekir as the Armenian cities that would roughly indicate its extent.

One special charge the Catholicos laid upon me:

"Convey to the American people my blessing upon them for the sympathy and succor they have extended to the Armenians. They have brought life to us. We pray God to reward them richly. We still lean upon them for relief and protection."

In Reading, Pa.

EVEN those who do not know the Pennsylvania Dutch may find a smile in this Reading notice over a doorbell:

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Republic Black-line Red and Gray Inner Tubes outlast ordinary tubes, even as Republic Tires outlast ordinary tires.

They last longer because, in the body and at the splice, they are *made* to last longer.

Republic Tubes are built up, to extra thickness, of sheet upon sheet of carefully tested, thin, live rubber.

This process also gives them extra strength, and keeps them to original size and shape throughout their long life.

It further insures against the pin-hole air-leaks which often shorten the usefulness of an inner tube.

And at the splice, where most tubes are weakest, Republic steam-welding makes Republic Tubes strongest.

Republic Tubes, alone, are good economy.

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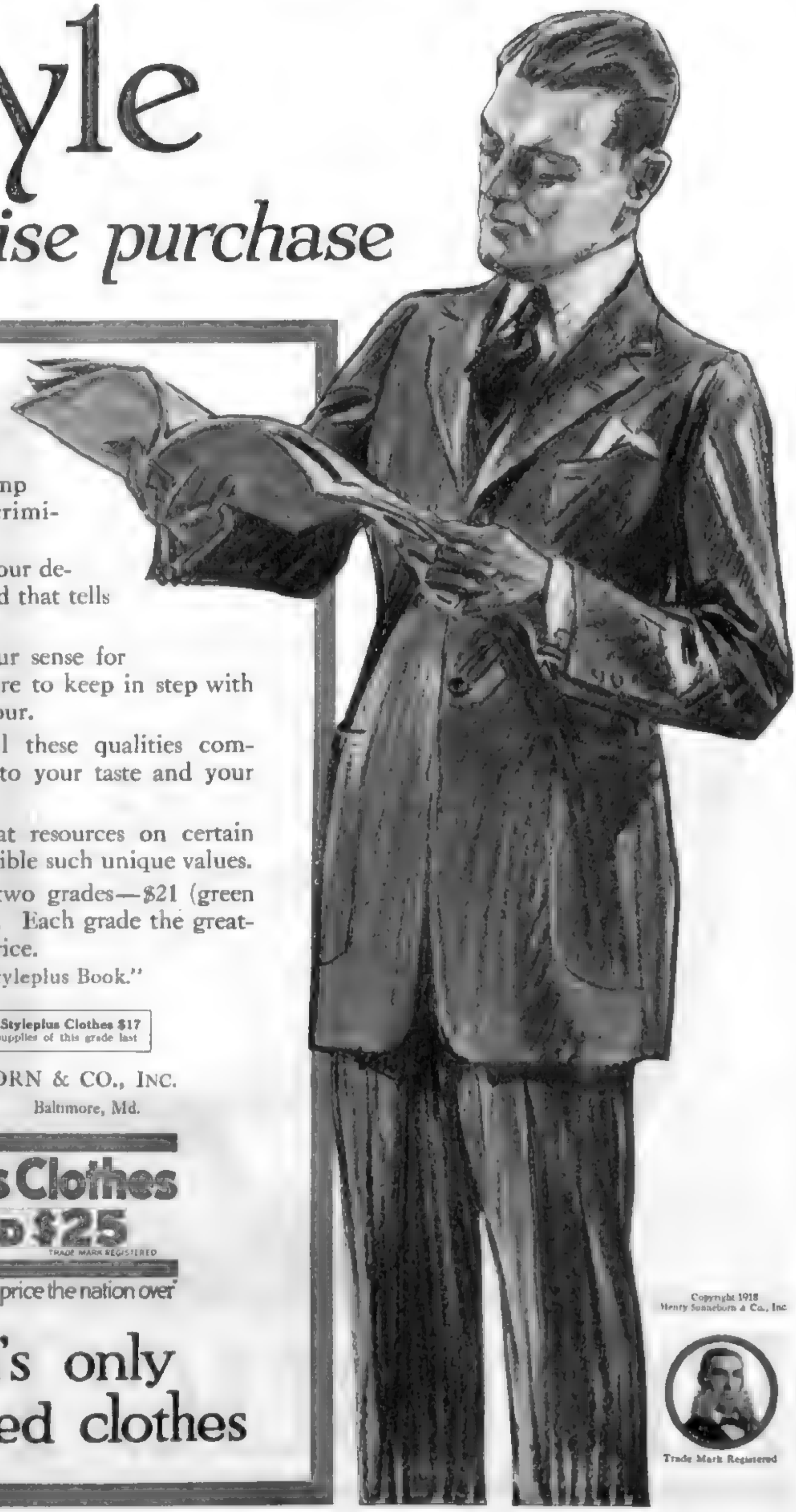

Style that satisfies your desire to create the right impression—to stamp yourself as a man of discrimination.

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Sense and Nonsense

The Family Reunion

SAW a planter from Virginny with a lazy Southern drawl,
And a lanky mountaineer from Tennessee;
Met a smooth-faced kid from Boston who don't use no "r's" at all,
But he's got four hundred years of pedigree;
Saw an out-an'-out New Yorker, durn long distance from Broadway,
And a cowboy from Montana, minus cow,
And by jingo, Uncle Sammy, I was proud of you to-day,
When I saw 'em all together, eatin' chow.

Met a man from Californy—granddad went in Forty-nine—
And a cracker, right from Georgia, where they grow;
Saw a Norsk from North Dakota, lookin' fit and fair and fine,
And a lumberjack from out in Idaho;
Saw a Swede from Minnesota and a wop from Illinois
And a plowboy from the plains of Ioway,
In a great big husky family of Yankee Doodle boys,
All a-drillin' like blue blazes every day.

Saw a bank clerk from Chicago with a rifle, standin' guard,
And an Arizona rancher choppin' wood;
With a ranger right from Texas, rough and tough and weather-scarred,
Wrastlin' a Missouri mule to make him good;
Big Jayhawker right from Kansas way, out back there washin' duds,
With a puncher from Wyomin' leadin' troop;
And a bohonk from Wisconsin in the kitchen peelin' spuds,
And a Buckeye from Ohio ladlin' soup.

Black-haired Filipino youngster learnin' somethin' down below,
With a husky Michigander up on deck,
And a boy from North Carolina, Florida and Idaho,
A Harvard man, and Yale, and Boston Tech;
A millionaire from Cleveland and a lawyer from New York,
A banker from the old Green Mountain State,
Eatin' mornin' mush with sirup, sharin' bread and beans and pork,
And learnin' what it means to aviate.

Saw an Oklahoma Injun loadin' pack mules up with chuck,
A big Nebraska huskie waggin' code,
A chauffeur from Fifth Avenue up on an army truck
And honkin' like blue blazes down the road;
A miner from New Mexico as busy as a bee
A-diggin' drains and trenches more'n a few;
And all of 'em are on the job when it sounds reveille,
And most of 'em in bed about tattoo.

By heck, we've got some country, and some people in it, too,
That was strangers to each other until now;
But we're gettin' more acquainted with the old Red, White and Blue
Since we've got to rubbin' elbows, eatin' chow;
We're livin' all together when we eat and bunk and drill,
We're gettin' so we know the real from sham;
And what there is for us to do, by jiminy, we will!
It's a family reunion, Uncle Sam!

—James W. Foley.

Correcting an Error

DOWN in a Kentucky town, years back, was a colored citizen rejoicing in the name of Thursday Funk who was famed locally as being champion chicken thief of the county.

One night a householder was roused by sounds of alarm in his henhouse. Throwing open a rear window of his house, he yelled forth into the darkness:

"Is that you, Thursday Funk, in my chicken house?"

Back came the answer in a familiar voice: "Naw, suh; hit's one o' dem strange niggers frum over at Centra. City!"

Old Mike's Diagnosis

DURING the worst of the big freeze in January, according to railroad gossip, Mr. W. H. Truesdale, president of the Lackawanna, made a personal tour of inspection to get first-hand knowledge of the conditions that had tied up the railroad traffic of the whole country.

At one of his stops he encountered Old Mike, an ancient railroader who has been with the Lackawanna since the year of the Big Wind. After friendly greetings Mr Truesdale asked Mike's opinion of the general railroad paralysis.

"When we were young in the railroad business," said the official, "it used to be just as cold as it is now. We had lots of zero weather and plenty of heavy snows; but we generally managed to keep our lines open and our trains running, whereas today we are helpless. How do you account for it?"

"Well, Mr. Truesdale," answered Mike thoughtfully, "I figure it this way: In thim days we had cars o' wood and men o' steel: but now we have steel cars an' wooden men."

Hands Across the Sea

[As Kipling Might]

'E'S A TURTLE, 'e's a turtle, an' 'e's got a turtle shell
Of a tank when 'e goes drivin' an' the bullets give 'im 'ell;
But they only dent 'is armor an' they never make a 'ole
In 'is courage 'e's a soldier, but 'e's got a 'uman soul.
'E goes lumberin' an' blunderin' an' thunderin', 'e does,
An' 'e 'its wot 'e goes after an' 'e makes 'is engine buzz
Till you 'ear it off in London; an' 'e oozes lead, not funk.
'E's turtle in 'is shell, sir, but 'e ain't no gaasin' skunk.

'E's an eagle, 'e's an eagle, an' you see 'im in the sky
With his beak toward the Fritzes, an' 'e ain't afraid to die.
An' 'e may go West—'e knows it; but 'e ain't concerned the least
If 'e takes some Fritzes with 'im; an' more often 'e goes East.
'E goes gleamin', 'e goes screamin', 'e goes dreamin' on 'is way
An' 'is beak is like a razor when 'e's 'untin' for 'is prey.
E's an eagle—'e fights open an' 'e cracks 'em in the ribs;
But 'e ain't no rotten buzzard, droppin' bombs on babies' cribs.

'E's a swordfish in the water—you can see 'is foamin' snout
Anywhere from 'ere to Blighty, an' a thousand leagues about;
'E's a swordfish an' 'e knows it, but 'e ain't no sneakin' shark
Who will turn 'is belly upward so's to 'it 'em in the dark.
'E's a bulldog, 'e's a bulldog, an' 'e 'olds on 'ard and fast;
'E was there at the beginnin' an' 'e'll be there at the last
'E's a bulldog an' 'e's grippin' 'em with all the teeth 'e's got,
But 'e ain't no damned 'yena, no 'yena—an' that's wot!

'E's a mole sometimes—'e knows it; an' 'e 'as to be a mole,
But 'e ain't a snake, 'e ain't, sir—'e 'as got a 'uman soul;
'E is used to 'oles an' trenches, 'e 'as learned 'em in 'is day,
But 'e ain't no rat, 'e ain't, sir, packin' stolen things away.
'E is Tommy, Tommy Atkins, an' 'e's 'omely or 'e's not
As 'is parents gave 'im features—but 'e's Tommy on the Spot.
'E 'as done 'is share of fightin', if 'e ain't done all 'e's planned,
But 'e's done 'is bit, 'e 'as, sir, an' I want to shake 'is 'and!

—James W. Foley.

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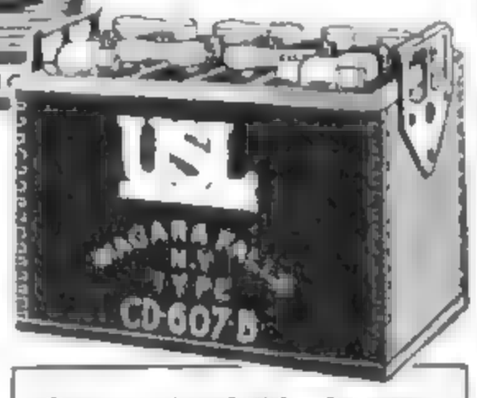

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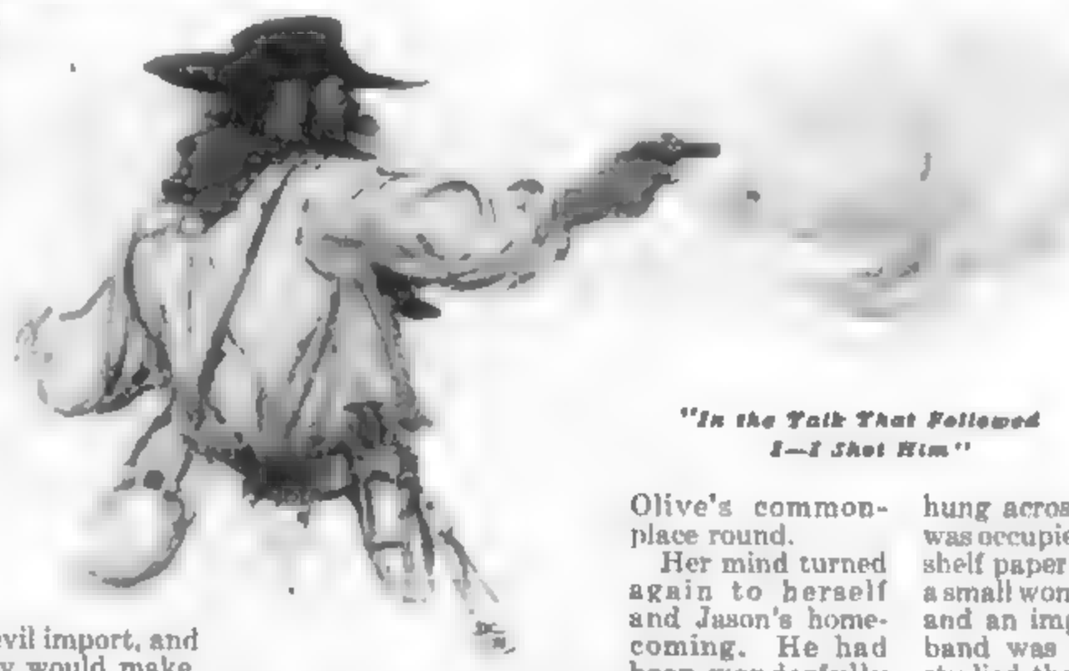
THE DARK FLEECE

(Continued from Page 4)

in her condition, not in its worldly implications—she thought mostly of material values in the spirit of her admonitions to Rhoda—but in its personal and inner force. At times a pale question of her aptitude for marriage disturbed her serenity; at times she saw it as a sacrifice of her being to a condition commanded of God, a species of martyrdom even. The nine years of Jason's absence had fixed certain masculy habits of privacy, the mold of her life had taken a definite cast. Her existence had its routine, the recurrence of Sunday, its contemplations, duties and heavenly aim.



"In the Talk That Followed I—I Shot Him"

And lately Jason's letters had disturbed her. They seemed filled with an almost wicked pride and a disconcerting energy; he spoke of things instinctively distressing to her; there were hints of rude, godless force and gayety—allusions to the Jenny Lind Theater, the El Dorado, which she apprehended as a name of evil import, and to the excursions they would make.

Jason, too, she realized must have developed; and California she feared would have emphasized exactly such traits as she would wish suppressed. The power of self-destruction in the human heart she believed immeasurable. All, all, must throw themselves in abject humility upward upon the Rock of Salvation. And she could find nothing humble in Jason's periods, burdened as they were with a patent satisfaction in the success of his venture.

Yet parallel with this was a gladness that he had triumphed and that he was coming back to Cottarsport a figure of importance. She could measure that by the attitude of their town, by the number and standing of the people who cordially stopped her on the street for the purposes of congratulation and curiosity. Everyone, of course, had known of their engagement; there had been a marked interest when Jason and a fellow townsman, Thomas Gast, had departed, but that would be insignificant compared to the permanent bulk Jason must now assume. Why, he would be with the Canderays, Cottarsport's most considerable people.

As always, at the merest thought of the Canderays, personal facts were suspended for a mental glance at that apart family. There was no sense of inferiority in Olive's mind, but an instinctive feeling of difference. This wasn't the result of their big house or because the captain's wife had been a member of Boston society, but from the contrariness in the family itself, now centered in Honora, the only one alive.

Perhaps Honora's diversity lay in the fact that though she seldom actually left Cottarsport it was easy to see that she had a part in a life far beyond anything Olive, whose consciousness was strictly limited to one narrow place, knew. She always suggested a wider and more elegantly finished existence than that of local sociables and church activities. Captain Ithiel Canderay, a member of a Cottarsport family long since moved away, had, from obscure surprising promptings, returned at his successful retirement from the sea and built his impressive dwelling in the gray community. He had always, however different the tradition of his wife's attitude, entered with a candid spirit into the interests and life of the town, where he had inspired solid confidence in a domineering but unimpeachable integrity. Such small civic honors as the locality had to bestow were his, and were discharged to the last and most exacting degree. But there had been perpetually about him the aloof air of the quarter-deck, his tones had never lost the accent of command, and though Cottarsport bitterly guarded its personal equality and independence it took a certain pride in recognition of the captain's authority.

Something of this had unquestionably descended upon Honora; her position was made and zealously guarded by the town. Yet that alone failed to hold the reason for Olive's feeling; it was at once more particular and more all-embracing, and largely feminine. She was almost contemptuous of the other's delicacy of person, of the celebrated facts that Honora Canderay never turned her hand to the cooking of a dish or the sweeping of a stair; and at the same time these very things lifted her apart from Olive's commonplace round.

Her mind turned again to herself and Jason's homecoming. He had been wonderfully generous in his written promises to Rhoda and Jem; and he would be equally thoughtful of Hester—she was certain of that. People had a way of overlooking Hester—a faithful and, for all her talk, a Christian character. Rhoda would study to be a singer, striving, Olive hoped, to put what talent she had to a sanctioned use; and Jem, a remarkably vigorous and able boy of eighteen, would command his own fishing schooner.

The sheet-iron stove glowed cherry red with the energy of its heat, and a blast of wind rushed against the windows. The latter, she recognized, had steadily grown in force; and Olive thought of her father in the bark Emerald of Salem, somewhere between Richmond and the home port. The lamplight swelled and diminished.

She got a new pleasure from the conjunction of her surrender to matrimony and the good it would bring the others; that—self-sacrifice—was excellence; such subjection of the pride of the flesh was the essence of her service. Then some mundane affairs invaded her mind—a wedding dress, the preparation of food for a small company after the ceremony, whether she would like having a servant—Jason would insist on that—and decided in the negative. She wouldn't be put upon in her own kitchen.

Her arrangements for the night were complete, and she set the stove door slightly open, shivering in her coarse nightdress before the icy-cold drifts of wind in the room, extinguished the lamp and, after long, conscientiously deliberate prayers, got into bed. The wind boomed about the house, rattling all the sashes. Its force now seemed to be buffeting her heart until she got a measure of release from the thought of the granite bowlder in the side yard, changeless and immovable.

IV

THE morning was gusty, with a coldly blue and cloudless sky. Olive, reaching the top of Orange Street, was whipped with dust, her hoops flattened grotesquely against her body. The town fell away on either hand, lying in a half moon on its harbor. The latter, as blue and bright as the sky, was formed by the rocky arm of Cottar's Neck, thrust out into the sea and bent from right to left. Most of the fishing fleet showed their bare spars at the wharves, but one, a minute fleck of white canvas, was beating her way through the Narrows. She wondered, descending, if it were Jem coming home.

Olive was going to the Burrages': it was possible that they had had a later letter than hers from Jason. It might be he would arrive that very day. She was conscious of her heart throbbing slightly at that possibility, but from a complexity of emotions which still left her uneasy if faintly exhilarated. She crossed the courthouse square, where she saw that the green grass had become brown, apparently overnight, and turned into Marlboro Street. Here the houses were more recent than the Staneses': they were foursquare, with a full second story—a series of detached white blocks with flat porticoes—each set behind a wood fence in a lawn with flower borders or twisted and treelike lilacs.

She entered the Burrage dwelling without the formality of knocking, and, familiar with the household, passed directly through a narrow darkened hall, on which all the doors were closed, to the dining room and kitchen beyond. As she had known he would be, Hazzard Burrage was seated with his feet, in lamb's-wool slippers, thrust under the stove. For the rest, but lacking his coat, he was formally and completely dressed; his corded throat was folded in a formal black stock, a watch chain and seal hung across his waistcoat. Mrs. Burrage was occupied in lining a cupboard with fresh shelf paper with a cut-lace border. She was a small woman with quick, exact movements and an impatient utterance; but her husband was slow—a man who deliberately studied the world with a deep-set gaze.

"I thought you might have heard," Olive stated directly, on the edge of a painted split-hickory chair. They hadn't, Mrs. Burrage informed her.

"I expect he'll just come walking in. That's the way he always did things, and I guess California or anywhere else won't change him to notice it. And when he does," she continued, "he's going to be put out with Hazzard. I told you Jason sent us three thousand dollars to get the front of the house fixed up. He said he didn't want to find his father sitting in the kitchen when he got back. Jason said we were to burn three or four stoves all at once. But he won't, and that's all there is to it. Why, he just put the money in the bank and there it lies. I read him the parable about the talents, but it didn't stir him an inch."

"Jason always was quick-acting," Hazzard Burrage declared; "he never stopped to consider; and it's as like as not he'll need that money. It wouldn't surprise me if when he counted what he had Jason'd find it was less than he thought."

"He wrote me," Olive stated, "that we could build a house as big as the Canderays'."

"Jason always was one to talk," Mrs. Burrage replied in defense of her son.

Olive moved over to the older woman and held the dishes to be replaced in the cupboard. They commented on the force of the wind throughout the night. "The tail end of a blow at sea," Burrage told them; "I wouldn't wonder but it reached right down to the West Indies."

"I hope he brings me a gray satinet pelerine like I wrote," said Mrs. Burrage. She was obviously flushed at the thought of the possession of such a garment—a fact which Olive felt, at the other's age, to be inappropriate to the not distant solemnity of the Christian ordeal of death. She repeated automatically: " . . . turn from these vanities unto the living God."

She rose. "I'll let you know if I hear anything, and, anyhow, stop in to-morrow."

Outside sere leaves were whirling in gray funnels of dust, the intense blue bay sparkled under the cobalt sky; and, leaving Marlboro Street with a hand on her bonnet, she ran directly into Honora Canderay.

"Oh!" Olive exclaimed, breathless and slightly concerned. "Indeed if I saw you, Honora; the wind was that strong pulling at a person."

"What does it matter?" Honora replied. She was wrapped from throat to hem in a cinnamon-colored velvet cloak that, fluttering, showed a lining of soft quilted yellow. In the flood of morning her skin was flawless; her delicate lips and hazel eyes held the faint mockery that was the visible sign of her disturbing quality. She laid a hand in a short, furred kid glove, on Olive's arm.

"I am so pleased about Jason's success," she continued in a clear, insistent voice. "You must be mad with anxiety to

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have him back. It's the most romantic thing in the world. Aren't you thrilled to the soul!"

"I'm glad to—to know he's been preserved," Olive stammered, confused by Honora's frank speech.

"You sound exactly as if he were a jar of quinces," the other answered impatiently, "and not a true lover coming back from California with bags of gold!"

Olive's confusion deepened to painful embarrassment at the indelicate term "lover". She wondered, hotly red, how Honora could go on so, and made a motion to continue on her way. But the other's fingers closed and held her. "I wonder, Olive," she said more thoughtfully, "if I know you well enough—if you will allow me—to give you some advice. It is this—don't be too rigid with Jason when he gets back. For nearly ten years he's been out in a life very different from Cottarsport, and he must have changed in that time. Here we stay almost the same—ten or twenty or fifty years is nothing really. The fishing boats come in, they may have different names, but they are the same. We stop and talk, Honora Canderay and Olive Stanes, and years before . . . women *will* stand here and do the same, with beliefs no wider than your finger. But it isn't like that outside; and Jason will have that advantage of us—things really very small, but which have always seemed tremendous here, will mean no more to him than they are worth. He will be careless, perhaps, of your most cherished ideas; and if you are to meet him fairly you must try to see through his eyes as well as your own. Truly I want you to be happy, Olive; I want everyone in Cottarsport to be as happy—as he can."

Olive's embarrassment increased: it was impossible to know what Honora Canderay meant by her last words, in that echoing voice. Nevertheless, her independence of spirit, the long-nourished tenets of the abhorrence of sin, asserted themselves in the face of even Honora's directions.

"I trust," she replied stiffly, "that Jason has been given grace to walk in the path of God ——" She stopped with lips parted, her breath laboring with shock, at the interruption pronounced in ringing accents. Honora Canderay said:

"Grace be damned!"

Olive backed away with her hands pressed to her cheeks. In the midst of her shuddering surprise she realized how much the other resembled her father, the captain.

"I suppose," Honora further ventured, "that you are looking for a bolt of lightning, but it is late in the season for that. There are no thunderstorms to speak of after September."

She turned abruptly, and Olive watched her depart, gracefully swaying against the wind.

♥

ALL Olive's unformed opinions and attitude concerning Honora Canderay crystallized into one sharp, intelligible feeling—dislike. The breadth of being which the other had seemed to possess was now revealed as nothing more than a lack of reverence. She was inexpressibly upset by Honora's profanity, the blasphemous mind it exhibited, her attempted glossing of sin. It was nothing less. In the assault on Olive's most fundamental verities—the contempt which she divined had been offered to the edifice of her conscience and creed—she responded blindly, instinctively with an overwhelming condemnation. At the same time she was frightened and hurried away from the proximity of such unsanctified talk. She did not go to Citron Street and the shops as she had intended, but kept directly on until she found herself at the harbor and wharves. The latter serrated the water's edge, projecting from the relatively tall, bald warehouses reeking with the odor of dead fish cut open and laid in salt—gray-white areas to the sun and wind.

A small group of men with flat bronzed countenances and rough furze coats uneasily stirred their hats in the local manner of saluting women, and turned to gaze fixedly at her as she passed. Even in her perturbation of mind she was conscious of their unusual scrutiny. She couldn't now for the life of her recall what needed to be bought; and mounting the narrow, uneven way from the water she proceeded home.

Some towels, laid on the bowlder to dry, had not been sufficiently weighted and hung blown and crumpled on a lilac bush. These she collected, rearranged, complaining of the blindness of whoever might be about the house, and then proceeded within. There, to her amazement, she found Hester, in the middle of the morning, and Rhoda bent over the dinner table sobbing into her arm. Hester met her with a drawn face darkly smudged beneath the eyes.

"The Emerald was lost off the Cape," she said; "sunk with all on board. A man came over from Salem to tell us. He had to go right back. Pa, he's lost."

Olive sank into a chair with limp hands. Rhoda continued uninterrupted her sobbing, while Hester went on with her recital in a thin, blank voice: "The ship J. Q. Adams stood by the Emerald, but there was such a sea running she couldn't do anything else. They just had to see the Emerald, with the men in the rigging, go under. That's what he said who was here. They just had to see Pa drown before their eyes. The wind was something terrible."

A deep, dry sorrow constricted Olive's heart. Suddenly the details of packing her father's blue sea chest returned to her mind—the wool socks she had knitted and carefully folded in the bottom, the needles and emery and thread stowed in their scarlet bag, the tin of goose grease for his throat, the Bible that had been shipped so often. She thought of them all scattered and rent in the wild sea, of her father ——

She forced herself to rise, with a set face, and put her hand on Rhoda's shoulder. "It's right to mourn, like Rachel, but don't forget the majesty of God." Rhoda shook off her palm and continued in an ecstasy of emotional relief. Olive hardened. "Get up!" she commanded. "We must fix things here, for the neighbors and Pastor will be in. I wish Jem was back."

At this Rhoda became even more unrestrained, and Olive remembered that Jem, too, was at sea, and that probably he had been caught in the same gale. "He'll be all right," she added quickly; "the fishing boats live through everything."

Yet she was infinitely relieved when two days later Jem arrived safely home. He came into the house with a pounding of heavy boots, a powerfully built youth with a rugged jaw and an intent, quiet gaze.

"I heard at the wharf," he told Olive. They were in the kitchen and he pulled off his boots and set them away from the stove.

"I'm thankful you're so steady and able," she said.

"I am glad Jason's coming home—rich," he replied tersely.

Later, after supper, while they still sat at the table he went on: "There is a fine yawl for sale at Ipswich; sails ain't been made a year, fifty-five tons; I could do right good with that. The fishing's never been better. Do you think Jason would be content to buy her, Olive? I could pay him back after a run or two."

"He told you he'd do something like that," she answered. "I guess now it wouldn't mean much to him."

"And I'll be away," Rhoda eagerly added; "you wouldn't have to give me anything, Jem. Jason promised me too."

An unreasonable and disturbing sense of insecurity enveloped Olive. But of course it would be all right—Jason was coming back rich, to marry her. Jem would have the yawl and Rhoda get away to study singing. And yet all that she vaguely dreaded about Jason himself persisted darkly at the back of her consciousness, augmented by Honora Canderay's warning. She was a little afraid of Jason too; in a way, after so long, he seemed like a stranger, a stranger whom she was going to wed.

"He'll be all dressed up," Rhoda stated. "I hope, Olive, you will kiss him as soon as he steps through the door. I know I should."

"Don't be so shameless, Rhoda!" the elder admonished her. "You are very indelicate. I'd never think of kissing Jason like that."

"I will go over and see the man who owns her," Jem said enigmatically. "She's a cockpit boat, but I heard the wave wasn't made that could fill her. And we have my share of the last run till Jason's here."

He paid this faithfully into Olive's hand the next afternoon and then disappeared. She thought he came through the door again; someone stood behind her. Olive turned slowly and saw an impressive figure in stiff black broadcloth and an incredibly high glassy silk hat.

VI

SHE knew instinctively that it must be Jason Burrage, and yet the feeling of strangeness persisted. All sense of the time which had elapsed since Jason left was lost in the illusion that the figure familiar to her through years of knowledge and association had instantly, by a species of magic, been transformed into the slightly smiling, elaborate man in the doorway. She stepped backward, hesitatingly pronouncing his name.

"Olive," he exclaimed with a deep, satisfied breath, "it hasn't changed a particle!" To her extreme relief he did not make a move to embrace her, but gazed intently about the room. One of the things that made him seem different, she realized, was the rim of whiskers framing his lower face. She became conscious of details of his appearance—baggy dove-colored trousers over glazed boots, a quince-yellow waistcoat in diamond pattern, a cluster of seals. Then her attention was held by his countenance and she saw that his clothes were only an insignificant part of his real difference from the man she had known.

Jason Burrage had always had a set will, the reputation of an impatient, even ugly disposition. This had been marked by a sultry lip and flickering eye; but now, though his expression was noticeably quieter, it gave her the impression of a glittering and dangerous reserve; his masklike calm was totally other than the mobile face she had known. Then, too, he had grown much older—she swiftly computed his age; it could not be more than forty-two, yet his hair was thickly stained with gray, lines starred the corners of his eyes and drew faintly at his mouth.

"Are you glad to see me, Olive?" he asked.

"Why, Jason, what an unnecessary question. Of course I am, more thankful than I can say for your safety."

"I walked across the hills from the Dunner stage," he proceeded. "It was something to see Cottarsport on its bay and the Neck and the fishing boats at Planger's Wharf. I'd like to have an ounce of gold for every time I thought about it and pictured it and you. Out on the placers of the Calaveras, or the Feather, I got to believing there wasn't any such town, but here it is ——"

He advanced toward her. She realized that she was about to be kissed, and a painful color dyed her cheeks.

"You'll stop for supper," she said practically.

"I haven't been home yet; I came right here; I'll do that and come back. I'll bet I find them in the kitchen, with the front stoves black, in spite of what I wrote and sent. I brought you a present, just for fun, and I'll leave it now since it's heavy." He bent over a satchel at his feet and got a buckskin bag, bigger than his two fists, which he dropped with a dull thud on the table.

"What is it, Jason?" she asked.

But of herself she knew the answer. He untied a string and, dipping in his fingers, showed her a fine yellow metallic trickle. "Gold dust; two tumblers full," he replied. "We used to measure it that way—a pinch a dollar, a teaspoonful an ounce, a wineglass holds a hundred, and a tumbler a thousand dollars."

She was breathless before the small shapeless pouch that held such a staggering amount. He laughed. "Why, Olive, it's nothing at all. I just brought it like that so you could see how we carried it in California. We are all rich now, Olive—the Burrages, and you're one, and the Stanes. I have close to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

This sum was little more to her than a fable, a thing beyond the scope of her comprehension; but the two thousand dollars before her gaze was a miracle made manifest. There it was to study, to feel; unconsciously she inserted her hand in the bag, into the cold, smooth particles.

"A hundred and fifty thousand," he repeated; "but if you think I didn't work for it, if you suppose I picked it right out of a pan on the river bars, why—why, you are wrong." Words failed him to express the erroneousness of such conclusions. "I slaved like a Mexican," he added; "and in bad luck almost to the end." She sat and gazed at him with an easier air and a growing interest, her hands clasped in her lap. "What I didn't know when I left Cottarsport was wonderful.

"Why, take the mining," he stated with a gesture: "I mean the bowl mining at first, just the heavy work in it killed off most of the prospectors—all day with a big iron pan, half full of clay and gravel, sloshing about in those rivers. And maybe you'd work a month without a glimmer,

(Continued on Page 33)

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(Continued from Page 30)

waking wet and cold under the sierras, whirling the pan round and round; and maybe when you had the iron cleared out with a magnet, and dropped in the quicksilver, what gold was there wouldn't amalgam. I can tell you, Olive, only the best or the hardest came through."

He produced a blunt, tapering cigar and lighted it expansively.

"A lonely and dangerous business: everyone carried his dust right on his body, and there were plenty would risk a shot at a miner coming back solitary with his donkey and his pile. It got better when the new methods came, and we used a rocker hollowed out of a log.

"Then four of us went in partnership—one to dig the gravel, another to carry it to the cradle, a third to keep it rocking and the last to pour in the water. Then we drawed off the gold and sand through a plug hole.

"We did fine at that," he told her, "and in the fall of Fifty cleaned up eighteen thousand apiece. Then we had an argument; we were in the Yuba country, where it was kind of bad. Two of us, and I was one of them, said to divide the dust and get out best we could; but the others wanted to send all the gold to San Francisco in charge of one of them and a man who was going down with more dust. We finally agreed to this, and lost every ounce we'd mined. The escort said they were shot by some of the disbanded California army, but I'm not sure. It seemed to me like our two had met somewhere, killed the other, and got the gold to rights."

"Oh, Jason!" Olive exclaimed.

"That was nothing," he said complacently; "but only a joker to start with. I did a lot of things then to get a new outfit—sold peanuts on the Plaza in 'Frisco or hollered the New York Tribune at a dollar and a half a copy; I washed glasses in a saloon and drove mules. After that I took a steamer for Stockton and the Calaveras. You ought to have seen Stockton, Olive—board shanties and blanket houses and tents, with two thieves left hanging on a gallows. We went from there, a party of us, for the north bank of the Calaveras, tramping in dust so hot that it scorched your face. Sluicing had just started, and long Toms—a long Tom is a short placer—so we didn't know much about it. Looking back I can see that the gold was there; but after working right up to the end of the season we had no more than a couple of thousand apiece. There were too many of us, to start with. Well, I drifted back to San Francisco."

He paused, and the expression which had most disturbed her deepened on his countenance, a stillness like the marble of a gravestone guarding implacable secrets.

"San Francisco is different from Cottarsport, Olive," he said after a little. "Here you wouldn't believe there was such a place; and there Cottarsport seemed too safe to be true. Well, I went after it again, this time as far north as Shasta. I prospected from the Shasta country south and got a good lump together again. By then placer mining was better understood; we had sluice boxes two or three hundred feet long connected with the streams, with strips nailed across the bottom where the gold and sand settled as the water ran through. Yes, I did well; and then fluming commenced.

"That," he explained, "is damming a river round its bed and washing the opened gravel. It takes a lot of money, a lot of work and men; and sometimes it pays big, and often it doesn't. I guess there were fifty of us at it. We slaved all the dry season at the dam and flume, a big wood course for the stream; we had wing dams for the placers and ditches, and the best prospects for eight or ten weeks' washing. It was early in September when we were ready to start, and on a warm afternoon I said to an old pardner: 'What do you make out of those big black clouds settling on the peaks?'

"He took one look—the wind was a steady and muggy sou'wester—and then he sat down and cried. The tears rolled right over his beard.

"It was the rains, nearly two months early, and the next day dams, flume, boards and hope boiled down past us in a brown mash. That left me poorer than I'd ever been before; I had more when I was home on the wharves."

"Wait," she interrupted him, rising. "If you're coming back to supper I must put the draft on the stove." From the kitchen she heard him singing in a low contented voice:

"The pilot bread was in my mouth,
The gold dust in my eye;
And though from you I'm far away,
Dear Anna, don't you cry!

"Oh, Ann Eliza!
Don't you cry for me,
I'm going to Calaveras
With my wash bowl on my knee."

She returned and resumed her position with her hands folded.

"And that," Jason Burrage told her, "was how I learned gold mining in California. I sank shafts, too, and worked a windlass, till the holes got so deep they had to be timbered and the ore needed a crusher. But after the fluming I knew what to wait for. I kept going in a sort of commerce for a while—buying old outfits and selling them again to the late comers—a pick or shovel would bring ten dollars and long boots fifty dollars a pair. I got twenty-four dollars for a box of Seidlitz powders.

"Then in Fifty-four I went in with three scientific men—one had been a big chemist at Paris—and things took a turn. We had the dead wood on gold. Why, we did nothing but retravel the American Fork and Indian Bar, the Casumnec and Moquelumne, and work the tailings the earlier miners had piled up and left, just like I had south. We did some pretty things with cyanide, yes, and hydraulics and powder.

"Things took a turn," he repeated; "investments in stampers, and so on, and here I am."

After he had gone—supper, she had informed him, was at six exactly—Olive had the bewildered feeling of partially waking from an extraordinary dream. Yet the buckskin bag on the table possessed a most weighty actuality.

VII

SHE sat for a long while gazing intently at the gold, which, like a crystal ball, held for her varied reflections. Then, recalling the exigencies of the kitchen, she hurried abruptly away. Her thoughts wheeled about Jason Burrage in a confusion of all the impressions she had ever had of him. But try as she might she could not picture the present man as a part of her life in Cottarsport; she could not see herself married to him, though that event waited just beyond to-day. She set her lips in a straight line; a fixed purpose gave her courage in place of the timidity inspired by Jason's opulent strangeness—she couldn't allow herself to be turned aside for a moment from the way of righteousness. The gods of mammon, however they might blackly assault her spirit, should be confounded.

" . . . . hide me
Till the storm of life is past."

She sang in a high quavering voice. There was a stir beyond—surely Jason wasn't back so soon—this time Jem.

"What's on the table here?" he called.

"You let that be!" she cried back in a panic at having left the gift so exposed. "That's gold dust. Jason brought it, two thousand dollars' worth."

A prolonged whistle followed her announcement. Jem appeared with the buckskin bag in his hand. "Why, here's two yawls right in my hand," he asserted.

"Mind one thing, Jem," she went on; "he's coming back for supper, and I won't have you and Rhoda at him about boats and singing the minute he's in the house."

Rhoda, with exclamations, and then Hester, inspected the gold. "I'd slave five years for that," the latter stated, "and then hardly get it; and here you have it for nothing."

"You'll get the good of it too, Hester," Olive told her.

"I'll just work for what I get," she replied fiercely. "I won't take a penny from Jason, Olive Stanes; you can't hold that over me, and the sooner you both know it the better!"

"You ought to pray to be saved from pride."

"I don't ask benefits from anyone," Hester stoutly observed.

"Hester ——" Olive began, but she stopped at Jason's entrance.

"Hester, she wanted a share of the gold," Jem declared with a light in his slow gaze, "and Olive was cursing at her."

"Lots more," said Jason Burrage; "buckets full."

In spite of the efforts of everyone to be completely at ease the supper was unavoidably stiff. But when Jason had lighted one of his blunt cigars and begun a vivid description of Western life, the Stanes were transported by the marvels following one upon another: a nugget over a foot long had been picked up; it weighed a hundred and ninety pounds and realized forty-three thousand dollars. "Why, fifty and seventy-five lumps were common," he asserted. "At Ford's Bar a man took out seven hundred dollars a day for near a month. Another found seventeen thousand dollars in a gutter two or three feet deep and not a hundred yards long.

"But 'Frisco was the place! You could see it spread in a day with warehouses on the water and tents climbing up every hill. Happy Valley, on the beach, couldn't hold another rag house. The Parker House rented for a hundred and seventy thousand a year, and most of it paid for gambling privileges—monte and faro, blazing lights and brass bands everywhere and dancing in the El Dorado saloon. At first the men danced with each other, but later ——"

He stopped. An awkward silence followed. Olive was rigid with inarticulate protest, a sense of outrage—gambling, saloons and dancing. All that she had feared about Jason became more concrete, more imminent. She saw California as a modern Babylon, a volcano of gold and vice; already she had heard of great fires that had devastated it.

"We didn't mine on Sunday, Olive," Jason assured her; "and all the boys went to the preaching and sang the hymns, standing out on the grass."

Hester, finally, with a muttered period rose and disappeared; Jem went out to consult with a man, his nod to Olive spoke of yawls; and Rhoda, at last, reluctantly made her way above. Olive's uneasiness increased when she found herself alone with the man she was to marry.

"I don't like Rhoda and Jem hearing about all that wickedness," she told Jason Burrage; "they are young and easy affected. Rhoda gives me a lot of worry as it is."

"Suppose we forget them," he suggested. "I haven't had a word with you yet—that is, about ourselves. I don't even know but you have gone and fallen in love with someone else."

"Jason," she replied, "how can you? I told you I'd marry you, and I will."

"Are you glad to see me?" he demanded, coming closer and capturing her hand.

"Why, what a question! Of course I'm pleased you're back and safe."

"You haven't got a headache, have you?" he inquired jocularly.

"No," she replied seriously. His words, his manners, his grasp, worried her more and more. Still, she reminded herself, she must be patient, accept life as it had been ordained. There was a slight flutter at her heart, a constriction of her throat; and she wondered if this were love. She should, she felt, exhibit more warmth at Jason's return, the preservation through such turbulent years of absence of her image. But it was beyond her power to force her hand to return his pressure; her fingers lay still and cool in his grasp.

"You are just the same, Olive," he told her; "and I'm glad you're what you are, and that Cottarsport is what it is. That's why I came back, it was in my blood, the old town and you. All the time I kept thinking of when I'd come back rich as I made up my mind to be, and get you what you ought to have—be of some importance in Cottarsport like the Canderays. The old captain, too, died while I was away. How's Honora?"

"Honora Canderay is an ungodly woman," Olive asserted with emphasis.

"I don't know anything about that," he said; "but I always kind of liked to look at her. She reminded me of a schooner with everything set coming up brisk into the wind."

Olive made a motion toward the stove; but he restrained her. Rising, he put in fresh wood. Then he turned and again seemed lost in a long, contented inspection of the quiet interior. Olive saw that marks of weariness shadowed his eyes.

"This is what I came back for," he reiterated; "peaceful as the forests, and yet warm and human. Blood counts." He returned to his place by her and leaned forward very earnestly. "California isn't real the way this is," he told her; "the women were just paint and powder, like things you would see in a fever, and then you'd wake up, in Cottarsport, well again, with you, Olive."

(Continued on Page 35)

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V

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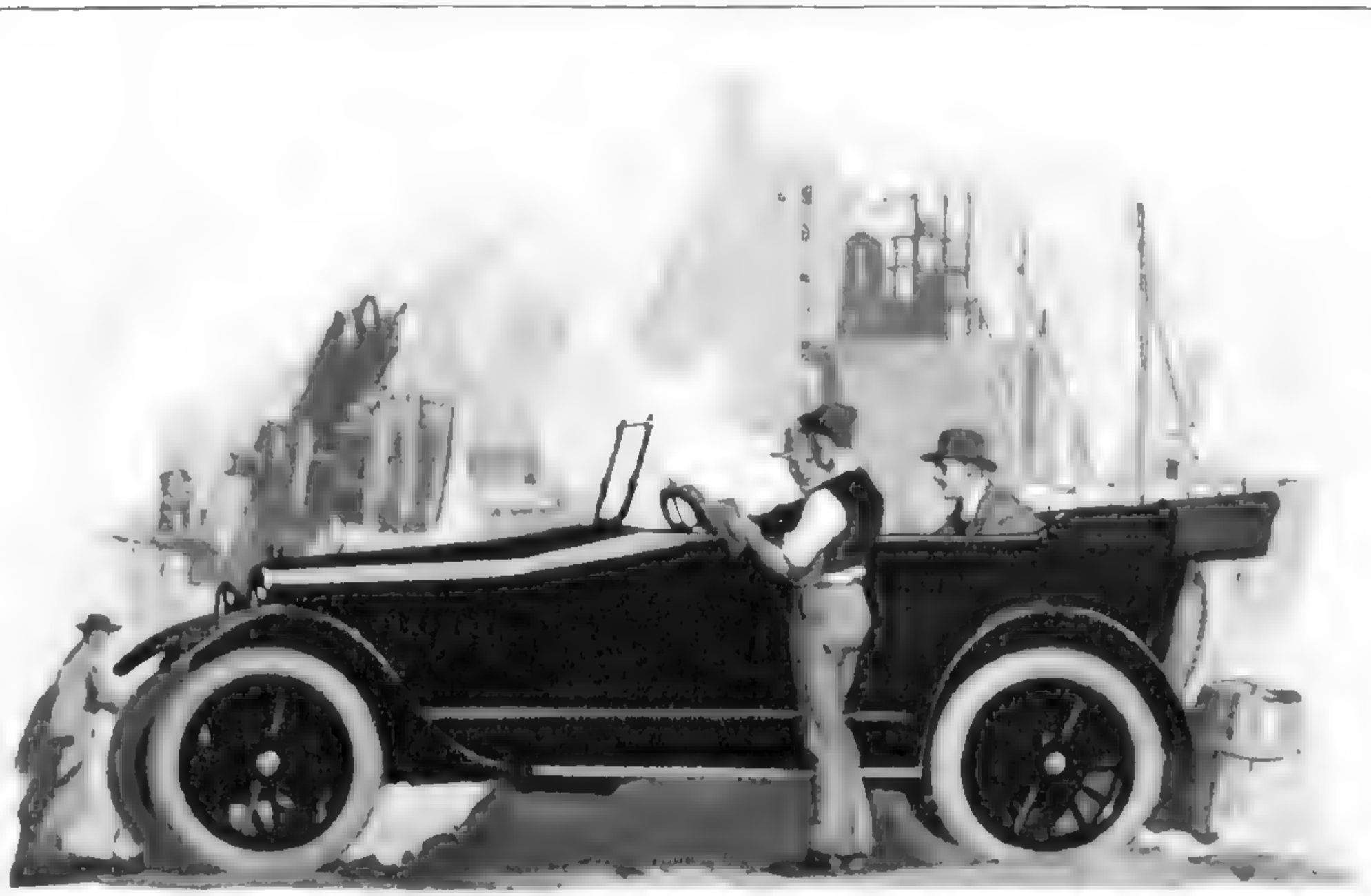

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So buy Saxon "Six" and save the difference. Place your order today.

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

(Continued from Page 33)

She managed to smile at him in acknowledgment of this.

"I'm desperately glad I pulled through without many scars. But there are some, Olive; that was bound to be. I don't know if a man had better say anything about the past or just let it be and go on. Times I think one and then the other. Yet you are so calm sitting here, and so good, it would be a big help to tell you. . . . Olive, out on the American, and God knows how sorry I've been, I killed a man, Olive."

Slowly she felt herself turning icy cold except for the hot blood rushing into her head. She stared at him for a moment, horrified; and then mechanically drew back, scraping the chair across the floor. Perhaps she hadn't understood, but certainly he had said ——

"Wait till I say what I can for myself," he hurried on, following her. "It was when the four of us were working with a rocker I was shoveling the gravel, and everyone in California knows that when you're doing that and find a nugget over half an ounce it belongs to you personal and not to the partnership. Well, I came on a big one and laid it away, they all saw it; and then this Eddie Lukens hid it out on me. He was the only one near where I had it, he broke it up and put it in the cradle, sure; and in the talk that followed I—I shot him."

He laid a detaining hand on her shoulder, but she wrenched herself away.

"Don't touch me!" she breathed. She thought she saw him bathed in the blood of the man he had slain. Her lips formed a sentence: "'Thou shalt not kill.'"

"I was tried at Spanish Bar," he continued. "Miners' law is better than you have in the East; it's quick—it has to be—but in the main it's serious and right. I was tried with witnesses and a jury and they let me off—they justified me. That ought to go for something."

"Don't come near me!" she cried, choking, filled with dread and utter loathing. "How can you stand there and—stand there, a murderer, with a life on your heart! What ——"

His face quivered with concern; in spite of her words he drew near her again, repeating the fact that he had been judged, released. Olive Stanes' hysteria vanished before the cold stability which came to her assistance, the sense of being rooted in her creed.

"'Thou shalt not kill,'" she echoed.

The emotion faded from his features, his countenance once more became masklike, the jaw was hard and sharp, his eyes narrowed. "It's all over then?" he asked. She nodded, her lips pinched into a white line.

"What else could be hoped? Blood guiltiness. Oh, Jason, pray to save your soul."

He moved over to where his high silk hat reposed, secured it and turned. "This will be final," he stated hardly. Olive stood slightly swaying with closed eyes. Then she remembered the buckskin bag of, not yellow, but scarlet gold. She stumbled forward to it and thrust the weight into his hand. Jason Burrage's fingers closed on the gift, while his gaze rested on her from under contracted brows. He was, it seemed, about to speak, but instead preserved an intense silence; he looked once more about the room still and old in its lamplight. Why didn't he go! Then she saw that she was alone: Like the eternal rock outside the door.

From above came the clear, joyous voice of Rhoda singing. Olive crumpled into a chair—soon Jem would be back. . . . She turned and slipped down upon the floor in an agony of prayer.

VIII

HONORA CANDERAY saw Jason Burrage on the day after his arrival in Cottarsport; he was walking through the town with a set, inattentive countenance; and, though she was in the chaise and leaned forward, speaking in her ringing voice, it was evident that he had not noticed her. She thought his expression gloomy for a man returned with a fortune to his marriage.

Honora still dwelt upon him as she slowly progressed through the capricious streets and mounted toward the hills beyond. He presented, she decided, an extraordinary, even faintly comic, appearance in Cottarsport with a formal black coat open on a startling waistcoat and oppressive gold chain, pale trousers and a silk hat.

Such clothes, theatrical in effect, were inevitable to his changed condition and necessarily stationary taste. Yet, considering, she shifted the theatrical to the dramatic; in an obscure but palpable manner Jason did not seem cheap. He never had in the past. And now, though his inappropriate overdressing in the old town of loose and weathered raiment brought a smile to her firm lips, there was still about him the air which from the beginning had made him more noticeable than his fellows. It had even been added to—by the romance of his journey and triumph.

She suddenly realized that by chance she had stumbled on the one term which more than any other might contain Jason. Romantic. Yes, that was the explanation of his powers to stir always an interest in him, vaguely suggest such possibilities as he had finally accomplished, the venture to California and return with gold and the complicated watch chain. She had said no more to him than to the other Cottarsport youth and young manhood, perhaps a dozen sentences in a year; but whereas the others merged into a composite image of fuzzy chins, reddened knuckles and inept, choked speech, Jason Burrage remained a slightly sullen individual with potentialities. He had never remained long in her mind or had any actual part in her life—her mother's complete indifference to Cottarsport had put a barrier between its acutely independent spirit and the Canderays—but she had been easily conscious of his special quality.

That in itself was no novelty to her experience of a metropolitan and distinguished society. What now kept Jason in her thoughts was the fact that he had made his capability serve his mood; he had taken himself out into the world and there, with what he was, succeeded. His was not an ineffectual condition—a longing, a possibility that, without the power of accomplishment, degenerated into a mere attitude or bitterness. Just such a state, for example, as enveloped herself.

The chaise had climbed out of Cottarsport to the crown of the height under which it lay, and Honora ordered Coggs, a coachman all but decrepit with age, to stop. She half turned and looked down over the town with a veiled, introspective gaze. From here it was hardly more than a narrow rim of roofs about the bright water, broken by the white bulk of her dwelling and the courthouse square. The hills, turning roundly down, were sere and showed everywhere the gray glint of rock; Cottar's Neck already appeared wintry; a diminished wind drawing in through the Narrows flattened the smoke of the chimneys below.

Cottarsport!

The word, with all its implications, was so vivid in her mind that she thought she must have spoken it aloud. Cottarsport and the Canderays—now one solitary woman. She wondered again at the curious and involved hold the locality had upon her; its tyranny over her birth and destiny. It was comparatively easy to understand the influence the place had exerted on her father; commencing with his sixteenth year his life had been spent, until his retirement from the sea, in arduous voyages to far ports and cities. His first command—the anchor had been weighed on his twentieth birthday—had been of a brig to Zanzibar for a cargo of gum copal; his last a storm-battered journey about, apparently, all the perilous capes of the world. Then he had been near fifty, and the space between was a continuous record of struggle with savage and faithless peoples, strange latitudes and currents and burdensome responsibilities.

Her mother, too, presented no insuperable obstacle to a sufficient comprehension a noted beauty in a gay and self-indulgent society, she had passed through a triumphant period without forming any attachment. An inordinate amount of champagne had been uncorked in her honor, compliment and service and offers had made up her daily round; until, almost impossibly exacting, she had found herself beyond her early radiance, in the first tragic realization of decline. Stopping, perhaps, in the midst of slipping her elegance of body into a party dress, she remembered that she was thirty-five—just Honora's age at present. The compliments and offers had lessened, she was in a state of weary revulsion when Ithiel Canderay—bronzed and despotic and rich—had appeared before her and, the following day, urged marriage.

Yes, it was easy to see why the ship's master, desirous of peace after the unpeaceful sea, should build his house in the still, old port the tradition of which was in his blood. It was no more difficult to understand how his wife, always a little tired now from the beginning ill effects of ceaseless balls and wining, should welcome a spacious quiet house and unflagging, patient care.

All this was clear; and, in a way, it made her own position logical—she was the daughter, the repository, of such varied and yet unified forces. In moments of calm such as this Honora could be successfully philosophical. But she was not always placid; in fact, she was placid but an insignificant part of her waking hours. She was ordinarily filled with emotions that, having no outlet, kept her stirred up, half resentful and half desirous of things which she yet made no extended effort to obtain.

Honora told herself daily that she detested Cottarsport, she intended to sell her house, give the proceeds to the town and move to Boston. But after three or four weeks in the city a sense of weariness and nostalgia would descend upon her—the bitterness of her mother lived over again—and drive her back to the town she had left with such decided expressions of relief.

This was the root of her not large interest in Jason Burrage—he, too, she had always felt, had had possibilities outside the local life and fish industry; and he had gone forth and justified, realized, them. He had broken away from the enormous pressure of custom, personal habit, and taken from life what was his. But she, Honora Canderay, had not had the courage to break away from an existence without incentive, without reward. Something of this might commonly find excuse in the fact that she was a woman and that the doors of life and experience, except one, were closed to her; but individually she had little use with this supine attitude. Her blood was too domineering. She consigned such inhibitions to pale creatures like Olive Stanes.

IX

THE sun, sinking toward the plum-colored hills on the left, cast a rosy glow over low-piled clouds on the far horizon and the water of the harbor seemed scattered with the petals of crimson peonies. The air darkened perceptibly. For a moment the gray town on the fading water, the distant flushed sky, were charged with the vague unrest of the flickering day. Suddenly it was colder, and Honora, drawing up her shawl, sharply commanded Coggs to drive on.

She was going to fetch Paret Fifield from the steam railway station nearest Cottarsport. He visited her at regular intervals though the usual period had been doubled since she'd seen him—and asked her with unfailing formality to be his wife. Why she hadn't agreed long ago—except that Paret was Boston personified—she did not understand. In the moments when she fled to the city she always intended to have him come to her at once. But scarcely arrived, her determination would waver and her thoughts automatically, against her will, return to Cottarsport.

Studying him as they drove back through the early dusk she was surprised that he had been so long-suffering. He was not a patient type of man; rather he was the quietly aggressive, suavely selfish example for whom the world, success, had been a very simple matter. He was not solemn either, or a recluse, as faithful lovers commonly were; but furnished a leading figure in the cotillons and had a nice capacity for wine. She said almost complainingly:

"How young and gay you look, Paret, with your lemon verbena."

He was, it seemed to her, not entirely at ease and almost confused at her statement. Nevertheless, he gave his person a swiftly complacent glance.

"I do seem quite well," he agreed surprisingly. "Honora, I'm the next thing to fifty. Would anyone guess it?"

This was a new aspect of Paret's, and she studied him keenly with the slightly satirical mouth inherited from her father. Embarrassment became apparent at his exhibition of trivial pride, and nothing more was said until, winding through the gloom of Cottarsport, they had reached her house. Inside there was a wide hall with the stair mounting on the right under a paneled arch. Mrs. Cozzens, Honora's aunt and companion, was in the drawing-room when they entered, and greeted Paret Fifield with the simple friendliness which, clearly without disagreeable intent, she showed only to the unquestionable few.

After dinner, the elder woman winding wool from an ivory swift clamped to a table, Honora thought that Paret had

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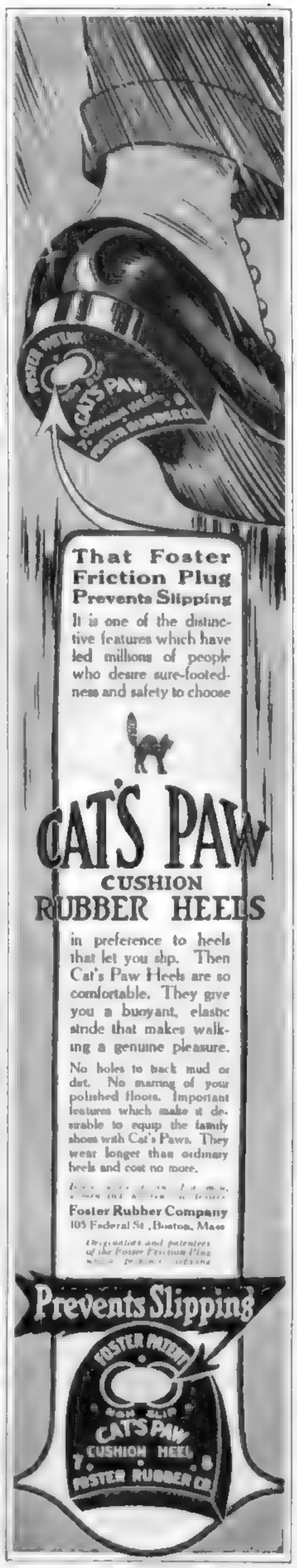
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(Continued from Page 35)

never been so vivacious, positively he was silly. For no comprehensible reason her mind turned to Jason Burrage striding with a lowered head, in his incongruous clothes, through the town of his birth.

"I wonder, Paret," she remarked, "if you remember two men who went from here to California about ten years ago! Well, one of them is back with his pockets full of gold, and a silk hat. He was engaged to Olive Stanes. I suppose their wedding will happen at any time. You see, he was faithful like yourself, Paret."

The man's back was toward her; he was examining, as he had for every visit Honora could recall, the curious objects in a lacquered cabinet brought from overseas by Ithiel Canderay, and it was a noticeably long time before he turned. Mrs. Cozzens, the Shetland converted into a ball, rose and announced her intention of retiring—a thin, erect figure in black moiré, with a long countenance and agate-brown eyes, seed pearls and gold band bracelets and Venetian point cap.

When she had gone the silence in the room became oppressive. Honora was thinking of her life in connection with Paret Fifield, wondering if she could ever bring herself to marry him. She would have to decide soon; it seemed incredible that he was nearing fifty. Why, it must have been fifteen years ago when he first ——

"Honora," he pronounced, leaning forward in his chair, "I came prepared to tell you a particular thing, but I find it much more difficult than I had anticipated."

"I know," she replied, and her voice, the fact she stated, seemed to come from a consciousness other than hers; "you are going to get married."

"Exactly," he told her with a deep relieved sigh.

She had on a dinner dress looped with a silk ball fringe, and her fingers automatically played with the hanging ornaments as she studied him with a composed face.

"How old is she, Paret?" Honora asked.

He cleared his throat in an embarrassed manner. "Not quite twenty, I believe."

She nodded, and her expression grew imperceptibly colder. A slight but actual irritation at him, a palpable anger, shocked her, which she was careful to screen from her manner and voice.

"You will be very happy, certainly. A young wife would suit you perfectly. You have kept splendidly young, Paret."

"She is really a superb creature, Honora," he proceeded gratefully. "I must bring her to you. But I am going to miss this." He indicated the grave chamber in which they sat, the white marble mantel and high mirror, the heavy mahogany settled back in half shadow, the dark velvet draperies of the large windows sweeping from alabaster cornices.

"Sometimes I feel like burning it to the ground," she asserted, rising. "I would if I could burn all that it signifies; yes, and a great deal of myself too." She raised her arms in a vivid, passionate gesture. "Leave it all behind and sail up to Java Head and through the Sunda Strait, into life!"

After the difficulty of his announcement Paret Fifield talked with animation about his plans and approaching marriage. Honora wondered at the swiftness with which she—for so long a fundamental part of his thought—had dropped from his mind. It had the aspect of a physical act of seclusion, as if a door had been closed upon her, the last, perhaps, leading out of her isolation. She hadn't been at all sure that she would not marry Paret; to-day she had almost decided in favor of it.

A girl not quite twenty! She had been only twenty when Paret Fifield had first danced with her. He had been interested immediately. It was difficult for her to realize that she was now thirty-five, soon forty would be upon her, and then a gray reach. She didn't feel any older than she had, well—on the day that Jason Burrage departed for California. There wasn't a line on her face; no trace, yet, of time on her spirit or body; but the dust must inevitably settle on her as it did on a vase standing unmoved on a shelf. A vase was a tranquil object, well suited to glimmer from a corner through a decade; but she was different. The heritage of her father's voyaging stirred in her, together with the negation that held her stationary. A third state—a hot rebellion—poured through her while she listened to Paret's facile periods. Really he was rather ridiculous about the girl. She was conscious of the dull pounding of her heart.

■

THE morning following was remarkably warm and still; and after Paret Fifield had gone Honora made her way slowly down to the bay. The sunlight lay like thick yellow dust on the warehouses and docks, and the water filled the sweep of Cottar's Neck with a solid and smoothly blue expanse. A fishing boat, newly arrived, was being disgorged of partly cured haddock. The cargo was loaded into a wheelbarrow, transferred to the wharf, and there turned into a basket on a weighing scale, checked by a silent man in series of marks on a small book, and carried away. Beyond were heaped corks and spread nets.

When Honora walked without an objective purpose she always came finally to the water. It held no surprise for her; there was practically nothing she was directly interested in seeing. She stood, as at present, gazing down into the tide clasping the piles or away at the horizon, the Narrows opening upon the sea. She exchanged unremarkable sentences with familiar figures, watched the men swab decks or tail new cordage through blocks, and looked up absently at the spars of the schooners lying at anchor.

She had put on a summer dress again of white India barège, a little hat with a lavender bow, and stood with her silk shawl on an arm. The stillness of the day was broken only by the creak of the wheelbarrow.

Last night she had been rebellious, but now a lassitude had settled over her: all emotion seemed blotted out by the pouring yellow light of the sun.

At the side of the wharf a small warehouse held several men in the office, the smoke of pipes lifting slowly from the open door; and at the sound of footfalls she turned and saw Jem Stanes entering the building. His expression was surprisingly morose. It was, she thought again, as she had of Jason Burrage striding darkly along the street, singularly inopportune at the arrival of so much good fortune. A burr of voices, thickened by the salt spray of many sea winds, followed. She heard laughter, and then Jem's voice, indistinguishable but sullenly angry.

Honora progressed up into the town, walked past the courthouse square, and met Jason at the corner of the street. "I am glad to have a chance to welcome you," she said, extending her hand. Close to him her sense of familiarity faded before the set face, the tightly drawn lips and hard gaze. She grew a little embarrassed. He had on another, still more surprising waistcoat; his watch chain was ponderous with gold; but dust had accumulated unattended on his shoulders, and dimmed the luster of his boots.

"Thank you," he replied noncommittally, giving her palm a brief pressure. He stood silently, without cordiality, waiting for what might follow.

"You are safely back with the Golden Fleece," she continued more hurriedly, "after yoking the fiery bulls and sailing past the island of the sirens."

"I don't know about all that," he said stolidly.

"Jason and the Argonauts," she insisted, conscious of her stupidity. He was far more compelling than she had remembered, than he appeared from a distance; the marked discontent of his earlier years had given place to a certain power, repose; the romance which she had decided was his main characteristic was emphasized. She was practically conversing with a disconcerting stranger.

"Olive was, of course, delighted," she went resolutely on. "You must marry soon, and build a mansion."

"We are not going to marry at all," he stated baldly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and then crimsoned with annoyance at the involuntary syllable. "That idiot, Olive Stanes!" she added to herself instantly. Honora could think of nothing appropriate to say. "That's a great pity," she temporized. Why didn't the boor help her? Hadn't he the slightest conception of the obligations of polite existence? He stood motionless, the fingers of one hand clasping a jade charm.

"You must find it pale here after California, if what I've heard is true," she remarked crisply, then nodded and left him.

That night at supper she repeated the burden of what he had told her to her aunt.

The latter answered in a measured voice without any trace of interest:

"I thought something of the kind had happened; the upstairs girl was saying he was drunk last night. A habit acquired West, I don't doubt. It is remarkable to me, Honora, how you remember one from another in Cottarsport. They all appear indifferently alike to me. And I am tremendously upset about Paret."

"Well, I'm not," Honora returned. She spoke inattentively, and she was surprised at the truth she had voiced. Paret Fifield had never become a necessary part of her existence. Except for the light he had shed upon herself—the sudden glimpse of multiplying years and the emptiness of her days—his marriage was unimportant. She would miss him exactly as she might a piece of furniture that had been removed after forming a familiar spot. She was more engrossed in what her aunt had told her about Jason.

He had been back only two or three days, and already lost his promised wife and got drunk. The latter was different in Cottarsport from San Francisco or even Boston; in such a small place as this every act offered the substance for talk, opinion, as long-lived as the elms on the hills. It was foolish of him not to go away for such excesses. Honora wanted to tell him so. She had inherited her father's attitude toward the town, she thought, a personal care of Cottarsport as a whole, necessarily expressed in an attention toward individual acts and people. She wished Jason wouldn't make a fool of himself. Then she recalled how ineffectual the same desire, actually voiced, had been in connection with Olive Stanes. She recalled Olive's horrified face as she, Honora, had said, "Grace be damned!" It was all quite hopeless. "I think I'll move to the city," she informed her aunt.

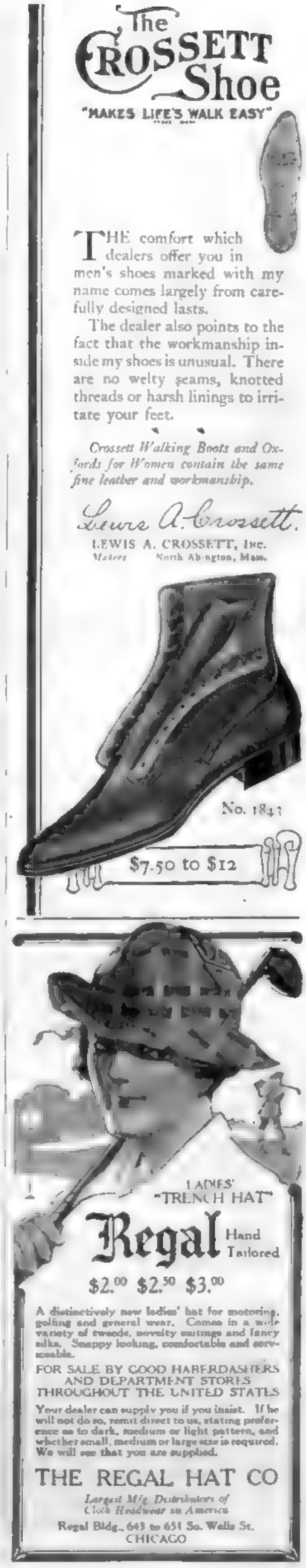
The latter sighed, from, Honora knew, a sense of superior knowledge.

After supper she deserted the more familiar drawing-room for the chamber across the wide hall. A fire of coals was burning in an open grate, but there was no other light. Honora sat at a piano with a ponderous ebony case and picked out Violetta's first aria from Traviata. The round, sweet notes seemed to float away palpable and intact into the gloom. It was an unusual mood, and when it had gone she looked back at it in wonderment and distrust. Her customary inner rebellion reëstablished itself perhaps more vigorously than before; she was charged with energy, with vital promptings, but found no opportunity, promise, of expression or accomplishment.

The warm sun lingered for a day or so more, and then was obliterated by an imponderable bank of fog that rolled in through the Narrows, over Cottar's Neck, and changed even the small confines of the town into a vast labyrinth. That in turn was dissipated by a swinging eastern storm tipped with hail, which left stripped trees on an ashen-blue sky and dark, frigid water slapping uneasily at the water front.

Honora Canderay's states of mind were as various and similar.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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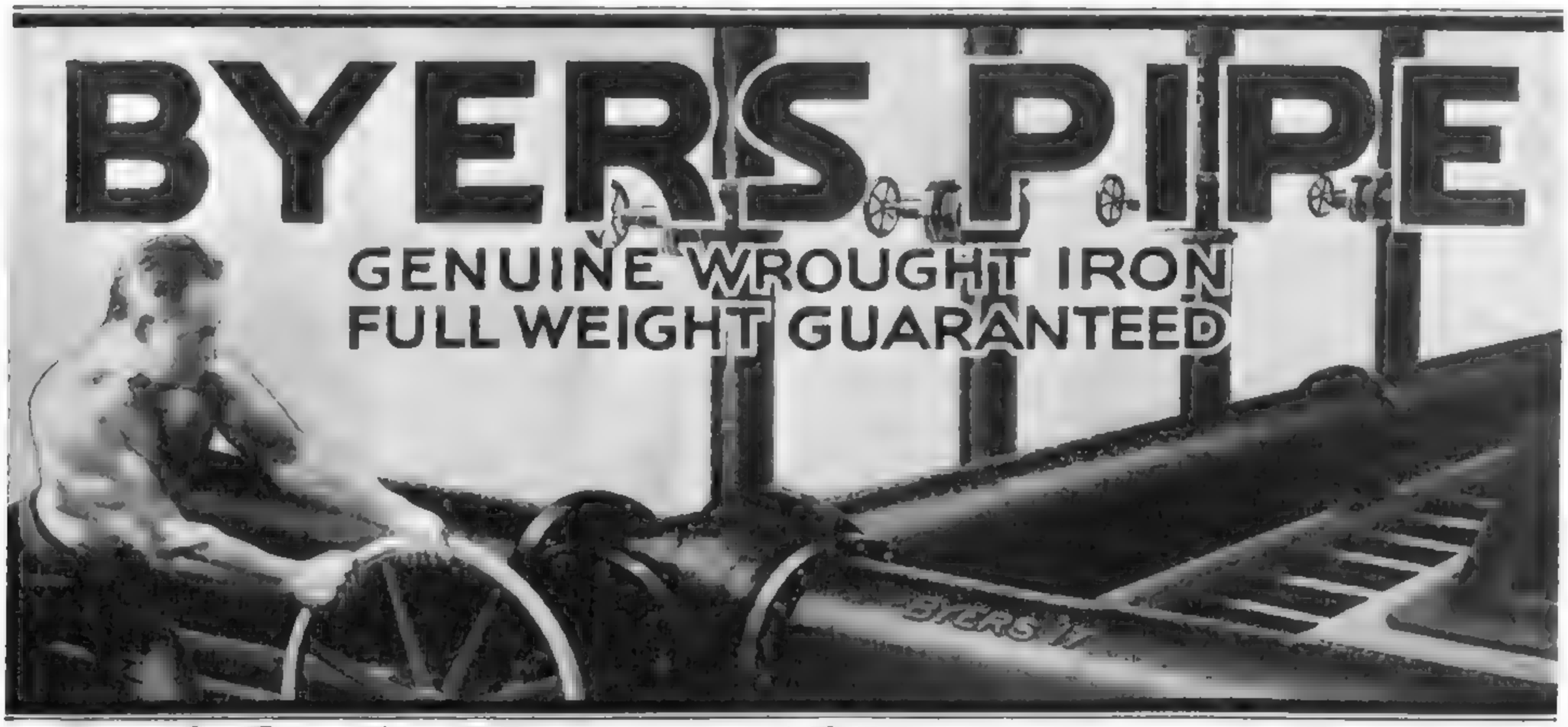

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Explanation of Chart

The black dots represent pipe *in service*. The gray dots represent pipe *rusted out*. Each dot represents one installation. The entire showing is based on actual condition of pipe in 90 installations under the severest service. There are 65 dots in each yearly division for Byers Pipe and 25 dots in each "Not Byers" division. What happened to each of these installations from year to year is apparent from the chart.

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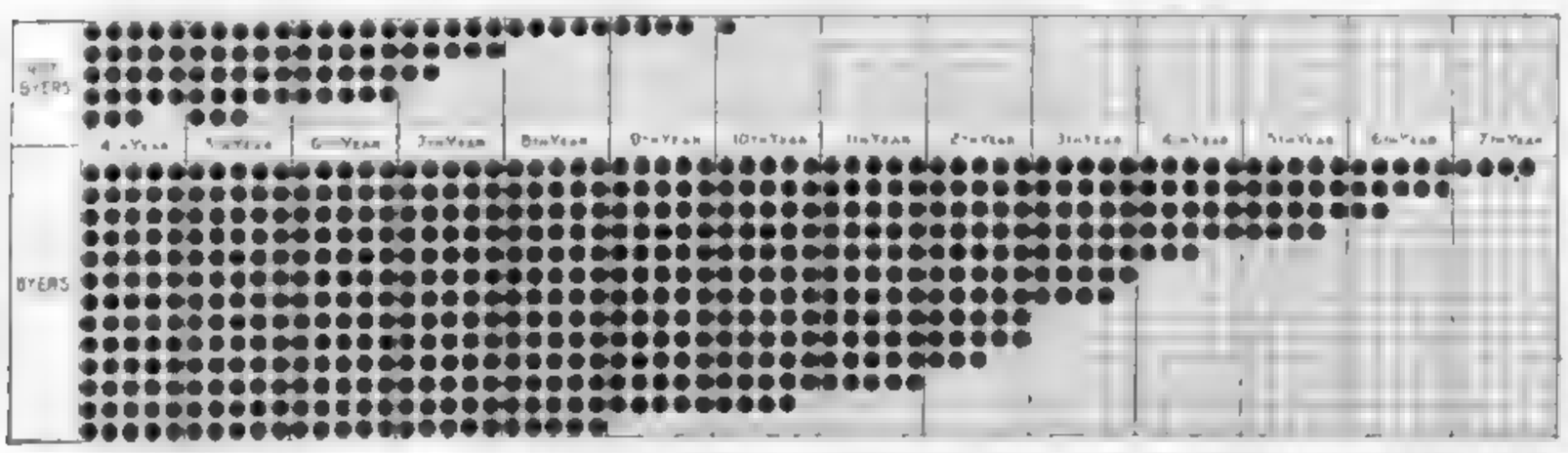

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LETTERS FROM THE WAR

(Continued from Page 12)

grams of meat is a slice about as big as the average saucer. Each prisoner, after receiving his portion of cereal-and-vegetable stew, passed before the prisoner cook, who popped into his can a piece of meat.

There are tricks in all trades, and there is an underground life in every prison. The French officer who escorted me was talking about the arrangements of the camp, so that his eye was not on the meat kettle but on my face. But I was watching the cook. And I noticed him, now and then, slip not one piece of meat but two into certain cans. I noticed also that when this happened the man just back of the favored prisoner made a low but violent remark from the corner of his mouth. Doubtless the cook had found this day's supply of meat a little larger than usual and was favoring his friends.

Studious Prisoners

This camp, like all the other large ones, has a Y. M. C. A. hut, installed by the Americans before April, 1917, and run since by the Swiss. It is a bright little spot in a dour world. There are tables, benches, pictures; a stage at one end holds now a full-decked Christmas tree. A prisoner was tuning the piano for a concert that night; in the little dressing room behind the stage were instruments for a full orchestra. As I have said before, the camp harbored several hundred newly captured prisoners, waiting assignment. So when we entered, the place was packed. The prisoners sat at the tables, absorbed in books. At the growling command of a sergeant they sprang to attention; and then, on a gesture from the French officer who accompanied me, sat down again and resumed their books. I passed from table to table. One or two were reading novels, one was transcribing music; the rest were studying. Over the circulating library of some fifteen hundred volumes presided a tall good-looking Bavarian. He was, he informed me in excellent French, not only the librarian but the schoolmaster.

"Others come in and out," he said, "who can teach certain branches, and we organize classes accordingly while they are here. I instruct in French and mathematics. I was a teacher before the war."

"What branches are they studying here now?" I asked.

"French, English, Spanish, mathematics, mechanical drawing and the theory of music," he replied.

Letters I have seen recently from French prisoners in Germany show that they follow the same course—wherever they have leisure and instructors they employ the time in learning something. Last summer I visited the British internment camps in Switzerland. The inmates, or at least such of them as had recovered their physical strength, were playing football and cricket; the rest, in great numbers, were attending the matches. I suppose if we ever lose any considerable number of prisoners our men will do the same. For a long time I have been wondering if, in this age of brain, the English-speaking races have not overdone their passion for sport.

PARIS, December Thirty-first.

Still chasing after German prisoners; but really, one camp is so like all the others that I have little to add to my impressions of the first day. One thing I have settled in my mind, and I record it here to controvert some whispering propaganda going forward in the United States: The German prisoner in France is not badly treated. He is better housed than in the rest stations of his own army. He is not overworked; he is not abused physically; his clothing though not beautiful is warm enough. He is infinitely better fed than the German civilian workingman; probably, in the present state of affairs, as well as the average French workingman.

Yesterday, for variety, I saw a compound of Austrians, turned over to the French by the Serbians, who have no territory wherein to keep prisoners. They live about like the German prisoners except that they get a full reservist's allowance of meat—two hundred and fifty grams a day where the Germans get only eighty-six. This is because the Austrians have never cut down the meat ration of their prisoners. As everywhere they give a more likable impression than the soldiers of their ally.

This camp, I find, has its own troubles. It contains not only Germanic and Hungarian Austrians but real Germans and Croatians. These last fought for Austria against their collective will, and Croatians are scarcely considered by the French as prisoners of war—merely rescued unfortunates. Now it has been found impossible to work the three elements together; and at present they live in separate compounds, with barbed wire between. For the Austrians and Germans call the Croatians traitors, the Germans call the Austrians military slackers and incompetents, the Austrians call the Germans slave drivers, while the Croatians call the Austrians and Germans everything their tongues can command. So there were fights with picks, shovels, crowbars and fists until the French were forced to separate these dear allies.

Going down by train I fell in with a pleasant-spoken little French second lieutenant. The conversation inevitably drifted to the question of the duration of the war. The lieutenant laughed.

"It has lasted five years for me," he said.

"Five years!" I exclaimed.

"Five years of the army at any rate," he responded. "The end of my service with the colors was near—or I thought it was—when the war broke."

"Then you were at the Marne ——"

"The Marne; the Aisne; Flanders; Champagne, 1915; Verdun—oh, a monotony of Verdun; the Somme; the Champagne again this year," he replied.

He was, it appears, a clerk in a famous Parisian fur house before he was called to the colors. He got his commission last year and is now in the tank service. He wears on his right arm the notch of one wound.

"I hope I come through it," he said, "though somehow any life except the army seems impossible to me just now. But I want to see what happens afterward—revolutions, likely."

"What kind of revolutions?" I asked.

"Oh, economic. Europe will go red, I suppose. And understand me, monsieur, I am no socialist. I don't care—except to watch. But I want to say when I am old that I have lived through such times!"

MARSEILLES, January 5, 1918.

"Even the weather has gone mad!" remarked the Spanish boots of this hotel, with whom I passed the time of day this morning.

I had put off a necessary trip to the south of France until January, hoping thereby to cheat the weather a little. When on the night of the second I established myself in the sleeping car—reservations booked two weeks in advance—the conductor remarked that we should probably be late in getting to Marseilles; it was snowing ahead, and most of the day trains had not yet arrived. As a matter of fact we were more than two days in reaching Marseilles, when we should have been fourteen hours. There was a thirty-hour stop at Lyons, and the corresponding train to ours which left next day caught up with us. In the Midi of France it snows about as often as it does in California. But on this New Year's day, though only a light film of snow troubled Paris and the battlefields of the north, more than a foot fell on the region from Lyons south. I near to-day that for the first time in the memory of living man there was snow in North Africa. The snowplows of France, such as they are, have been sent up to keep open the traffic behind the battle lines.

Marseilles Like San Francisco

To make matters worse, the French armies in Italy are reënforced and supplied by these southern lines. Then, too, some of the older classes of troops, returned to their farms last year, have been called up again to dig in against the much advertised German drive; they are going forward. In war the civilian waits. We waited for thirty hours in Lyons and vicinity. The heat in our train gave out; though bundled in all our wraps we shivered. In the little hotel of a suburb where first we stopped we made a luncheon on eggs, wine and cheese. In Lyons proper, into which we pulled during the afternoon, the station buffet managed an acceptable dinner. The next morning the passengers of three or four south-bound trains were shoved in on us, filling corridors, compartments and platforms to suffocation. In the afternoon we made a halting start and ran, with many a long stop, southward. It was one o'clock in the morning when we reached Marseilles. Probably this is the greatest railroad tie-up that France has ever known; but it followed the strangest freak of the weather which has occurred in this generation.

MARSEILLES, January Tenth.

Something about this city—the oldest port in Western Europe—dimly reminds one of San Francisco, almost the youngest great port in the whole world. That resemblance is hard to describe. Partly, I suppose, it is due to the manner in which both cities spill over hills, partly it is the rush of bubbling life in the streets, and partly the mixture of races which one may see in an afternoon's walk. Here, however, the racial differences advertise themselves to the casual eye; for San Francisco never saw such variety of costume. Arab sheiks from the French possessions of North Africa glide down the street like ghosts, their white burnooses drawn over their heads against the mistral, the cold wind, blowing now full blast. Colonial troops, in red fezzes and baggy trousers often of the same color, splash every group. The black race is represented by a dozen varieties of negro.

A Cosmopolitan Crowd

Not very far away the British have a hospital for their tropic-blooded East Indian troops; tall, broad-shouldered, thin-shanked fellows, their khaki turbans framing heads like those of Grecian statuary, come swinging about every corner. Down on the docks of the old port you see gangs of little yellow Tonkinese laborers, clad in baggy khaki with blue flat caps over their black bushes of hair or their pigtails. Beside them, like as not, will be a working party of Arabs from the North African possessions—ragged and dirty often, but still tremendously dignified in their red fezzes and their long cloaks. To get the picture you must add to this every variety of French uniform and swarms of Marseilles girls with a touch of Parisian chic in their costumes and of pagan Italian beauty in their faces.

This jumble is best seen between four and six of any afternoon on the Canabière, the famous downtown street of Marseilles—its Broadway. Even in these chilly days the broad sidewalks cannot accommodate the crowds which spill out onto the pavement. In winter the sidewalk cafés roof themselves over with glass like a conservatory; inside, a coal stove burns red hot. So if one has the foresight to come early he may indulge, spite of the weather, the French national sport of sipping a drink while viewing the passing throng.

Everywhere are unusual meetings; for this, even in peace, is one of the world's romantic ports. Last night I found myself dining at the next table to one man in American khaki and another in British merchant-marine uniform. The American, who for six months has been driving ammunition up to the French lines, had a week's leave and chose to spend it in satisfying his curiosity about the Midi. The Briton had been torpedoed not so very long before—it was, however, the American who mentioned this fact to me; whereat the Briton blushed and looked embarrassed.

"A terrible experience!" said I.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied; "it was the third time."

"How did you get away?" I asked.

"We just got into the boats."

Being the main gate of French sea traffic, the most considerable port, all things considered, in the Mediterranean, the city reaches out to all kinds of queer world corners. At tea yesterday I met a Frenchwoman just up from St. Helena, sacred to the memory of Napoleon; her husband is there yet. An engineer with whom I had a talk on the business of the harbor was called home by the war from the back country of Morocco. Too old for military service he replaces in the corps of harbor engineers a younger man called to the colors. The efficient gentleman who manages the Marseilles Chamber of Commerce was born in French Indo-China, has all his business interests in the colonies and has lived more years abroad than in France.

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Again: To-day I met a Belgian family—the wife a born Frenchwoman—who lived in Turkey, the enemy's country, during the first two years of the great war. They were never interned or much circumscribed in their movements; their daughter served as a Red Cross nurse with an American unit, giving equal care to wounded Turks and wounded British prisoners.

How they got away I did not ask. Such questions are sometimes embarrassing in this war world.

It is recorded that one day an American gentleman of color reported at one of our Swiss consulates. He had just arrived from the Balkans, via Austria, and he wanted a passport.

"How did you manage to get here without a passport?" asked the consul suspiciously.

"It was this-ah way," replied the man of color. "I went to the embassy fo' to git mah passpoht distended, but they told me it had suspired."

"Then how on earth did you get out of Austria?"

"Ah jeat eased out!"

Many people who appear in unexpected places have just eased out—discovered some flaw in the system, of which they have taken advantage. And for the benefit of others who wish to do the same they are cautious about telling how it was done.

MARSEILLES, January Fourteenth.

The Caporetto disaster to the Italian Army came, as I can testify from personal observation, like a bolt out of the blue. One day the Italian Army, facing an attack which looked no more serious than others which they had sustained without even losing ground, was holding beautifully; the next day the two armies on the right wing were going backward in what seemed like a rout.

The French council of war met at once to consider the problem of sending reenforcements. While they debated someone in authority sent this preliminary telegram to the traffic manager of the Paris-Lyon-Marseille railroad, the main artery between France and Italy:

"How soon after notice could you begin continuous transportation of —— thousand troops into Italy?" The number which I have represented by a dash means an army large enough to have turned the scale in any previous war—more troops, probably, than we Americans have at present on French soil.

"Eighteen hours," came back the prompt answer.

Almost immediately came the order, "Go ahead!"

In less than eighteen hours thereafter, loaded troop trains were running smoothly, on a headway of a half an hour or better—in some cases much better—into Italy.

French Efficiency

Now if this story had been told of the Germans we should marvel, saying: "What characteristic efficiency!" The other nations have efficiencies of their own, as marvelous as those of the Teutons. The French, indeed, rise in emergencies to superefficiencies, which they compensate for by slacking off a great deal when the emergency is over. But the other nations lack the national conceit of the Germans and are rather indifferent to self-advertising—an exercise of his powers which the German loves.

This anecdote introduces another fact: Southern France, the Midi of song, story and romance, of soft vistas and baking summer heats, of mistral and Tartarin; the Provence of the troubadours, of saintly tales, of fairy legends—Southern France is largely inhabited by a set of first-class, intensive hustlers. Else Marseilles would not be what it is—the leading port of the Mediterranean, the Continental power house for the second greatest colonial empire in the world. It has the oldest chamber of commerce in existence; and that institution, housed in the most conspicuous building of the city next to the Cathedral, really does things. Fall in with a Marseillais man of affairs and he talks to you not about beauty and romance, but about colonial trade, after-war plans and harbor improvement—always harbor improvement.

I mentioned yesterday to a business man the strange, indefinable resemblance between his city and San Francisco.

"Ah, if we only had San Francisco Harbor!" he sighed.

In connection with that matter of harbor improvements: Since the war Marseilles has thrown down her gauntlet to Fate. In spite of great obstacles she has completed the borings for her canal tunnel. I will not go into the details of that enormous piece of engineering; and indeed the geography of it is too complex to be understood without the aid of maps and drawings. It is enough to say that Marseilles lies near the mouth of the mighty Rhone, navigable all the way to Switzerland. However, barges making the Rhone trip must, before docking in Marseilles proper, run out into the open Mediterranean, often too stormy for craft of this type. The plan of parallel canals near the mouth of the Rhone, ending in a canal tunnel through the hills which fringe the town, originated with Napoleon. He lost his empire before he could carry the design through. The plan, revised and extended a few years ago, includes now not only the parallel canals and the tunnel but a system of breakwaters, together with the opening and dredging of a basin that will afford a haven to larger ships and greatly increase the port facilities.

The Heights of French Genius

However, the tunnel, as the engineers of Marseilles revised Napoleon's plan, was the big piece of work. It was afoot when the war broke; and Marseilles, spite of war, kept right on, bent on completing the borings—to carry the project past the point where it was possible to turn back. Labor was hard to get; they used old men, boys, Italians, Spaniards, German prisoners. Before the state of the labor market grew so tight that every hand was needed for war work or agriculture they had finished the bore and cased it all the way with stone. Its length, seven miles or so, is not exceptional but—as any Marseillais will tell you at the drop of a hat—it has the widest bore of any tunnel in the world. The channel will be large enough to accommodate a double stream of barges, allowing for the proper footpaths and towpaths. That channel, eleven feet in depth, is not yet dug. That is left for after the war and will take at least two years. But at least the tunnel is driven. All this the resident engineer of the job explained to me as we stood on a bridge across its gaping mouth, watching a squad of German prisoners lazily setting the last of the stonework, while another squad, over on our right, lazily sharpened tools at a forge.

An American resident during the days of our neutrality interviewed one of those same German prisoners.

"It is well that we finish this work," said the Teuton. "It will be all ready for Germany when we come and take it and make it efficient!"

In that remark was a revelation of the German attitude toward France. For a generation the Germans have been ranging this smiling land, taking notes and snorting at the evidences of French inefficiency as measured by German standards. "Give us this country and we'll make a country of it," they said among themselves. Now by and large the Frenchman is not so efficient as the German, just because he does not care to be. This proceeds not from any inferiority of intelligence—the French have probably more intelligence of all kinds than any other race. The Frenchman has simply not been willing to pay the price of a hundred per cent efficiency. His race has been civilized for a long, long time. It had seats of learning when the Teutons were just coming down from the trees. In his journey through life he prefers, instead of making records, to pick a few flowers by the way—an attitude of mind which would have been comprehensible to the German of 1840, but which gets the German of 1918 on his blind side. But, as I remarked a few days ago, when the emergency comes—as at Verdun in 1916 for example—the French are capable of reaching genius heights in their performance. I repeat—the Frenchman does not like to advertise himself; perhaps because he has too much sense of humor. No such sense restrains the German.

Your Frenchman, in fact, is likely to have the cynical pose on things in general. When affairs are going well he plays to you and himself that they are going ill. When they are going ill he plays that they are desperate. He doesn't really believe that, I think; he's preparing himself for an agreeable surprise.

Once I gave a light for his cigarette to a French soldier who was crawling through a communication trench toward the fatal shell holes of Verdun. Those were the days of the great attack on Fleury, when the losses were unprecedented even in modern war.

"How long is this war going to last?" he asked me.

"I can't even guess," said I.

"Well," said he as he shifted his pack and went on, "I shan't be here to see the end."

He didn't really believe that, I think. He was preparing himself for his agreeable surprise when he came out alive.

If the ermined butchers and crowned hogs of Germany really accomplished their purpose, took over France and introduced "the system," I doubt whether they would get better material results than the French. Only they would think that they were getting better results, and by constant advertising would persuade the rest of the world to think so. Further, the fruits of efficiency would accrue to those same butchers and hogs—which is the real point.

MARSEILLES, January Seventeenth.

The war has produced in Marseilles the curious contradictory results on business notable throughout all Europe. Retail trade up to the time when goods became scarce prospered, owing to the rush of strangers in and out of the port. All business having to do with freight and freight transmission did very well. Manufactures were variously affected. Soap making from imported coconut and peanut oil, a great industry of the district, has been hard hit owing to the shortage of sea tonnage. At this moment low-grade peanut oil, which is the staple material for common laundry soap, costs more in Marseilles than the best olive oil. The soap factories have quit or are marking time.

A Bumper Olive Crop

Considering the demand for the raw products of the soil agriculture in the Midi has been doing rather poorly. That is because the region raised few staple crops. Owing to the fame of their vintages we think of Bordeaux, Burgundy and Champagne as the distinctive wine regions of France. In reality the Midi, producer of medium or low quality brands, is the greatest wine district of France; the common red "Pinard," which is part of every French soldier's ration, comes mainly from the southern vineyards. However, wine even in France is only a half necessity; and the demand has shrunk. For lack of labor and attention the vintages have been small. Worse, through that same stringency in the labor market pruning and cultivation have been skimped, causing a deterioration of vineyard values that will be felt after the war. Fresh fruit is an important item hereabouts. It is a bulky and perishable product; and the shortage of transportation has made many a commercial tragedy in Marseilles and vicinity.

In this year of bad crops—1917—the soil of the Midi did one glorious thing for France. As Germany has learned to her sorrow, fat, either animal or vegetable, is a prime necessity of life. Now while the yield of wheat in interior France ran very low the Midi came through with a banner olive crop—about four times the normal. And olive oil is pure vegetable fat. The only problem was the picking. This brought an urgent call for labor. The olive crop is harvested in the late autumn and early winter, the season when all the schools are running. In this emergency the French broke for once a rule which they established for themselves early in the war—not to let the struggle with Germany interfere with education. The schools were dismissed for three weeks or a month, according to the needs of the various districts, and the children were turned into the olive groves. Through this stretching of principles the whole crop was saved and the food controller rendered happy for a few days.

Investments in Jewels

Other industries struggle along. As for example: This morning the weather broke and the warm sun of the Midi came out. Emerging from my hotel I heard a whirring which struck me somehow as familiar; and I nearly bumped into a gentleman with a painted face who had just drawn a pistol from the bosom of his frock coat and who registered villainous hatred as he strode through the storm door. By the expression of the operator I realized at once that I had spoiled thirty feet of film. The company, it appeared, was filming some drama of hotel life and was using our little home for a location. All day they have been working at the entrance or about the lobbies. The director and the operator are gray-haired old boys; the leading juvenile wears in his buttonhole the ribbons which show that he has received the Croix de Guerre and has been "reformed." He walks with a slight limp, which he manages to control when he is before the camera. The Midi and the adjacent strip of the Riviera figure in the film business of France as Southern California figures in ours; and the public still demands new dramas of love and hate and laughter—with as little as possible about the war, thank you!

Finally, I discover at Marseilles a curiosity of retail trade which I have been observing all over Europe—in Geneva as well as in Paris, in Milan as well as in Madrid. Though fashionable dressmakers, milliners, specialty shops, perfumers and most others who deal with expensive luxuries have been doing badly the jewelers have prospered as usual—in many localities better than usual. And the better they are the better they do; the little cheap dispensers of mere trinkets fare as badly as most retail tradespeople; it is the fashionable venders of diamonds and emeralds and sapphires who have kept up or increased their business.

I attribute this to several causes: In spite of government regulations, in spite of excess-profits taxes, the profiteer is still in all countries a phenomenon of war. As we know from our own experience during the munitions boom, many of these people who make money out of war belong to the *nouveau-riche* class; wealth has suddenly tumbled into their laps. Spending, like any other activity of the human spirit, grows perfect through education. The poor man suddenly grown rich in nine cases out of ten makes his first heavy plunge in jewelry for himself or his family.

Again—what else is there to buy? He has no special temptation to invest in a country place, for without servants and a dozen other items not readily to be obtained in wartime he cannot keep it up. He can buy an automobile at greatly advanced prices; but what good does that do him? The government will not permit him to run it outside his own city limits, and he can obtain only the most limited quantities of gasoline. But jewelry needs no service or upkeep.

There is another reason, I think. No one can figure on the economic future of this world. The steadiest, most reliable securities may be affected, and seriously, before this war is finished. But a diamond is a diamond and a ruby a ruby. It will not deteriorate in value, Monsieur Newly-Rich feels; in the meantime, though he gets no interest from it he gets at least glitter and personal satisfaction.

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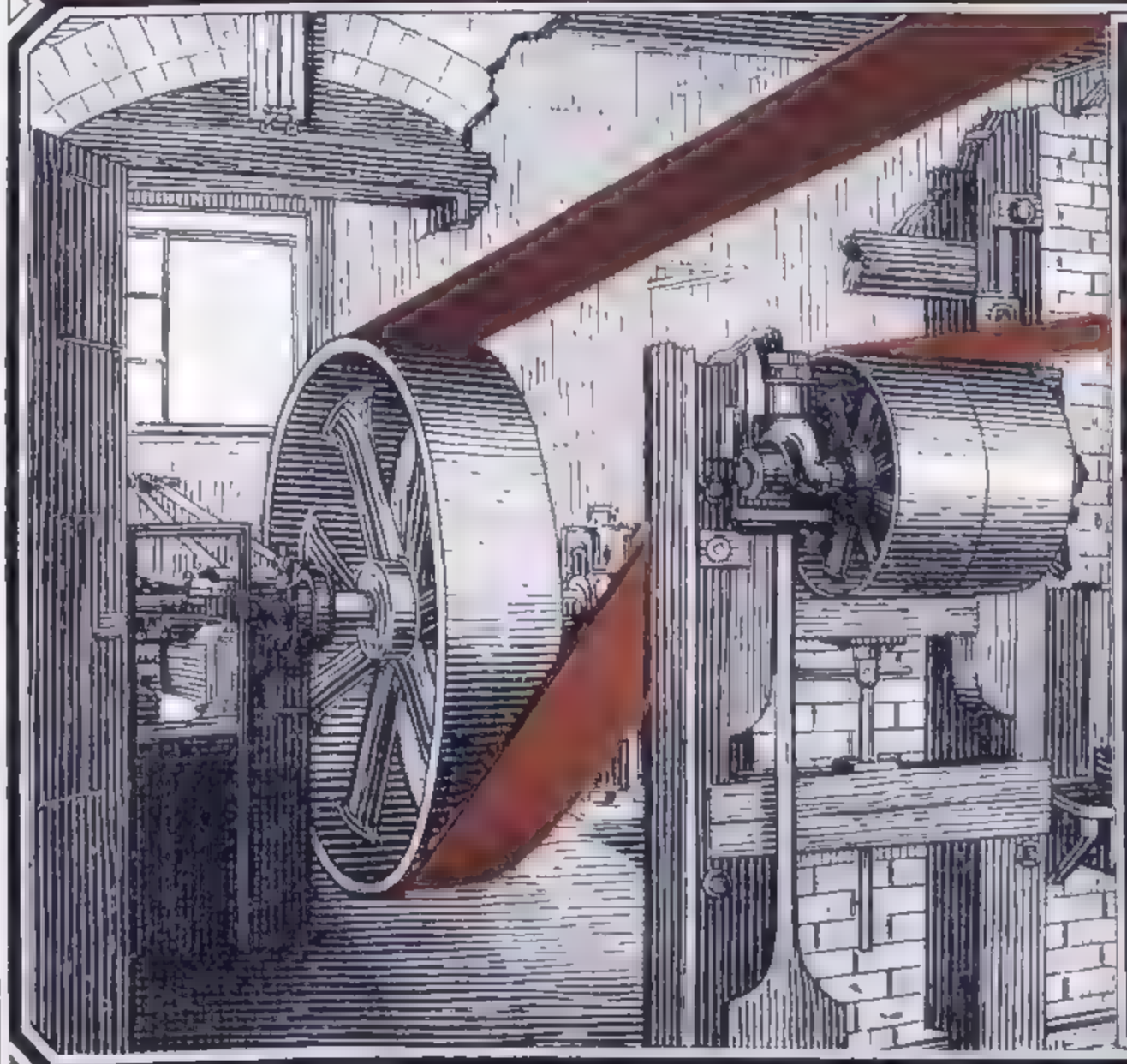

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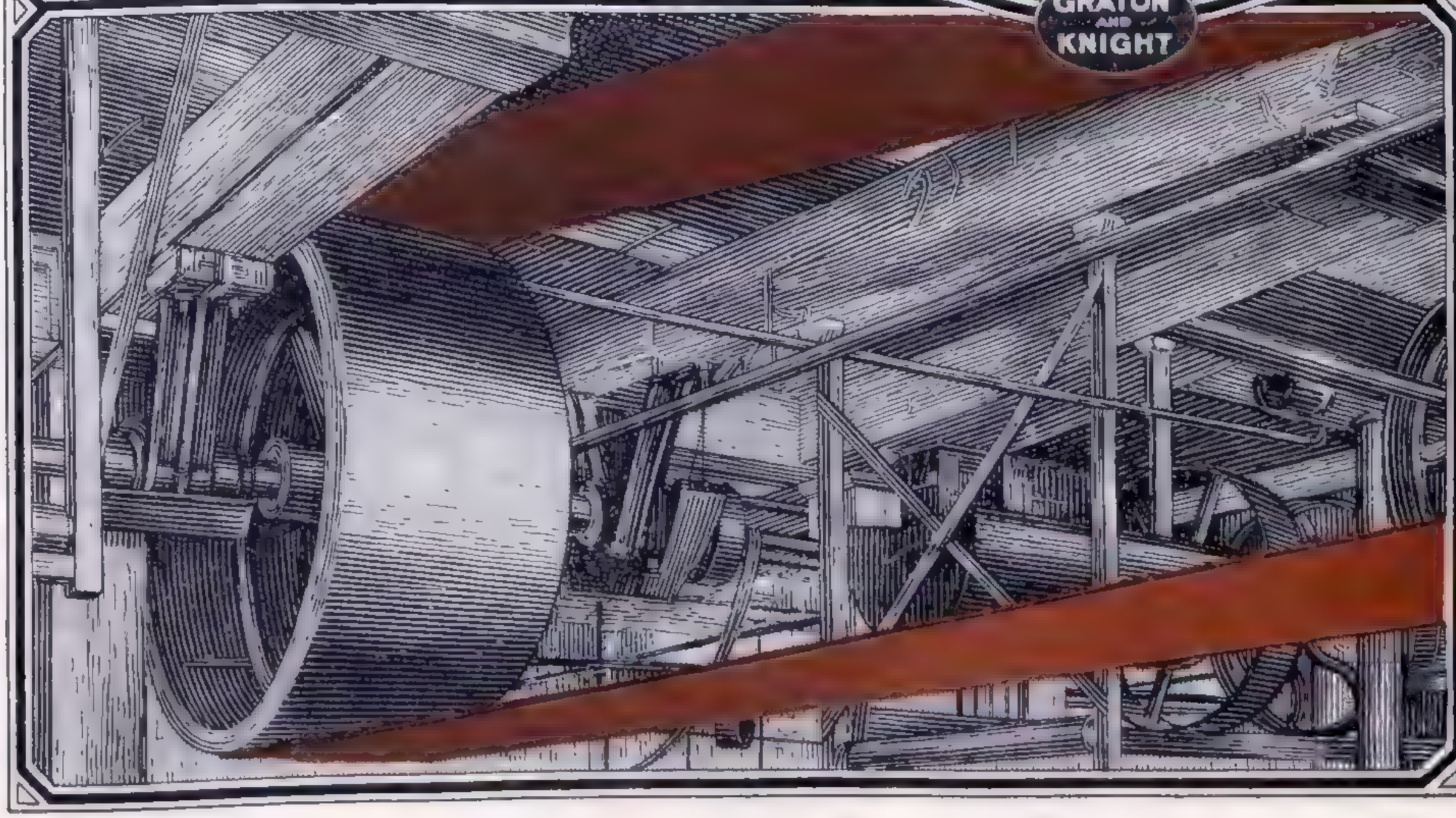

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California Raisin Pie
Victory Penny-Buns

New importance is given raisins by our Government's official order requiring bakers to save sugar, fats and wheat. Raisins are rich in natural sugar, so raisin bread needs no other sweetening. Raisins improve *all* war-breads.

Raisin foods appeal to the woman who saves wisely. She knows that butter is not needed with raisin bread and raisin buns. The raisins make these foods delicious and their juiciness aids mastication the same as butter.

Raisins are High-Power Food

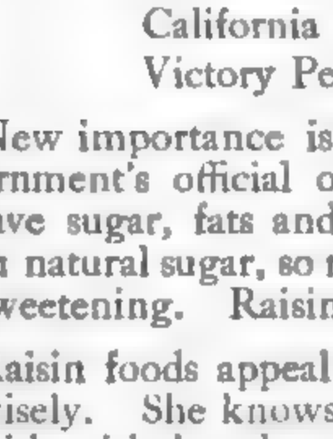
Raisins are food of highest value. Raisins contain 1,560 energy-producing units per pound. Beefsteak supplies 1,090, and eggs 695. Compare these food values. Compare prices. See how raisins excel in high value and low price.

This is True Economy

Raisin foods from the bake-shop sound the true note of economy. For they are baked in large quantities and sold at low-margin prices. Use Sun-Maid Raisins in all plain foods: In boiled rice, cereals, corn meal mush, corn bread.

You can eat *Raisin Candy* with zest and a clear conscience because raisins in candy save sugar.

Send a post card for FREE recipe book suggesting many ways of using raisins.



This is the Sun-Maid Trade-Mark. It is on every package of Sun-Maid Raisins. See that it is on the package you buy.

Three Varieties

Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins (grown without a seed); Sun-Maid Raisin Clusters (on the stem).

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership, 8,000 Growers
Fresno, California

Victory Penny-Buns

Buy them at 1 cent each wherever you buy bread. Their presence on your table means you are conserving food. For these buns save sugar, fats and wheat. Delicious and highly nutritious.

California Raisin Bread

This is the bread of high nutrition. The raisins displace wheat and supply added rich flavor and greater food value. Buy it of bakers and grocers

California Raisin Pie

Full of juicy, thin-skinned raisins. It is the ideal war-time dessert because it fills the bill as a delicious sweet and a high-power food And it's inexpensive. At bakeries, groceries and restaurants.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

(Continued from Page 11)

Constantia, Beatrice and the boys. They all kissed him, and stood or sat about the bed, his wife holding one hand and Phil the other. He hardly knew by what signs they judged, since he felt but little weaker than on other days and not much more pain. They seemed to know, however, that the time had come, and to treat him a little like the jailers and sheriffs who notify the condemned that the supreme minute is approaching.

He could only let them do as they thought right, fixing his eyes somewhat vacantly on a picture which had long hung at the foot of his bed, and which was a favorite. It was a steel engraving of Holman Hunt's Light of the World, purchased on his honeymoon, after Emily and he had seen the original at Oxford. Neither of them had been expert critics of painting, but they had stood together and spoken of the light thrown out by the lantern in the Saviour's hand as one of the most beautiful things they knew. For the figure and face they had not cared. They had cared for nothing but that light. For him, if not for her, it had remained a lasting memory. He had been able to see it in the steel engraving's black-and-white splotch during all the intervening years, and to identify its glow with England and Oxford, and young love and his soul's striving.

And he saw it now. It was odd—but he did. It positively burned in the lantern. He was glad of the illusion, because it helped him, he thought, to get nearer the last minute without knowing it. It would come, of course—that last minute. There would be an instant, perhaps in half an hour, when his soul would tear its way out of his body, and he should be thrust, a naked, quivering bundle of spiritual nerves, before angels and archangels and principalities and powers, and a God whose first question would be that which was put to Cain: "What hast thou done?" If, then, he was not to hear the sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," it would only be because there had been a cross on Calvary. Mentally he clung to that cross as he watched the light grow brighter and brighter in the lantern in the print.

He was dimly conscious of a man he knew, a brother clergyman who had administered the last sacrament to him on the previous day, coming into the room and kneeling at his bedside. Dimly he was conscious that the family knelt down and that there were prayers. They were prayers that came to him as if from such a long way off as hardly to reach his ear. When the murmur of "Our Father" traveled up it was like a rumble from a world below him. He tried to join in it; but he couldn't keep his mind on the phrases. He couldn't keep his mind on the phrases because of the shining of the light. It was becoming an amazing light, bursting the limits of the lantern, making glory of the figure, making beauty of the face, turning the crown of thorns into jewels, and throwing a sunshine brighter than the sunshine on the wall.

It was a pleasant illusion, he told himself—the action of the self-administered spiritual drug he distrusted and yet relied on. At any rate, it made things easier. It gave him a sense of relief that might even be called physical. He noticed, all at once, that his pain was gone. That, of course, was illusion too—probably no more than the end of his power to feel; but the iron claws that Hutchinson's disease had dug into his flesh had loosened their grip. He was breathing easily for the first time in months. Had he not known that he couldn't really be better, he would have been tempted to say he was well. He would have been able to get up; only that it was so delicious to lie there seemingly free—he reminded himself that it could be no more than seemingly free—from torture, and with his mental burdens gone. What had dispelled them he didn't know; but it was a fact that they had rolled away.

IV

"THIS is rest!" he murmured to himself.

A voice answered him promptly.

"Yes; it's rest, because you're now beginning to realize as a fact what you've always taken as no more than a lovely spiritual image—that underneath are the everlasting arms."

He was not surprised at the voice. Familiar with the fancies of the dying, he knew to what to ascribe it. He reminded himself that he must hold on to his senses till he was deprived of them, and so made no effort to reply.

Instead, he watched the spreading of the light that flooded the room and glorified its occupants. Wife and son and daughter were all beside him; but in that light they were different. They were also doing things he didn't clearly understand. All he knew was that he felt toward them an extraordinary tenderness, and that something similar came from them to him.

"I suppose this must be dying," he said to himself, as he noticed that the new day had blotted out the sunlight.

"No," came the voice again; "because there's no such thing as death."

To Berkeley Noone this was the real point at issue. It was worth taking up, even if only in delirium.

"Of course there's no such thing as death from the spiritual point of view ——"

"And there is no other."

"I know there'll be no other in the next life; but ——"

"But there's no next life. There's only one life."

"In a sense—yes," he admitted, not without a shadow of impatience. "And yet I'm—I'm dying."

"No; you're only waking—waking from the deep sleep that fell on Adam and on all Adam's so-called children."

He fixed his attention on but one of these points:

"Why do you say so-called?"

"Because they're only the offspring of a dream."

"I don't see how they can be the offspring of a dream when a dream is nothing ——"

"Pardon me; a dream is something—while it lasts. It's only seen to be nothing when we wake and know it for what it was."

"And do you mean to tell me that all my past life has had no reality?"

"Not all your past life; only whatever in it may have been evil, mortal or unhappy. Once we've thrown off that, we come to our genuine birthright. You're probably able to prove it by some heightening of your faculties already."

"Do you mean the light I see from the picture at the foot of my bed?"

There was genuine curiosity in the tone:

"Won't you tell me what it's like?"

He complied with this request. The voice continued:

"That's very like my own experience—only that in my case the increase of perception was in the way of what our mortal senses call sound. You were with me at the time, and may remember."

"I?"

"According to the reckoning of time it was in June over a year ago. The day was close and the windows were open. The noises of the street came up to my room rather distressingly. I tried not to listen to them or be annoyed by them; but it was beyond me. Then by degrees all such noises merged into something else—into music—into floods of music—into floods on floods of music; and I was made to understand that in the Reality there is no such thing as ugly sound; that it's only the senses of the Man of Dust that degrade to harshness and discord that which in itself is harmonious and lovely."

With some surprise Berkeley Noone became aware that behind the voice there was a personality. Timidly he asked the question:

"Aren't you Angel?"

The answer came with what he would hitherto have called a smile. It struck him now rather as an effulgence:

"The name will do for the present. You and I are still within the sphere of mortal thought—you, of course, more than I; but we shall work away from it."

Among the many questions Berkeley Noone was eager to ask, one presented itself as most pressing to his curiosity. It stood for years of speculation, wonder and hope.

"Then," he began, still timidly, "you're really able to come back and be with us—here in my room?"

There was a repetition of what seemed to him an effulgence.

"You must remember that what you call your room is only a phase of mortal consciousness. It's one of the expedients by which the Man of Dust makes use of his limitations. Being finite himself he can think only in terms of spaces and walls and tables and chairs, which he sees to stand for other ideas as soon as he begins to see at all. What you've said of the new light makes a very good illustration."

"But that's only the illusion of a dying man."

"It's more than that. It's the point by which your waking thought catches on to actuality. What you've seen in your picture hitherto has not been what was there; it was what the Man of Dust put there as the best he could do. It's been a sheet of white paper with some printing in black; but it was as much as the eye of Dust could see. Your mind, on the other hand, got hold of the immortal conception when your mortal vision was blind to it."

"And by the immortal conception you mean ——"

"We'll see that if we go back to your picture. Jesus spoke of Himself as the Light of the World; but He never meant that He was such a light as mortal discovery draws from electricity. He was a light in consciousness. As a light in consciousness He has appeared to every generation since He uttered the words. As a light in consciousness the artist saw Him, even though he himself couldn't get beyond canvas and paint. But it was the light in consciousness that appealed to the engraver who copied the work, and through him to you. The engraver was trying to give you some of that light, and some of it you got. Now you're getting more of it. You haven't it all, by any means; but you can see for yourself that you've made a long step forward from paper and ink. You'll find that ever to be making new and beautiful discoveries, and yet never to exhaust them, is one of the joys of the new condition."

Berkeley Noone returned to the point he had raised before.

"What interests me most is that the departed can really come back ——"

A ripple in the effulgence might have corresponded to laughter.

"But there are no departed. Absence and presence are states of consciousness. When you've learned more of infinity you'll see that it's so. I've been with you ever since what you called my

He Had Preached to Others, and Warned Them, and Consoled Them

Continued on Page 45)

Shoes for Cautious Buyers

New Facts All Should Know

NOW more than ever must the public concern itself with what materials shoes are made of. War-time substitutes for leather are many. Imitations are cleverly concealed.

So caution bids you for your self-protection to ask for shoes that are made of all-leather.

Selz Shoes are built of all-leather notwithstanding that substitutes, if we would use them, would save us thousands of dollars per year.

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Nothing can equal good leather for wear. And nothing can conform to the shape of the foot so comfortably.

In Selz Shoes you will always find the newest style creations. And you will receive many valuable improvements in construction and fit.

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Thirty thousand stores are showing Selz modes for Spring and Summer. Go to your dealer's and ask to see them.

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SELZ, Chicago and Pittsburgh

Style Designers and Makers of All-Leather Shoes for Men, Women and Children

10 Factories and 30,000 Dealers in all parts of America and Overseas

(Continued from Page 43)

death, and you've been with me." There was here new matter for surprise.

"I've been with you? I confess I don't understand ——"

"You've been with me in the sense in which a sleeping man is with the waking one who sits beside him and watches. You've been dreaming of me ——"

"I've been thinking of you—a good deal—if that's what you mean."

"The expression will pass. And, as we've been so much in each other's thoughts, I happen to be the one with whom you can most easily come into touch, now that ——"

"But I don't see you."

"You don't see me partly because, if I may go on using mortal terms, you've never seen anything in your life." Before a protest could be expressed, the voice continued: "Though the Man of Dust knows he never sees anything farther off than a reflection on the retina of the eye of Dust—a reflection turned upside down, and which he has always to be correcting mentally—he rarely stops to consider that. He talks of seeing; he persuades himself that he sees. Knowing that, strictly speaking, you were blind, you, nevertheless, taught yourself to think that a mere reflection was Edward Angel, when, as a matter of fact, I was something else."

"If you were something else—what were you?"

"You'll know that as you go on. At present let me say that I was not the short-sighted fellow, with a limp, who played the organ at St. Thomas'. He was the illusion of the Man of Dust. He saw me, he made me see myself, with infirmities that never existed, except in the mind of Dust."

"But even the mind of Dust, as you call it, can take cognizance of ——"

"It can take cognizance of nothing but in corrupting facts and disfiguring them. The Man of Dust has no faculty for understanding things as they are, otherwise than remotely."

It suited Berkeley Noone to argue, since the process dulled his anticipation of the last event. It annoyed him somewhat that the bases of existence, as he had always conceived of it, should be so radically called into question. He seized, therefore, on what seemed to him an admission.

"But, remotely, your Man of Dust can understand?"

"Doesn't your present experience answer that? You have seen the Light of the World as clearly as it could be transmitted to you through canvas and paint or through paper and ink. Now you're looking at it more nearly as it is."

"But you allow that I've seen it already to some degree?"

"If you hadn't seen it already to some degree you wouldn't be getting this fuller conception of it now. Light is one of the most radiant symbols we have for God; and all through the ages of time men have loved darkness. Those who love darkness must go on in darkness till they win out to a glimmer of perception. Those who love Light inherit it. There are no leaps and bounds in life. What mortals call death takes them where it finds them—as every day and hour does the same. If through the mortal years you hadn't been working away from mortality ——"

"I should still be seeing in the Light of the World no more than the engraver could show me. I shouldn't have reached what you call the immortal conception. I think I follow you." He harked back to the consideration he thought not to have been fully met. "And yet I don't understand why, if I can see the Light of the World, I can't, for example, see you."

"Aren't you still keeping too close to dust conceptions? Aren't you forgetting that in the dust condition you were blind? You never got beyond your own eyeball. You never really saw a person or an object of any kind. Before you could think so, you had to learn a whole series of dust conventions. You had to be taught shapes and colors and distances and comparative sizes, and come to an agreement with other Men of Dust that a bed was a bed and a chair was a chair, when in reality you didn't know what they were."

"I knew a chair was a chair by sitting in it, and that a bed was a bed by lying down."

"Did you? What are you lying in now?"

"Am I not lying in my ——"

But the sentence died on his lips. When he sought for his bed, with its pillows and its sheets, he found something else.

"Well?"

The word was accompanied by a renewal of the quiver of amusement in the radiance.

Berkeley Noone answered very slowly:

"My bed—seems to be—a wonderful—comforting—sustaining—knowledge that—that I am—supported."

"And isn't that what I told you at first—that it's positively a fact that underneath are the everlasting arms? The Man of Dust takes these eternal truths and makes them temporary, material, destructible. For inexhaustible sustenance, protection and supply he uses as his symbols trivial things, like tables and beds and walls and floors, and food to eat and money to spend. In the very act of yearning for the actual he contents himself with a falsification, just as a child who grasps at the moon can be satisfied with a tinseled toy. Sight, which is an attribute of Infinite Intelligence, he locates in a blind material physique; and, even while admitting his mistake, he goes on making it."

Berkeley Noone endeavored to show the mortal impulse as less culpable than it was represented.

"And yet we Men of Dust, as you call us, admit that we see with the intelligence. We don't merely speak of seeing with the eye. One of our commonest expressions is, I see!—as applied to comprehension."

"Which goes to prove what I've been telling you. The Man of Dust is rarely without some gleam of true understanding. It has to be remembered that the mist which, as mortals saw for themselves in the book of Genesis, went up from the earth is less dense in some places than it is in others; that the deep sleep which fell on Adam is a restless sleep. At times the Man of Dust is haunted by nightmare; he exists in a delirium of terror and pain. At times he is so nearly awake as to catch a glimpse of the blissful and peaceful reality. In his music, for instance, and all his arts; in goodness and all high thoughts; in love and compassion, and learning and knowledge, and every honest pursuit, he sees some ray of that reality which you're beginning to perceive as you never did before; and he strains toward it."

"So that when a man says I see!—in the sense that he understands—he puts himself on a higher plane than when he merely tells himself he sees with the physical senses."

"You must be getting that conviction for yourself. It must be growing plainer to you that mortal intelligence is less deceptive than the mortal senses. The mortal eye, like everything else that is made of dust, is poorly adapted to its purposes. Assuming that it ever sees more than an inverted reflection, its range is still limited; and within that range it is subject to a thousand errors and infirmities. The mortal intelligence, being nearer akin to actual Intelligence, is less liable to error, even though it errs. Man only sees when he sees altogether through the mind; and it is in mind only that I shall see you and you will see me."

▼

BERKELEY NOONE withdrew from communication with his invisible companion in order to assimilate some of these ideas. In his effort to cling to his faculties, as he called it, he put it plainly to himself that he was in a state betwixt reality and dreamland. The very clarity of his mind was like that produced by some mighty stimulant. It was one of the phases of dying he had heard about; but it was at least a pleasant phase, putting the evil moment a little further off. Meantime he watched his wife and children with renewed perplexity.

It puzzled him that, while he was lying at the very point of death, they should apparently be going and coming on errands not directly connected with himself.

A few minutes ago his wife was holding his right hand and Phil his left.

Each of the others was watching him, as he was watching them, with eyes of piteous farewell. He might have supposed that, for the rest of the time he stayed with them, they would have no other preoccupation.

But now they seemed bent on obeying some lord who was not death. Moreover, in the Light of the World, they continued to undergo a transfiguration he could neither describe nor define. They were themselves but themselves glorified. Emily was again the dryad of their youthful days; but a dryad with ways of light and tenderness he had never known her to possess. Each of the children was bathed in the same beautifying radiance. He knew them—and yet he didn't know them. All he could affirm of them exactly was that his doubts and worryings and disappointments on account of them were past. He felt what Angel had just been telling him, that he was waking from some troubled dream on their behalf. The boys were not sordid; Beatrice was not willful; Constantia was not a renegade to her God. That he should ever have thought so began to seem to him incomprehensible.

Angel spoke, as if there had been no interruption:

"It's because mortals never see each other, except as wearing grotesque masks, behind which the true and normal features are hidden. The Dream Man may catch the shadow of God's Man; but he never beholds him as he is. He invents another Dream Man. The Dream Man is to God's Man no more than the reflection in the hollow of a silver spoon to the face it is supposed to give back."

He Had Never Ceased to See in Her the Timid, Wild-Eyed Nymph of a Thing Who Had Incarnated for Him All That Was Poetry in the Year When He Was Twenty-Eight

Once more Berkeley Noone was quick to seize a point that made for mortal reality:

"But there is a face there."

"Oh, yes; there is a face there. The Man of Dust never creates anything. He only takes what God has created and distorts it. His senses have about the same degree of accuracy as wind-swept water, which shows the objects standing above it not only upside down but quivering, broken—a succession of shadows that appear and disappear and reappear, and have no stability."

"But your Man of Dust has intelligence; he has power. Look at his development through the ages; look at his discoveries, his inventions, his mastery of the elements."

"You mean that he has his approaches to actuality. True! There are spots where he so penetrates the mist that it grows very thin. His great advances are in the direction of truth. His use of steam, of electricity, of the Hertzian waves, brings him nearer to things as they are; and so nearer to God. It's one of his limitations that he can only think of coming nearer to God ethically. He sees God in his relation to moral right and wrong, and he hardly ever sees him in any other way. He practically never takes the telephone, for instance, or the motor car, as his demonstration of God's power. He looks upon them as his own discoveries or inventions, having nothing to do with God; and so directs his advantages not to good ends but to evil."

While Berkeley Noone was considering a response to this, Angel's voice, after a brief pause, went on:

"How are the Children of Dust making use of the knowledge they've gained during the last fifty years of their counting? Is it to help each other? Is it to benefit themselves? Is it to make the world happier, or more peaceful, or more prosperous? Haven't they taken all their new resources, all their increased facilities, all their approximations to Truth, all their approaches to God—the things which belonged to their peace, as Jesus of Nazareth called them—and made them instruments of mutual destruction? Aren't they straining their ingenuity to devise undreamed-of methods for doing each other harm?

"You think me harsh toward them; but can you consider for a moment their colossal stupidity and not be harsh? Isn't it fair to say of the carnal mind that its promptest use of a blessing is to turn it into a curse? Is there any good thing that it has not, at one time or another, so perverted that it becomes difficult to see what useful end it was meant to serve? Isn't it a fact that the most beautiful things in mortal existence—the love of husband and wife, for instance, or the affection of parent and child—are so wrested by the carnal mind from the purposes for which they were ordained that they become the causes of misery?"

Berkeley Noone having reluctantly admitted this, the quiet voice pursued its line of reasoning:

"The best that can be said of the carnal point of view is that it doesn't last. The Man of Dust is fully aware that he has only a brief day. From the beginning he foresees his end. Dust he is, and to dust he must return. He can pervert the facts for no more than three score years and ten, or four score years—or a hundred years at most. Knowing that, he keeps his worst error in reserve."

"And his worst error is ——"

"The invention of death."

"Ah, but is death an invention? Isn't it the most real of all realities? Here am I, a dying man ——"

"Everything is real to which we lend reality. It has just the reality we lend to it. The Man of Dust persuades himself that his return to his natural nothingness is the most fearful form of destruction. He frightens his children into the belief that, with the passing of delusion, something vital in them ends. He calls into existence a hundred bogies—a future life, another world, a Hades, a purgatory, a hell. Even of a heaven he turns the lofty spiritual imagery of John, in the Revelation, into a tedious, useless materiality. He stops at nothing that will add terror to man's blessed waking from his night of phantasms. You yourself were probably not free from some alarms, any more than I."

The thought that had been forming in Berkeley Noone's mind now burst from him with extreme intensity of awe:

"But am I—am I—dead?"

Again there was that dancing of the radiance which might have represented laughter.

"How can you be dead when there is no death? Do you think yourself dead?"

He sought another way of putting it:

"Then—then—has the great change taken place?"

"There's been no great change to take place—for you. All your life you've been

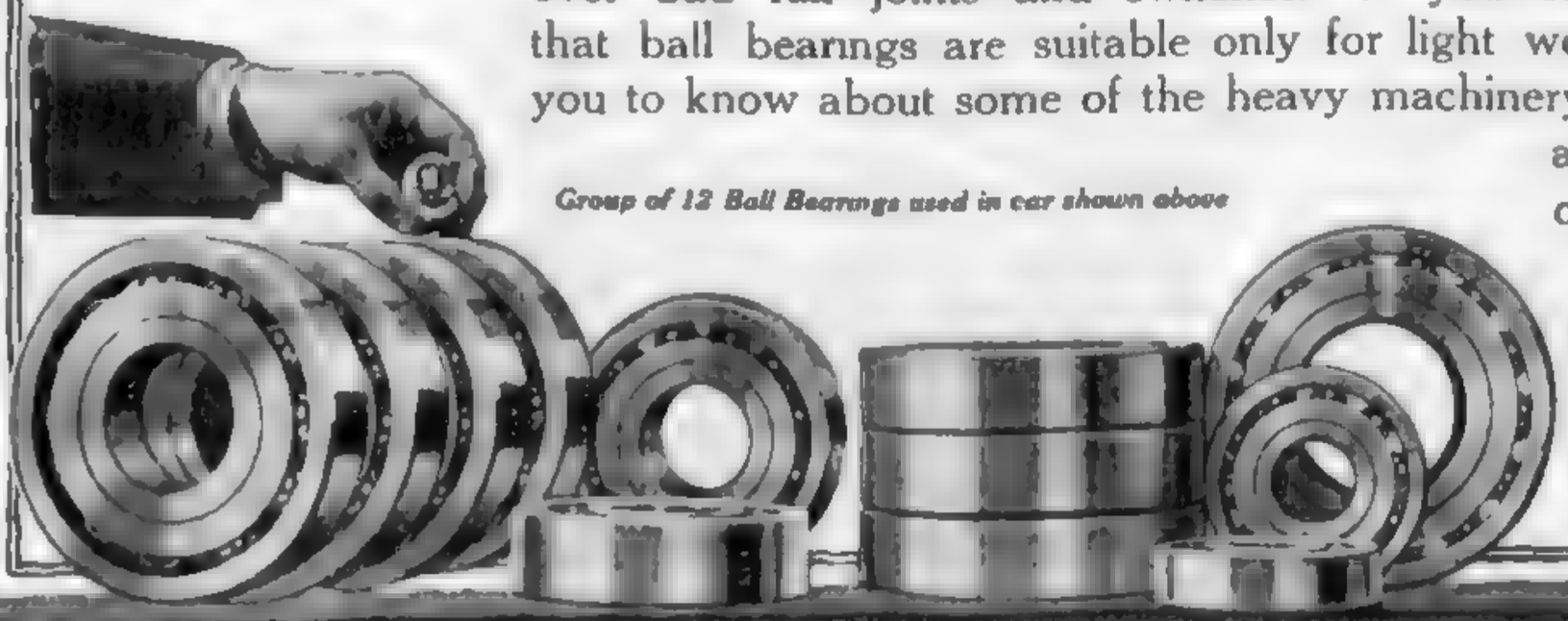
(Concluded on Page 47)

Hundreds of Cars on Ball Bearing Axles

The picture shows one of the new Safety cars at Tampa. This style of car has proved so successful that hundreds of cars identically like this one have been ordered for use in more than forty cities in twenty-two different states. In all the history of railroading no type of passenger car has ever been built in such quantities as this.

GURNEY
BALL BEARINGS

are used in the motors and on the main axles of every one of these cars. Ball Bearings have proved that they can carry the whole weight of the car and its load with the additional pounding they get when the wheels go over bad rail joints and switches. If you still have the idea that ball bearings are suitable only for light work, it will interest you to know about some of the heavy machinery that is now operating successfully on ball bearings.



Group of 12 Ball Bearings used in car shown above

Gurney Ball Bearing Co.
Conrad Patent Licensee
Jamestown, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 45)

doing your best to throw off mortality; and now you're succeeding. That's all! As for a great change—well, that's for those who still remain in the mortal state. They are saying you're dead; but you best know whether you are or not."

In the enlarged consciousness, amazement struggled with relief. It was the latter that triumphed as he asked incredulously:

"But is it—is it—over?"

"Haven't you been looking for a shock, when life, as we know it, has nothing but sweet and gentle transitions?"

Berkeley Noone was still unable to convince himself.

"But how can I be"—unable to find any other, he used the word again—"how can I be dead when I'm still in my room, with my family?"

"You mean that you haven't fully abandoned your mortal point of view. That will come by degrees. Even as it is, you see some things differently, don't you?"

This could not be denied. As Berkeley Noone looked about him—if looking was the word—he began to note a transmutation of all the things with which he had been familiar. It was true of them, as of the members of his family, that they were the same, yet not the same. If he could have found words to describe his new perceptions he would have said that he was getting to the inner essence of objects of which he had hitherto known but the surfaces. Mortal symbols had, on the whole, been well enough, so far as they went; they had only been inadequate. They had been inadequate and, as he found himself able to observe, unsatisfying. They had been unsatisfying because they brought tremendous truths down to the temporary or the trivial.

He found himself moving about the well-known chamber. Everything was round him that he had known of old; objects he had once possessed but had lost or otherwise parted with seemed also to be his again; and yet each thing was there with a significance he had never supposed to be inherent in workaday bits of furniture. He had already seen his bed melt into a knowledge of support; his armchair was now an assurance of rest, with its complement of strength.

Where there had been his bedroom desk, with papers and pens, and the paraphernalia of a busy life, there was the promise of activity. The floor became a sense of the solidity of his new condition; and the wall a guaranty of privacy, of independence, of a place for him as an individual in an infinite world of work.

Whatever had been matter he saw as thought; but thought which, nevertheless, projected a new type of objectivity. The rugs were thoughts; the pictures were thoughts; each tiny trifle, useful or useless, as the case might be, represented some eternal, indestructible idea. A few rows of books, some of which he had not taken from their shelves for years, were a thronging variety of thoughts, glowing, glorious, crowding each other, and yet making room for each other, like jewels in a treasury or flowers in a field.

It was his bedroom. He had no doubt of that. It was the intimate environment his needs and tastes had created, and which expressed him. But it was to be his forever. It was not a spot he had been allowed to love and permitted to rest in, and from which he was to be torn away. There had been no such futility to life; no such lack of purpose in its development. What he had gathered he was to keep; what he had cared for he was to continue to enjoy. The dear familiar things that the Man of Dust had told him could be his but for a little while were to abide with him—not only as the medium through which his spirit had worked outward, but as an earnest of security.

He could hardly tell by what means he apprehended this, or whether the physical senses were still at his command or not. He could not have said whether sight and hearing had become amplified, or whether they had yielded to some higher method of perception. He was like a newborn child, so abundantly endowed with gifts that as yet he is incapable of appraising any one of them. He could only perceive—and enjoy. He could only enjoy—and delight in the knowledge that he was beyond the range of vicissitude.

Love and its blessings were not to be snatched away from him. The past, with its ties and its kindly, simple associations, had not been lived through in vain. He was not to be wrenched from them abruptly, or sent to strange spiritual countries, where even the highest pleasures would be alien. He was merely living on; living on with heightened powers, doubtless, and with a more exact valuation of men and things—but living on.

It ceased to be a question in his mind as to whether he was still within his room or not, because space, as he had known it, no longer had significance. Words like "where" and "when" began to give up their meaning. That which was vital to the past being his forever, conditions of time and place did not arise. All the taxed and tired recesses of his being, so worn with the struggle against chance and change and mortal fear, could rest.

"After all," Angel answered to these reflections, "rest is humanity's primary craving. It asserts itself above all demands for joy or power. Just as the infant's capacity for sleep is beyond any other of its functions, so to those emerging from mortality the mere knowledge of safety is a reason for taking that perfect, delicious repose which the Man of Dust never permits to himself or to his children. It isn't sleep, for the reason that the true mind never has to relax. But not to have to be afraid any more! . . . Never again to have to worry or be anxious, or to fret oneself! . . . He who comes where at last he sees this finds nothing so blissful as just to rest and rejoice."

So Berkeley Noone rejoiced and rested. It was occupation enough, it was happiness enough, to be getting the true meaning of his past. The knowledge that life was not the fleeting thing it had always been described to him, that it had everlasting values, was in itself a satisfaction of which his spirit took long drafts. All that was good and useful and honest and well-intentioned remained as a perpetual inheritance. He returned to the fact again and again. There was only one life, as Angel had told him; there was only one world. No sudden transplanting made a shadow of the one, and no violent breaking-off a monstrosity of the other. He lived and saw; he lived and knew; he saw and knew and lived. He lived with the old things he had always lived with, discovering only their full uses; he lived with the old ties, learning only their stability and permanence; he lived with the old duties, perceiving only that as he would fulfill them thenceforth in higher ways they would lead to higher issues.

And as he thought of higher issues another question arose in his mind. It was a startling question:

"If I'm dead, why don't I—see God?"

Angel's voice replied, as though the words had been actually spoken:

"Aren't you seeing him?"

"Why, no!"

"Why not? What did you expect to see?"

Before this simple inquiry Berkeley Noone was dumb. When he tried to formulate his hope it was brokenly.

"I've always understood that—that I should be taken before the Great White Throne; and that, high and lifted up ——"

"You'd see a supernal Man, or three supernal Men, taking great delight in an adoring chorus from a white-robed throng?" A pause preceded the next words, like a pause of reflection. "'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life,'" the unseen companion quoted. "There have been few for whom John didn't write the book of his Revelation quite in vain. It has been the conviction of the Man of Dust that if he didn't see a reflection turned upside down on the retina of dust he didn't see at all. He has persuaded himself that he lives in a world where God is invisible, when, as a matter of fact, even he, with his dust limitations, is always seeing him."

"Oh, but I haven't been always seeing him," Berkeley Noone began to plead. "If I had ——"

"You've been seeing him and you didn't know it. Go back to what we said as to sight being not the action of a temporary optic nerve but essentially the power to understand. We see God by what we understand of him; we understand him by his attributes: and we measure his attributes by their beauty and goodness and practicality. Wherever there has been a blessing for you to enjoy, you've seen God. Whenever love has cheered you or kindness helped you, you've seen God. In sunrise and sunset and moonlight and starlight, and trees and fields and harvest and flowers and ice and snow and air, and health and beauty, and generosity and friendship, and all that gives pleasure to existence, you've seen God. He hasn't been invisible. There is not one world in which God is seen and another world in which he is not. There is not a life with God and another life away from him. There is only one world, and God fills it; there is only one life, to which God is All-in-All."

"And yet we speak of the Unseen ——"

"The Man of Dust speaks of it; and, to make him understand, it may sometimes be necessary to employ his terms. He has other such expressions, too, in his vocabulary. He has a beyond the veil, and a beyond the clouds, and a beyond the tomb, and a dozen other misleading tokens. But there is no Beyond. There is only a universal Here! There is only an ever-present Now! 'No man hath ascended up to heaven,'" Angel quoted again, "'but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.' To the true Son of man, who is also the true Son of God, heaven is not another world or an afterworld; it's the only world. It's a state of consciousness he never leaves and of which he never loses the assurances. He has the highest authority for knowing that in it his 'angels do always behold the face of his Father.'"

"His angels—yes; but that doesn't necessarily mean Himself."

"Doesn't it? What are angels? Aren't they messengers? Aren't they messages? And haven't you always been sending your messages and messengers straight to him? In yearnings and prayers and aspirations and hopes, and a thousand other impulses of your being, what have you been doing but sending troops of your angels to see his face? Abandon the inverted reflection on the mortal retina as a necessity for sight—and you see him at once."

"So you would say that in my present more accurate knowledge of things as they are ——"

"You are seeing God as you've always seen him, even though not so radiantly as now. What more remains is not for me to say, since I am doing only that much myself. All I can affirm is what Jesus of Nazareth affirmed, that to know God is eternal life, and that they who possess even the rudiments of that knowledge shall never and can never die. What the end of that knowledge shall be surpasses our capacity to guess at, as God himself surpasses it. For the present we are the inheritors of love, joy and peace; and in proportion as we have them—whatever the stage of our progress out of material beliefs—we see at least the fringe of the robe of him whose qualities they are."

Thus, to Berkeley Noone the Vision of God began to unfold itself. He was seeing where he had supposed himself blind; he was blind in ways in which he thought he had seen. Hymns of praise broke from him spontaneously—not in set phrases, nor with what he had hitherto called melody, nor with singing of the voice; but in an irrepressible gratitude. That nothing of the past was wasted was the theme of his ever-recurring song. To see evil pass into nothingness in the degree to which dust theories were shaken off was like emerging into sunlit air after existence underground. Once he beheld the unity of life, the unity of purpose, the unity of good, his being became incense, viol and harp, and he was ready to cast his crown before the Throne, saying:

"'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.'"

And within the vision of God he saw his wife and children—always busied in ways he didn't understand; always occupied on errands that had nothing to do with him. It was not continuously that he saw them, and it was not near, and it was not all together. They came to him singly, or in groups, or in glimpses. Such communication as he could hold with them was chiefly in a sense of well-being and of mutual love.

"You'll come closer to them by degrees," he was informed by his guide. "It's a matter of perception. All things will be possible in the measure in which you free yourself from mortal restrictions."

"But what are they doing?"

"They're about their Father's business, as you and I are."

The answer both rejoiced and troubled him.

"I'm afraid they were not—or they weren't wholly ——"

"When you as a Dream Man saw them as other Dream Men? No! But the Dream Man always misinterprets. The Children of Dust see each other as lying and cheating and hating and killing, and given over to every kind of wickedness and frightfulness. That is the inversion of what they are actually doing as the Children of Light. What puzzles you is that, in throwing off the dream, you are seeing those who are dear to you not as you supposed them to be, but as they are. Each one of them is doing his Father's business, positively and always, no matter what grotesque or hideous perversion the dream consciousness may try to fix on him. In the Reality there is no thwarting of the Almighty, even though mortals pride themselves on being able to do it." He added, gently and yet joyously: "Great is the mystery of being!"

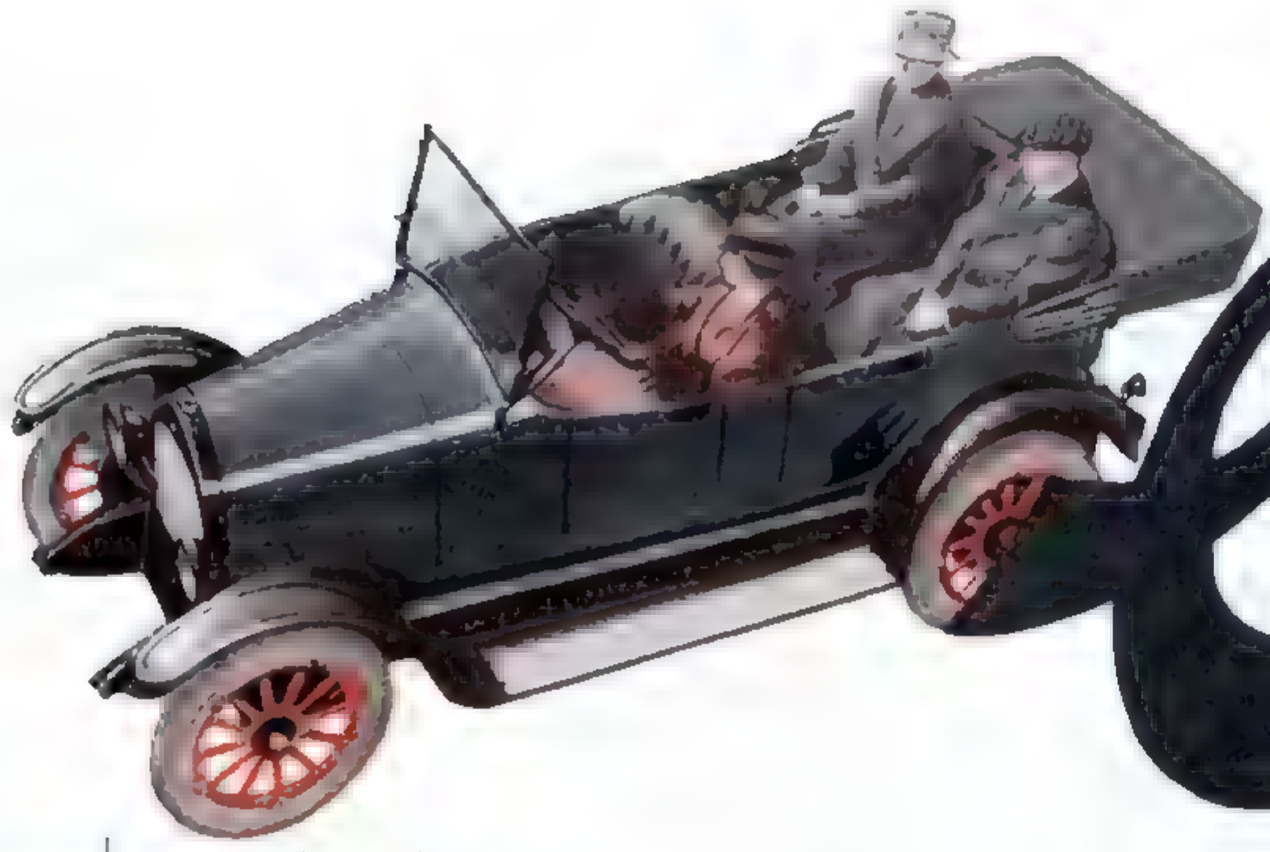
"'And great is the mystery of godliness,'" the other quoted, in his turn.

"And wonderful is it to emerge from darkness and half lights into the daylight of the Sun of Righteousness."

"But blessed," Berkeley Noone went on fervently, "are they who, in half lights and darkness, are able to see that they shall emerge quietly, simply, naturally—and not be violently thrust into glories or terrors they cannot understand.

"More blessed are they who learn to live in God as in the One Vast Certainty—which created everyone, and supplies everyone, and upholds everyone, and defends everyone, and loves everyone; and does it all with unlimited intelligence and might—'to whom be glory and dominion forever and ever.'"

"Amen! and Amen!"



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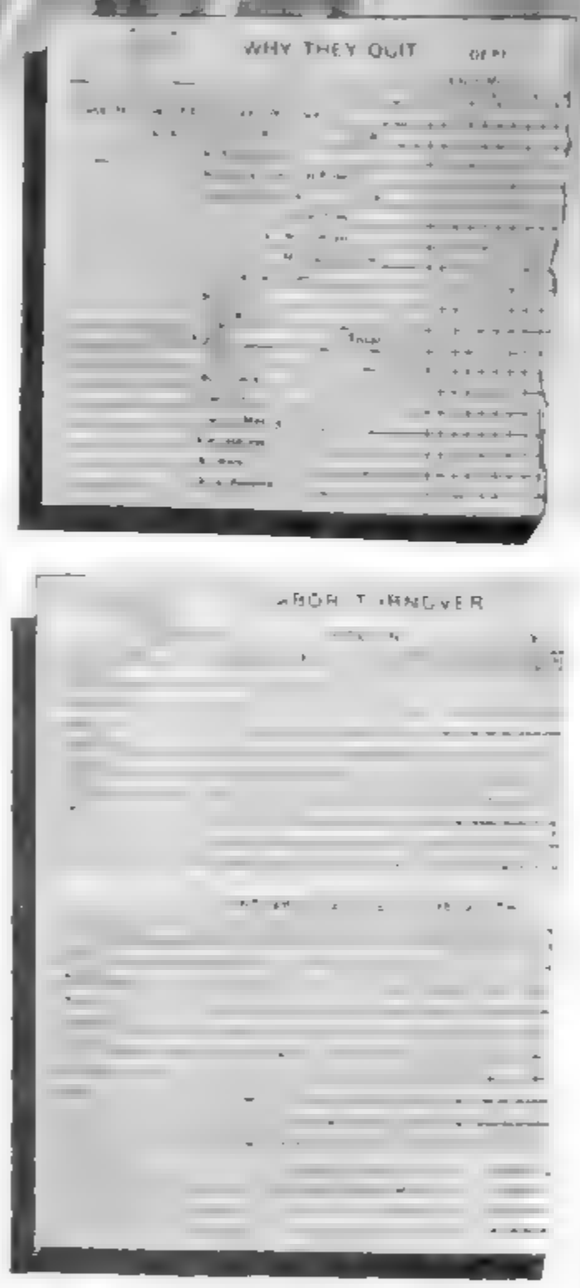

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From Rumania to Japan in Wartimes

By R. G. PERKINS

JASSY, the little, overcrowded capital of Rumania, for the past three months the headquarters of the American Red Cross Mission, was all astir. Troops were coming in all the time, and the big palace we were just opening as a hospital had been requisitioned for them.

The Russians were retiring from the Front, making threats against the king, and it looked as if the whole group of French, English and Americans, some twelve hundred in all, might have to leave in order to avoid being taken prisoners. We had a hospital of five hundred beds near the Front, with a staff of American doctors and nurses, and though my work was done and I was overdue at home, the possibilities of a sudden departure of the Russians had made it impossible to go. The armistice was under discussion and its terms unknown, and the situation was critical.

If the Russians went on retiring and made a separate peace, in which Rumania did not take part, it would be out of the question to hold all the Front, and the Rumanians would have to retire or be surrounded in the untenable salient in which their abandonment by the Russians would leave them. But on this Sunday morning in early December things had changed. Rumania decided to join in the armistice, which would put off the decision for some weeks, and General P——, the chief of the king's staff, called me round and said that there was no reason for staying longer. There was an atmosphere of deep gloom, for it looked like the beginning of the end, but there was nothing to be done about it; so I said my farewells and got ready to go.

It was easier to get ready than to get out. Rumania, nestled in a corner between Bulgaria and Austria, with Russia, nominal ally but actually hated more than Germany, covering the flanks, was the farthest place from home that one could imagine. The only way to start was via Petrograd, and transportation was in a state of disorder almost unbelievable.

When the People Rule

Practically all the coal for Russian railroads comes from the Cossack country beyond the Don, and just now this area was quite out of sympathy with the rest of Russia, and so little coal was available that there was never more than two days' supply ahead. There is little wood in Southern Russia, so that, as coal was a necessity, there was no assurance that after a train started it would be able to reach the next fuel station; in fact, on that very Sunday there were no trains out of Rumania because there was no coal for the engines. From Jassy one single-track line leads into Russia, passing far to the southeast nearly to Odessa, where it meets the main double-track line from Odessa to Moscow.

One train a day leaves Jassy, at five in the afternoon, composed of ordinary coaches and fourth or soldier class cars labeled "For six horses or thirty-five men." One of the ordinary coaches, called the staff car, is reserved for officers traveling to and from the staff headquarters at Mohileff, which is west of Moscow and on the direct line along the Front. One could pay for tickets for numbered seats in the other cars, but if you had a ticket you had to be present when the train came in and keep the seat by sitting in it, with the assurance that if you departed for a moment it would also depart, and your place would know you no more. In the staff car a certain amount of order had so far been maintained, and a guard of soldiers kept out the ticketless until after the train started; but after that others crept in and roosted in the aisles.

Recently this safety of the staff car had been rudely jarred. Just two days ago the "Tavarishi," or Comrades, had thrown out all the passengers in the staff car, including the family of General Tscherbatchev, commander of the Russian forces in Rumania, and had gone off with the car. This lent a pleasing uncertainty to the purchase of tickets, but on the other hand, if you cared to take a chance on these things, now was the time to start; in fact, it was the temporary unpopularity of the staff car that allowed our party of four to get started.

Let those accustomed to the purchase of a sleeper ticket in America, with all that it includes, take notice of the difference. Blankets for the night, food for the day, and a kettle for getting hot water for the tea—these one must carry oneself. This is due to the present state of Russia. The railroad is owned by the Russian Government. The people are now the government, and therefore own the railroads. Soldiers in uniform are entitled to free transportation in the third and fourth class cars; and since the soldiers are the people and own the trains, why should the possession of a little more money allow others to use the first and second class?

With this logic every available space is filled by soldiers going or coming, often with no particular idea of their destination. They fill the aisles, the platforms, the toilets, and in spite of unsuitable weather crowd upon the roofs, where they dance up and down to keep their feet warm.

There are no diners now except on the Trans-Siberian, and the soldiers nearest the door have the first chance at the station buffets. The food at these buffets is limited and first come is first served. Here again, while in peacetime one used the first and second class or third and fourth class buffets according to the tickets held, the soldier on his basis of socialism prefers the first and second to those of his own group. Strange to say, in spite of the demand and of the certainty of selling out all food, no matter what the prices, there is no attempt to gouge the traveler, and the amount charged, though high, is eminently reasonable. Sugar and butter are conspicuous by their absence, and the quality of the bread varies according to the cereal crop in that district.

At every station is the *kespyatok*, or boiler, under which a fire is kept going constantly to supply hot water for the tea, without which no Russian meal is complete; and lines are formed at once for the precious fluid, which is brought back to the car and used for making tea. With these things in mind we took a variety of food, including chocolate for ourselves and as a peacemaker in time of need, for the Russian has a very sweet tooth.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we set out from the office in a luxurious limousine, formerly the property of one of the notables of the place but now requisitioned for public use, and hooted and shrieked our way through the crowded streets of Jassy.

With a population of 300,000 in a town of normally 80,000, with the little, narrow, crooked streets of European cities developed before the automobile, with sidewalks not sufficient at best, the pedestrians overflowed the walks and flooded the streets, so that someone was constantly on the point of killing a general or a beggar—and succeeded every once in a while.

A City of Color

The picture was extraordinarily varied. Uniforms were of all sorts and nationalities, and gayer here than at the Fronts, for in the scarcity of clothing all the old uniforms that were too good targets are being used, so that one sees the old scarlet and gold of the French, the light blues and yellows of the Rumanians, the red stripes of the British mixed with the flat colors of wartimes. The disappearing blues of the Rumanian and French service uniforms; the mud color of the Russians, with occasional brighter service clothes of English and Americans; the gay colors of the women, who have worn out their workaday suits and have to go about in gala attire, with low shoes and silk stockings even in the cold of winter; and the solemn and musty blacks and browns of the civilians—formed with the others a continual kaleidoscope of color under the bright winter sun.

There was every sort of headgear, from the tame and expressionless derby and high hat of the male civilian and the flowered and furred head covering of the women to the wild Cossack and Caucasian caps, with wool often one and a half to two inches long waving in the winds.

Russian and Rumanian patrols armed to the teeth, their guns equipped either with broad, thick bayonets or with very long, thin ones, which give one a creepy feeling in the stomach merely to look at, all with steel helmets on their heads, patrolled the streets, but they never seemed to be doing anything else. In the shopping districts flocks of sidewalk venders, bootblacks and paper boys added to the confusion. Many shops are closed, and the empty windows or corrugated-iron shutters stare blankly at the passer-by. Where they are still open there is a brave show in the window, but a pitiful supply inside, and many are closed except for an hour or so every day.

Cleaving our way through these waves of humanity we turned down the hill to the station, both sidewalks filled to overflowing with streams of people going and coming.

At present the incomers are mainly Rumanians and the outgoers Russians. The lower part of the street is lined with photograph booths, where a last picture may be taken for those left behind; and booths with shoe laces, buttons, strips of tinder for the ubiquitous tinder box—matches being almost off the market—repair materials for uniforms, and sweets of a rather terrible-looking type with a heavy basis of flour or starch and a heavy price. The station square was formerly well cared for, with a fountain and gardens, but now it is completely filled with the structures and débris resultant from the war.

Along one side are the buildings where all wounded are washed and disinfected before admission to the local hospital. In the gardens is a large Russian canteen, where tea and bread are constantly on sale, and where such small and unconsidered trifles as the Russian soldier can pick up in the country are for sale to the city dwellers. The smell and the dirt are appalling here, but the relations of the Russians and Rumanians are such that the latter can do nothing with regard to the cleaning up of the place short of a pitched battle.

Typhus Easy to Get

We passed through the dense crowd and entered the station, used as a dormitory by Russian soldiers on the way to somewhere or with no other warm place. They are asleep everywhere, either on the stone floor or on their bundles, and it is necessary to clasp one's garments close to avoid the crawling lice which are in evidence on all the sleepers.

A charm is added to the trip when one knows that it is these lice that carry the dreaded typhus fever, which caused at least one hundred thousand deaths in Rumania in the winter of 1916.

There is a mixed smell of chloride of lime and unwashed humanity, and one hurries through to the platform. The train is long and mainly composed of the fourth-class cars, "for six horses or thirty-five men"—nothing but ordinary freight cars with three tiers of bunks and a small, high, never-opened window at either end, and with the winter addition of a small wood stove. In general, at this time there were at least forty or forty-five in each car, on the bunks at various levels and on the floor. One third-class car, one first-and-second-class car, and the staff car—also of the mixed second-and-first class—made up the daily train.

The two cars first mentioned were already so crowded that they resembled a New York subway car at the rush hour, but this was to be a trip measured in days and not minutes.

The staff car was filled, all but our places—which were in the second-class section—four berths forming a compartment, but with the aisle end open, and also open overhead into the next compartments.

Three such groups and two closed first-class coupés, with two berths each, made up the car, so that in the second-class sections there was place for twelve persons. When the train started there were twenty-nine, including the men and women in the aisles, eighty per cent smoking, and all ventilators closed.

About an hour late we got under way and bumped out over the plains to the Pruth, which separates Rumania from Bessarabia, which is now owned by Russia though in the main peopled by Rumanians. It took us rather less than two hours to make the thirty miles to the border station and the first buffet. If one leaves the seats unguarded he is apt to find them well occupied at his return; so we went out in relays and got food. It was a striking comment on the relation of transportation to food supply that whereas in Jassy we had been without an issue of meat for more than a week, here we got meat, potatoes, bread and tea for two rubles and a half, or about twenty-five cents at the present rate of exchange.

Many more got on here and added themselves to the mass in the aisles. The air soon became solid, and we firmly opened our window amid violent protests. For people used to out-of-door life in a cold country the Russians can protest more actively against ventilation than one would believe possible.

We were polite but firm; we stated that we had paid for the compartment with all the rights and privileges thereto appertaining, and insisted on our right to live. Our evident insanity protected us, and we had the window open most of the time.

Rough Travel by Rail

Our party itself was unusual in its mixture, and very likely to cause complications in travel. Most conspicuous was a Cossack colonel from east of the Black Sea, fifty-three years old, a veteran of three wars and now a volunteer, an uncompromising adherent of the old régime, and president of the Society for the Continuation of the War. As a result he was not altogether in good odor with the government. Six feet tall and broad-shouldered, with a high Cossack headdress and with his whiskers cut in the Dundreary fashion, he had been through this war in charge of one of the Red Cross flying squadrons, which have no parallel in other armies.

They go up with their ambulances and nurses to the battle line for the wounded, and in the retreats there is nothing between them and the enemy but the cavalry covering the rear. He was attached to our Mission to arrange about bringing his flock of motor ambulances from Petrograd.

Another of the party was a young fellow of German parentage, who had lived all his life in America but had been drafted into the German Army at the beginning of the war. Hearing that America was in the war he had deserted to us and had given information of much value. It had begun to look as if his late comrades were about to come to Rumania, and he began to dream of brick walls and a line of guns facing him, so that he was escaping to Petrograd with no passport of any kind, but nominally as my orderly.

Many hours were pleasantly whiled away on the trip after we found that in two of the great Russian retreats he had been in the pursuing army and at the heels of the Cossack colonel. They fought all their battles over again, giving extraordinarily vivid pictures of the terrific conditions in the marshes and wilds of Northwestern Russia.

The third member was a young Rumanian, not an American citizen, but sent out with the Mission. It was necessary for him to leave Rumania and get to the United States, and he also had no passport of any value. In the hopes that he could get one he was going to Petrograd with the party, chaperoned by the writer, I being the only one whose papers and relations with the various governments were beyond suspicion.

After a while those who could went to sleep, but there was no silence. Four or five were always talking, eight or ten were always snoring, and the train stopped at frequent intervals. After a while I woke with a cramped feeling and found that somebody had climbed into my upper berth and gone to sleep on my feet. With great caution I got one foot loose and gently pushed him off into the aisle without waking him. He fell on those below with a crash, followed by a burst of profanity, everybody lit candles and cigarettes, and as a station was reached at that moment hot water was brought in and tea was made, it being two A. M.

This sort of thing went on until the next evening at seven, when we reached the junction for Petrograd and Odessa, where we waited until one A. M. for the train for the north. Many got off but more got on, and when we finally started the crowd was greater than ever; but by this time acquaintances had been made and certain favored

(Continued on Page 54)

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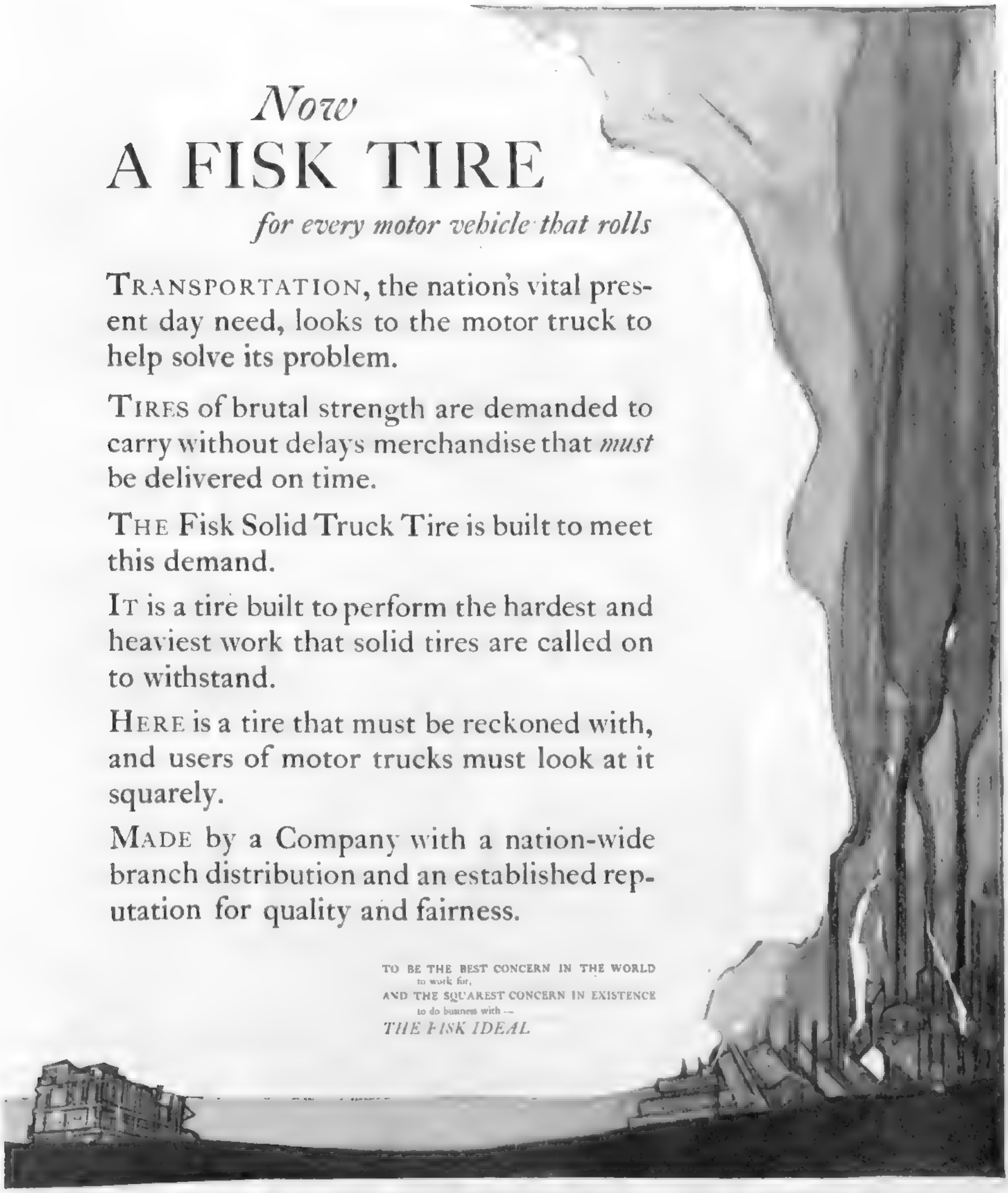

TRUCK TIRES

(Continued from Page 51)

ones were allowed to sit on the foot of the berths, so that when we went out foraging our places were protected by these free lodgers. The train crept along, stopping for half an hour or more at the various stations and for shorter intervals between stations. The speed may be guessed by comparing the trip south in September, which took eleven hours from Kieff to Jassy, with this trip over the same distance, which took seventy-two. The railroads do not run on schedules, for there are no train dispatchers. There are no automatic block signals. All depends on the station commandant. In the old days he was king, and dispatched trains either according to his telegraphic advices or on his own judgment.

Now the soldier is king and the station commandant is his slave. We took our actual time on the last thirty miles to Kieff and found the total running period was one hundred and thirty minutes and the total of stops was a hundred and five minutes.

We were certainly glad to get out, for though we did not know how we could work the last lap of the trip we thought anything was better than what we had endured. It is sometimes fortunate one cannot look ahead. This special afternoon had been selected by the Rada, or governing body of the new Ukraine Republic, to disarm the Bolsheviki, and they were doing it with the aid of machine guns, which were popping on all sides as we arrived. We were told that through passengers could not leave the station, but this did not seem any serious deprivation at the moment.

They told us that all accommodations to Petrograd had been sold for two weeks ahead, but that if we would put in applications now we might get something after that.

This sounded discouraging, but where there is a will there is a way, and if you add a suitable amount of paper money to the will the way is easy to find. The train for Petrograd on which we were to leave was providentially twelve hours late; so with the aid of porters we placed ourselves and baggage opposite the point where some of the station employees, who had been properly approached, told us a first-class car would come in. We had tickets but no place cards, and as soon as the train came in and poured out the passengers we plunged in and occupied a compartment for four just vacated by eleven soldiers.

Disputed Possession

The porters were paid and vanished; the car porter appeared, and after a brief but profitable interview he did a sketchy cleaning of the compartment, locked the end doors of the car and left us in peace. It certainly looked good—only two hours till train time, a nice compartment to ourselves and everything quiet. The colonel and I went to the station, where the buffet was so crowded that it was almost impossible to reach the counter, and the tables were entirely impossible, for seats were at such a premium that after eating one laid his head down upon the table and went to sleep; but by judicious use of a few rubles we got a place in the kitchen, where we ate in comparative peace, and also bought food for the two on the train who had been guarding our places. We got in, had a quiet smoke and congratulated ourselves.

At nine the passengers who had reserved places arrived and locked themselves in. At nine-fifteen the soldiers arrived, filled the aisles, filled the toilets, filled the platforms, climbed on the roofs, and then, as the crowd became more and more dense, demanded admission to the coupés. One after another was broken into, regardless of the protests of the inmates, and filled at the rate of four to a berth. In the next compartment to us a Russian general and his daughter, as we found later, had been permitted to roost in half of the upper berth while the rest of their coupé was filled with Tavarishi.

Every once in a while these would pound on our door and demand admission, saying that they knew we had only four there and that they would have to come in.

The door opened about four or five inches on a chain, and each time I poked my head in the opening and said firmly, "*Amerikanskie Missie.*"

This worked every time, backed by the American eagle on my passport, but it had to be repeated frequently. Near the door was a man with a high, hysterical voice who several times tried to get up a direct attack on the door, which might have resulted seriously, but every time either a station was reached or he got interested in something else and we escaped.

The crowd increased at every station. There were more than seventy in the corridor and no one could sit down. The toilets were crowded with soldiers, and the car settled down on the springs till at last these were completely out of function and the car body bumped along on the trucks with a noise that sounded like an accident not far away. Our compartment was closed for the winter. The inside window was screwed down firmly, and the ventilator in the roof did not work; indeed, it was unsafe to try to open it because those on the roof had a cheerful way of pouring things down into the compartment. There was no use in opening the door even if one had dared, for in the corridor the smell was worse than what we had inside.

Rough on Railroad Men

With the help of a jackknife the inner window was taken out, but the outer only opened for three inches at the top. This was a great disappointment, for we had hoped to get out and visit the hot-water taps and other places. There was, however, not even room for a teapot to pass through the opening. For a long night and a long day this condition lasted.

When we arrived in Mohileff it was announced that the car was broken and could go no farther. The Tavarishi plunged out and we looked at each other with horror, for the idea of moving ourselves and our stuff into a car such as this was appalling. But it is always darkest before the dawn. The colonel went out to the station commandant and, as he described it, "I cried at him, and he cried at me," and then arrived some Tavarishi, who also cried at the commandant and further stated that unless he added a car or two they would throw him under the train, as others had done to Doukhonin not many days before and less than a hundred yards away.

Being a wise man he acceded, and we went on our way heavier than before but with the weight distributed. We had a chance to get some water and make tea, which was the first fluid that we had had for over twenty-four hours.

Here we got the cheering news that the soldiers along the Front were leaving the trenches and shooting up the towns as they reached them. At Orsha we were asked to take into the compartment two officers' wives fleeing because the soldiers from the Dvinsk Front had come in, looted an alcohol factory and were burning the town. We gave them sanctuary until they were picked up by their husbands farther along the line.

One got off at Vitebsk, but the other stayed till morning. The old colonel carried on a long flirtatious conversation with her, evidently believing her very handsome; but after her departure in the morning light he sadly remarked, "All cats look black in the dark."

Petrograd at last, and after five days without taking off one's clothes it was a very welcome sound. After a few additional formalities we got out in the street with a feeling that we had at last reached a place from which you could start for civilization, though the situation at present was none too cheerful. At five the sun had long since set, and a cold damp wind was blowing round the corners of the snowy streets. Snow was everywhere piled up in the center of the streets, with occasional feeble attempts to carry it off in small sleighs or to melt it in a sort of caldron near a sewer.

The streets were crowded with people, the street cars filled to the rails and with people hung along the outside. Here again there is free travel for the soldier, of which he takes full advantage. The regular police have been abolished, but at the corners are traffic regulators with green and red flags, many of them women; and conspicuous here and there are the Red Guard, the official soldiers of the Bolsheviki, young fellows usually without uniforms but with businesslike guns and revolvers. They have a fondness for shooting, and it is not safe to travel in a well-appointed sleigh or carriage, as they are apt to take pot shots at you as you go by.

If they feel like it they are apt to shoot even at the little sleighs which are for hire everywhere, and several Americans have had the pleasant experience of losing a horse or driver on some popular corner.

Every once in a while there is the noise of a machine gun or one sees the crowd break into a liquor deposit. In the main, these apparent burglaries are official, to destroy the intoxicant, for the government appreciates the danger if the Tavarishi get hold of too much alcohol. With every precaution, however, emptying of a liquor shop is followed by local waves of drunkenness marked by the discharge of firearms in any direction that strikes the fancy. No one pays any attention to these things unless in the area of danger. When the machine guns start, everyone runs into side streets or porches, but as soon as they stop everyone comes back to see what has happened or who has been killed.

The damage to the place is slight, and except for the Ministry of Justice, burned in the original revolution, and a few bullet marks here and there, one might spend days in the city and not see the terrors of which we read in the papers.

But everything is in disorder. There are constant petty strikes of one sort or another, often without grievance on the part of the strikers, who are told to leave their work on penalty of death. While I was there the door porters at the apartment houses were on a strike, so that to attend a party given by one of the American attachés it was necessary to go round by a back street and climb the service stairs to the kitchen. Many shops were closed, but many were open, and the theaters and opera were in full blast.

We found that our Cossack colonel was threatened with arrest, and at once arranged to have him leave for a time. He had collected in his wanderings many rifles with ammunition, and had there been a visitation by a committee the collection might well have been stamped as part of a conspiracy; so we removed these at midnight, and really one had the feeling of a conspirator, hastening along back streets, in the dead of night in a little open car, with a dozen or so rifles or revolvers on the floor, glimpsing the fires of the Red Guards at the corners, but always at a safe distance. We were just in time, as a visitation was made two days later, only to find the bird flown and nothing criminal or suspicious in the place.

In Petrograd our party broke up. The colonel was gone; the young German was disposed of safely, with good hopes of getting away; and the Rumanian was waiting for papers to get into America, with which he would be perfectly safe. The next thing was to get out, and this was no small problem. From Bergen, in Norway, a small boat sails across the North Sea under convoy to England every few days, but it would have been difficult to get a place. The next direct vessel from Sweden to America was not due to sail for more than a month. A small freight steamer was sailing empty from Archangel in two weeks, but this did not appeal to me. For weeks all tickets on the Trans-Siberian express, which leaves every Tuesday, had been sold, and the general opinion was that it would be the last express.

But the one axiom in Russia at present is "Believe nothing that you hear and only part of what you see." So I went out hopefully for a ticket to Harbin. A hint to a subordinate official that I needed a ticket—and presto, change! in fifteen minutes a man came with one to sell at a very moderate advance. The money changed hands, the ticket was mine.

The Start for Harbin

I had been told that it was impossible to get a passport viséed to leave Russia in less than six days. I repeated the axiom to myself, and in one day all the papers were complete, including the rubber stamp of the Bolshevik Government. At eight in the evening the train was to start on its fifty-eight-hundred mile trip, and at seven I was at the station, bag and baggage, this time alone. On the basis that there was a diner on the train and that it worked I left most of my food supplies behind—a deed I was to regret later; and I even abandoned the sacred teakettle.

I found myself sharing a coupé with a Russian cavalry captain detached for foreign service, with papers which he was much afraid of losing and more afraid of being caught with, so that he was in a state of nervousness which was distinctly irritating.

The Nicolai station is comparatively controlled, and we left only about an hour late, with no one but ticket holders on board—late because a troop train insisted on leaving before the express, on the ground that money no longer conveys privilege, and the express should be glad to follow them. The argument with the station commandant was simple but sufficient: "If the express leaves ahead we will kill you." The express followed, in a leisurely way, for the troop train stopped at every station for some purpose or other.

Service on the dining car was discouraging, but at last we got food and went back to our car. At the next station the Tavarishi began to enter and fill the aisle, but they were on the whole more orderly than on the former trip and made no attempt to enter compartments by force, though it was unsafe to leave these unoccupied for a minute.

The aisle was filled with more than thirty men and their baggage; in every toilet there were four or five, and even in the vestibules and on the platforms there were several, until some of the windows were broken and it got too cold.

In the ceiling of each platform is a cubby-hole about two feet square for rags and shovels, and some of these were occupied by soldiers, who shoved in their heads and shoulders and hooked their feet over broom handles put crosswise farther back. They seemed quite comfortable, though they were folded up like grasshoppers.

The train crawled along, and at Vyatka, normally about a day's run, we were about a day late as a result of trailing the troop train. We caught up to them here, for there was a train ahead of them and the station commandant was holding theirs. There was an energetic discussion, but they still insisted on leading, and indeed became so violent that they refused to wait for a clear track. With guns in hand they ordered the engineer to proceed; and some ten miles out it happened.

Christmas Dinner

A freight train had broken in two, and they met the rear half on a down grade. With the shock the doors were jammed and the stoves upset, and four hundred and one were burned to death.

We were held up some hours, and then passed the still-burning wreck, with the bodies lying by the side of the road and the uninjured pulling the boots off the dead and trying them on. This put us for the moment ahead of the troop train and we made good progress, but soon we caught up with the next, with the same result.

We were not much cheered by finding that there were seven troop trains and we were just after the first; whenever one caught up to us it meant it would insist on passing, so that soon we should be at the rear of the whole procession.

To add to the charm of the situation the Red Guard had made one of its frequent inspections of the train and found some twenty thousand rubles' worth of smuggled opium. This gave promise of more to follow on other trains, and lacking headquarters they took off our diner for themselves. Prospects for a Christmas dinner for the eight Americans on the train looked hopeless; but at Omsk, just before Christmas, we found a new diner and went on with our preparations. Just before we arrived at this station the westbound express had been given precedence over a troop train, whereupon soldiers had dragged the commandant out of the station and held his head upon the rails while the train passed over him. The remnants were still in the station while we were there. But in spite of all these difficulties the Christmas celebration took place in the newly discovered diner.

Though small the crowd was representative, including the American organizer of the Russian Y. M. C. A., returning after eighteen years in Russia; a noted professor of sociology; one of the chief men in an American tobacco company; a member of the American Railroad Commission; an expert in agricultural conditions in Russia; a member of the American Red Cross Mission to Rumania; and, last but not least, the wife of the tobacco magnate, whose stateroom served as a rallying place for the Americans throughout the trip. American flags were found, a bottle of champagne made its appearance and, with the Americans at one end, with the Russians who spoke English and other passengers at the other end, we had our Christmas dinner in due form. Goose stood up for turkey. There was no cranberry sauce and no mince

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Fifteen Years on a Stairway

Test it with a Hammer

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

for Floors, Furniture and all Woodwork

Now made in Eight Colors

LOOKING backward through the flight of time fifteen years, the grown children of Mr. Arthur J. Soucie, Medina, N. Y., see themselves as little tots, playing on a stairway newly finished with "61" Floor Varnish.

About this, Mr. Soucie says, "Fifteen years ago I applied "61" Floor Varnish to the stairway in my home. The "61" stood up so well that I did not consider it necessary to refinish these stairs until a few weeks ago. You may be sure I refinished them with "61" Floor Varnish."

While this incident is not an every-day occurrence, it is an actual experience with "61" Floor Varnish. There are, however, many other similar incidents on record, where "61" has withstood the countless footsteps for years, as well as many grueling tests in actual service.

"61" Floor Varnish stains and varnishes in one operation, making it universally useful around the house, not only for floors, but also for furniture and woodwork of all kinds.

"61" is sold in six attractive, semi-transparent wood-stain colors: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Walnut, Forest Green and also the Natural and Ground Color. These colors have the same long-wearing durability as the Natural or clear "61" which has been on the market more than a quarter of a century.

Send for Color Card and Sample Panel finished with "61" and try the hammer test yourself on the sample panel.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere. *OUR GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.*

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 69 YEARS

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The surpassing beauty and goodness of Vitralite, the Long-Life White Enamel, accounts for its use in the White House at Washington.

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Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP BICYCLE TIRES

Now Just Like the Big Vacuum Cups

Just as the Cups on Vacuum Cup Automobile Tires prevent skidding on wet, slippery pavements, so, too, do the Cups on Vacuum Cup Bicycle Tires operate to make treacherous pavements safe for the bicycle rider. The same exclusive feature is embodied in both—*suction.*

SCALED down replicas of their big brothers, even to the distinctive chestnut colored tread.

The Cups of the Bicycle Tires have been slightly reduced in size, giving a very resilient tread and greater speed than ever.

The tread, the same stock as used in Vacuum Cup Automobile Tires, is built over a carcass of highest-grade fabric. A special strip, to facilitate cementing the tire to the rim, is provided.

The most attractive, longest wearing, most trouble-free bicycle tire it is possible to produce.

One universal size made to fit either a 28" x 1⅜", 28" x 1½", or 28" x 1⅝" rim. Also Juvenile sizes.

Price (Single Tube or Clincher) each $3.75

Pennsylvania BAR CIRCLE BICYCLE TIRES

Completing the *Pennsylvania* Line

THESE tires, with their tread of tough black rubber stock, combining distinctive appearance, quality and high-grade construction, are built to give service at a moderate cost equal to that of most higher-priced bicycle tires.

With the famous Vacuum Cup Tires, they complete the Pennsylvania line. By concentrating on just these two brands, we simplify our manufacturing facilities, giving bicycle tire buyers a line of tires that meets their every demand of service and price, and dealers a line very easily handled.

The tread, the same stock as used in Bar Circle Automobile Tires, is built over a carcass of high-grade fabric. It is attractively designed of combined bars and circles.

One universal size made to fit either a 28" x 1⅜", 28" x 1½", or 28" x 1⅝" rim. Also Juvenile sizes.

Price, each $2.50

As in the tread of the Bar Circle Automobile Tires, the special construction of Bar Circle Bicycle Tires places thickness and wear-resistance where they are most essential to afford greatest service qualities.

Makers of Pennsylvania Auto Tubes "Ton Tested"

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

Member Jeannette War Service Union

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pie, but the spirit was there, and the dinner closed with speeches in English and Russian and the singing of the American anthem.

Luck was with us, for the train stopped at a station just as the dinner was at an end, so that we rushed along the outside and into our own cars instead of struggling through the Tavarishi-filled aisles, a matter of about five minutes to each car.

Owing to the crowds in the aisles there was practically no service in the way of making up berths or cleaning except in the international sleeper, which, as the property of the French Government, has been so far respected by the Russian soldiers. It is an interesting commentary on their attitude of mind that they do not force themselves into the corridors of these foreign-owned cars; nor do they interfere with them in any way except as part of a train.

The difference between our two trips across Siberia and Russia gave an interesting commentary on the spread of anarchy and misrule. In September we had passed on through Kerensky's government as guests of that government and, though there were delays and annoyances and the spirit of dissatisfaction was clearly abroad, there was no feeling that anarchy was in the saddle or that we were in personal danger. On this trip there was a continual tension; anarchy was in the air, but there was a strange unreal clinging to law and order. Each community had the appearance of fighting out local problems rather than national, even though the names of the contending parties were the same everywhere.

Mob rule, even when not actually present, was just round the corner. Discussions with one or two soldiers could almost always be worked out in an amicable manner, but as soon as there was enough of a crowd to have marked diversity of opinions arguments grew more and more heated, and in the end the more violent carried the day. A complete breakdown of the routine which had heretofore held, so to speak, automatically was an ever-present possibility, and one passed from wondering how the ruling powers kept the road going to wondering whether they could keep it going long enough to get this train out of Russia.

The Airtight Russian

The weather was very cold, and for about eight days the thermometer varied from thirty-five to sixty below, while the cold winter sun never rose more than thirty degrees above the horizon. The water in the tanks froze, so that there was nothing to wash with.

Deeply did I regret my trusty teakettle, as we were reduced to a small canteen for water supply—not very adequate for both drinking and washing; but by the use of chocolate and kindness and cigarettes we induced from time to time some Tavarish in the corridor to give us the use of his kettle, and when we stopped at a tank it was possible to get a wash, though the temperature did not encourage anything elaborate.

My Russian roommate was in a state of funk most of the time and refused to go out at all, making the sign of the cross every time we left a station. He was my only source of communication with the soldiers in the corridor, and it was sometimes necessary to be very strenuous to get him to attend even to this.

He was a tall, thin captain of cavalry, with spurs and a large saber and long, drooping, sandy mustaches. With a pointed beard he would have made a fine Don Quixote. He had the chronic Russian objection to ventilation, and it required almost violent measures to show him the light and get the air. If I opened the window even a crack he would put on his overcoat and cap, curl up in a heap and look exactly like a wet cat.

I refused to be sympathetic, so he told me how many times he had been wounded. I still refused to be sympathetic, so he told me all about his family troubles; but I was even then polite and firm, and explained that if he did not like fresh air he could go out into the corridor, where there certainly was none. These discussions continued for a time; but after a few committee visitations he appreciated the protection of the presence of an American officer, and was resigned though unhappy.

After the first burst of enthusiasm with the new diner there was a slump. We were so much behind time that the food supplies on the train were almost at an end, and there were so many soldier trains that ours could not stock up at stations; so they served one meal a day, not to mention what they called coffee in the morning, probably the worst apology for this cheering drink that was ever invented. The one meal was served at any time from one to eight, and one never knew when it was coming.

We were thus largely dependent on the station buffets, and on arrival everybody rushed for them. There was never enough for all, and it was a stimulating sight to see a distinguished American holding a roast chicken by the leg with one hand, covering three pork chops with the other hand, and pinning down a loaf of bread with an elbow, while getting the attention of the waiter.

The staple at every place was boiling-hot cabbage soup, and it was rather hard to get the soup and put it where it belonged, for in the howling, fighting mob it was much easier to get your own and somebody else's spread on the outside than on the inside.

Feast and Famine

At the small shops kept by the peasant women on the platform one could get food of one sort or another—if the soldiers did not get it first; and as I snatched whatever I could get, without asking its family history, I remembered how, on the protected trip westward in August, I had been sorry for the people that had to eat these things. As a matter of fact they were excellent: roast chicken, roast goose or wild *rebchick*—a delicious game bird—roast sucking pig, sausage of a very tasty and permanent character, bottles of boiled milk, and bread of various grades according to locality. From Jassy to Kieff the bread was almost white; from there to Petrograd and on into Siberia it was of the blackest and most unpalatable grade; but from Omsk it improved.

There was a cheerful uncertainty about everything; one day was feast, another day famine; one day the soldiers had eaten everything, and the next day they would bring us food. And all the time one was progressing slowly through bleak plains, with frost rime on trees and bushes, the men and horses so frosted as to be almost invisible. There was not enough snow to bury the grasses; and the dead, windless, almost solid cold stiffened the ears in two minutes after you got out of the train.

We met few trains, and so far had kept ahead of the seven troop trains, though constantly threatened. At Yekaterinburg, in the Urals, there was almost a battle, but after an hour's discussion we were allowed to keep our place. The same train caught up with us fifty miles along, and there was a lively row. The Tavarishi on the troop train told the station master that if he did not let them go first they would kill him. The Tavarishi on our train told him that they would kill him if he did not let us go first.

It looked as if his end had come, in any case, but after an hour's discussion, which could be heard for a mile or so, the arguments of our Tavarishi prevailed and we went on.

The farther we got the worse was the news from ahead. We were told that at Irkutsk there had been a fierce battle for a week; that the station was destroyed, and also the bridge over the river, and that no traffic was passing in either direction. At every station committees of soldiers visited the train looking for weapons. Usually the statement of "*Amerikanskie*" was sufficient, and showing a passport or the uniform always cleared the way in the end. The longest discussion was with one crowd the night before we reached Irkutsk. They came into my room and demanded my revolver. The situation was interesting, as I sat cross-legged in the upper berth, lightly clad in pyjamas, at three in the morning, looking down on the shaggy caps and faces and the long, spiky bayonets. I persistently refused to give up anything, on the basis of the rights of an American officer, and after a heated argument, carried on through an interpreter, they suddenly said the equivalent of "Oh, very well," or something stronger, and went away, rather to my surprise and much to my relief.

Reports of fighting were more detailed as we approached Irkutsk. All Russian officers were forbidden to get off at the stations, and finally we were halted four miles from the city. Suddenly news came that a ten-hour truce had been established, and we were to go through during that; so we swept on into the station, which we found had not been burned or injured in any way, nor had the bridge been destroyed, though the fighting in the city had been an actual fact. The whole situation was theatrical and utterly impossible save in the impossible Russia of the present day. We sat in the diner eating roast goose and fried potatoes, the station brilliantly lighted with electric lights and crowded with soldiers and refugees, the latter with bundles containing whatever valuables they had been able to save, and apparently unmolested as soon as they reached the sanctuary of the railroad. Just across the river was the city, dark, save for the flames of a burning house here and there, but silent on account of the truce, and filled with Bolshevik soldiers, Cossacks, cadets and escaped convicts from the mines all only waiting for the end of the truce to leap at one another's throats, as indeed they did some three or four hours later. We took in some refugees—well-to-do people, who had been for eight days in the cellars of houses, moving when these were burned over their heads, and who had escaped at the beginning of the truce, without money, without anything save what they had on. They were disposed of among the staterooms in the international sleeper and carried into Manchuria, where they hoped to find friends.

At the ends of the station were machine guns and three-inch guns with artillerymen, and we were very glad when the town was safely left behind and we were on our way from this, probably the worst rioting center in Siberia.

Safety Last

Lake Baikal was passed at night, and the effect of the moonlight on the partly frozen waters, with the wild forested headlands on both sides, was splendid but not cheerful, though the feeling that the worst of the trip was past gave much comfort. We dawdled along, stopping here and there and here again, sometimes starting up a hill and finding that the engine could not make it, and then going back to the last station to get a better one. When a spring broke on one of the cars they put the car on the rear end, commended the passengers to Providence, and went along anyway. Climbing the hills between Baikal and Manchuria it was colder than ever, and at the stops they had to break the ice from the bottoms of the cars to prevent its clogging the brakes. Many of the brakes were out of order and finally, at the crest of the Khingan Mountains, in Manchuria, the engineer refused to start on the down grade until the brakes had been inspected and at least three-quarters on every car were in order. The conductor didn't want to bother, and said it was a free country and he didn't have to follow the rules; but the engineer insisted, and as we rocked down the steep grade and round the curves at forty-five miles an hour we were quite grateful to him.

From plains to forests, from forests to bare hills and from bare hills to plains again, cut by frozen rivers as wide as the Hudson. The train seemed a speck in the middle of the vast expanse, and one wondered at the temerity of man. New Year's came and went, and we began to have hope of reaching Harbin. We were told that no one would be allowed to take more than five hundred rubles out of Russia, and since this is worth only about forty-five dollars in Japan and China we hid our excess in all sorts of places.

Manchuria at last! An official leaps into the train calling out loudly: "All soldiers without tickets for the express get out!" This is truly a welcome sound. One or two refuse, claiming a sort of squatter's rights, and are thrown out. Now at last we had apparently reached a land of discipline, and everyone sat up and took notice. Customs officials entered and left chalk marks on unopened baggage. No one seemed to care how much money we had. There was food in the buffets and peace in the station. We began to appreciate the strain under which we had lived for the last few weeks, and we gave thanks that the Russian revolutionary conditions were a thing of the past for us. The rest of the trip was uneventful and comparatively comfortable, and we arrived at Harbin only a little more than six days late.

Chinese in Control

It was fifty below zero, but we left our home for the last fifteen days without regret and hastened to the station. Here again unaccustomed order prevailed. People were divided according to their tickets, and one could get food without fighting for it. Everywhere was white bread, so white that it seemed unbelievable and tasted rather flat. Food could be obtained—also oranges and candy, though at a price. It was all one could do to refrain from laying up large supplies for the future, and difficult to remember that from now on one could buy food anywhere.

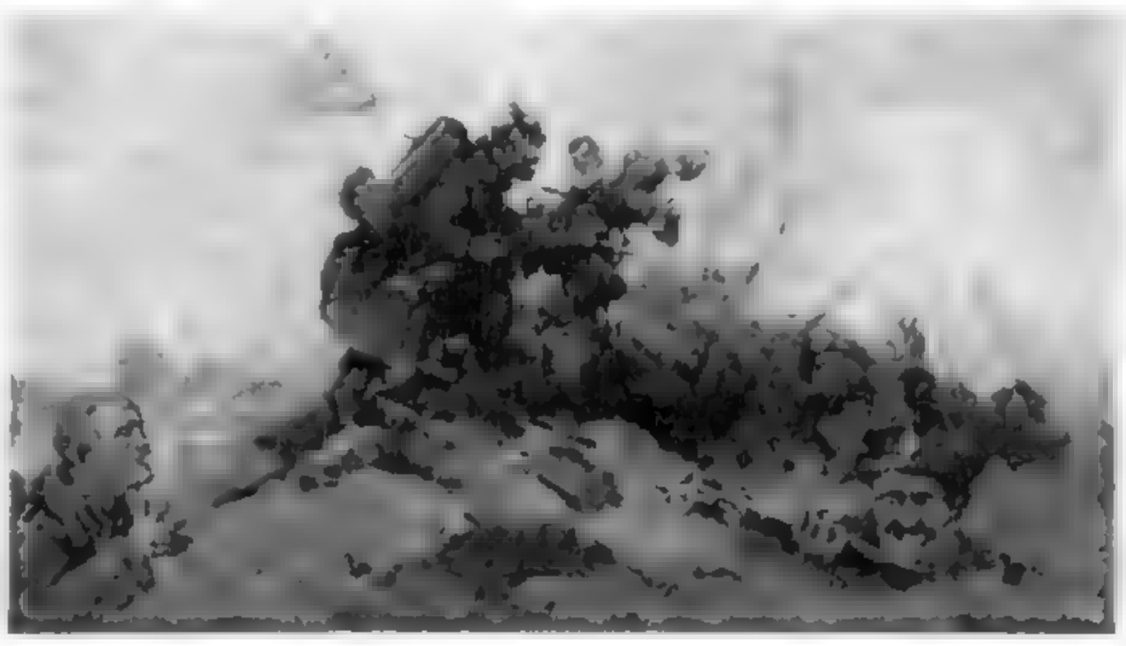
We abandoned the train, which went on into Siberia to Vladivostok, as the last thing that we wanted was to go back to the land of disorder. Harbin, though nominally under the control of the Russians, who have police power for several miles on each side of the railroad, had just finished its own little revolutionary attempt, and was quiet.

The Bolsheviki had begun to shoot up the station, when suddenly Chinese soldiers appeared from all sides, defeated and disarmed the Russians, captured their camps and war supplies, and after putting them on a cattle train shipped them ignominiously back to Siberia.

The Chinese were still on deck for emergencies, armed to the teeth and looking very cheerful and fat in their thick sheepskin clothes. We changed our money, took much-needed baths and waited in the station for the train through Korea. It was two hours late in starting, while all the nations of the world ran in and out and fought for their baggage.

In the morning we woke in Korea, where it was so much warmer that the snow had vanished and it looked like late autumn. But there was an evident belief that it was warmer than this, for the hotels at the junctions had the chill of the tomb, moderated in spots by the open charcoal pots, or *hibachi*, which are pleasant to look at but have a limited sphere of influence. It was perhaps as well not to have everything pleasant at once, as the contrast might have been too much for our nervous systems. Indeed, as it was, the change from utter anarchy and arctic temperature to the extreme order of the Japanese régime, the regularity of meals, and weather conditions permitting removal of overcoats, was most upsetting.

The culmination of the contrasts, after a lazy, well-fed, luxurious trip through warm seas, was the visit to tropical Hawaii, where the warmth, the peace and the normal life as we were used to it gave a final touch of unreality to our recent memories of battle, murder and sudden death amid snow and ice.



A Vast Field For Lalley-Light

In A $500,000,000 Market

More than six million farmers need electric light and power in their homes. In the last nine months, Lalley-Light dealers have contracted for more than 30,000 plants.

Thousands of churches, school houses, lodge halls, banks and stores in rural trading centers are also potential buyers of Lalley-Light.

Make Your Inquiry Without Delay

If you are an automobile or implement dealer, banker, electrical supply dealer or contractor, we urge immediate inquiry.

Territory is being allotted so rapidly, under permanent dealers' contracts, that quick action is essential to secure your own district.

What You Can Do With Lalley-Light

Automobile Dealers—

Every property owner in your territory who cannot get electric current from a central station and particularly automobile owners is a live prospect for Lalley-Light. Your local field would include not only those in this class to whom you have sold cars, but all those who have purchased from other dealers in your community. Your acquaintance and experience with rural property owners is practical assurance of your success with Lalley-Light. Compared with motor car competition, Lalley-Light competition is practically nil.

Implement Dealers—

You enjoy much the same advantages as the automobile dealer by reason of your contact, experience and acquaintance with farmers as your customers. Every farmer to whom you have sold improved farm implements in the past is now a live prospect for Lalley-Light, the greatest of modern conveniences for the rural home.

Bankers—

Lalley-Light will bear the most searching investigations as to the business methods of the corporation, the merits of the plant, and the scope of its market. With a view to investment of your own capital or that of your business associates, we believe the Lalley-Light agency offers the supreme possibility of today.

Electrical Supply Dealers and Contractors—

Today your business is limited to the town in which you are located. Lalley-Light opens up your entire rural community for the sale of the plant itself, and, in addition, the necessary wiring, fixtures, bulbs, etc.

Accessory Business Enormous—

After Lalley-Light has been installed, the owner is immediately in the market for electrically driven water pump, washing machine, cream separator, churn, fan, iron, etc.

A $500,000,000 Market Open For Action

The enormous farm electric light field is conservatively estimated to be worth the stupendous total of $500,000,000. It has not yet been touched in a big way.

Farmers and rural home owners have never been so prosperous, or so ready to improve their property, as now. Farmers have never needed electricity so badly as they need it now, to assist them to increase war food production.

Lalley-Light is a leader in the development of an enormous field, with a thoroughly practical, reliable and durable light and power plant for isolated installation.

Buyers Showing Lalley-Light Preference

Lalley-Light has already taken this commanding position by virtue of mechanical superiority established by more than seven years of continuous and practical farm use.

This position belongs to Lalley-Light by virtue of the further fact that during the last year particularly, farmers have shown a decided preference for this plant.

During the coming year this preference will grow stronger by wider-spread acceptance than ever of the superior merits of Lalley-Light.

Lalley-Light looms large as the latest and greatest of all conveniences which the farmer can buy, because it brings to the rural home the advantages and comforts which central station electricity affords to city homes.

Build A New Business With Lalley-Light

Lalley-Light is a certainty. Its huge market is a certainty. The success of the local Lalley-Light dealer is a certainty.

If you are interested in securing a Lalley-Light contract, as your first step in building a profitable new business, write us without a day's delay.

Tear out this address to remind you to write us from your office tomorrow

Lalley Electro-Lighting Corporation
1824 Mt. Elliott Ave. Detroit, Michigan

LALLEY-LIGHT

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER FOR EVERY FARM

THE COON HUNTERS

State Wild Cats, the Pennsylvania State Police are Called by the Men of the Mountains, Who Care Not a Whit for Any Sheriff or Constable Within Their Ken

By KATHERINE MAYO

WHEN C Troop delivered Israel Drake into the grasp of the district attorney of Cumberland County, the district attorney's soul was suffused with joy. Then, because it was good, he asked for more—asked the troop to go after Carey Morrison.

In the interval, however, C Troop had been so besought for help from many other quarters, both official and private, that not a single man of the command remained free to aid the district attorney of Cumberland. So the superintendent of state police referred the request to B Troop, presiding over the next nearest state-police section, with orders that two troopers report at once to departmental headquarters at Harrisburg.

In accordance with the command, Sergeant Herbert Smith and Private Chalkley N. Booth forthwith reported at Harrisburg. Here they received, first, a warrant for the arrest of Carey Morrison, wanted for arson, burglary, felonious assault and minor offenses; second, a pencil sketch roughly showing the country in which Morrison was supposed to be lurking; and, third, the instruction to "go get the man."

Sergeant Smith and Private Booth had talked over a possible line of campaign while en route to headquarters. Nothing that they learned there having affected their notion, they now went out, bought themselves canvas hunting suits and borrowed two shotguns. Then they took the next train.

Troopers Turn Sportsmen

THEIR destination was a tiny mountain settlement, about fifteen miles, as the crow flies, north of Gettysburg. The two troopers, as the little engine labored up the heavy grades, gossiped carelessly with the train hands concerning their destination. It was a place of about ninety inhabitants, they learned—twenty houses, a general store and post office; poor mountain people; had a hard life of it generally. Carey Morrison, one of Israel Drake's gang, had worked it over pretty thoroughly, with no light hand. Now, since Drake's capture by the troopers, folks did say Carey was hiding out, but—better not count on that!

At the store and post office the two officers asked where they could find board. They let it be understood that they were Philadelphia sportsmen, friends of the owner of much forest thereabout, and that they would like to do a little hunting by themselves while waiting the arrival of their host with the dogs.

Only one house in the settlement could accommodate boarders, they were told. So they applied and were received at that little farm. For a day or two they tramped the woods with their guns, stopping here and there at mountain cabins—for a light for their pipes, for a drink of water, for a bit of casual talk, striving always to pick up news.

But news of Carey Morrison was very hard to get. The entire mountain population was literally afraid to mention his name. In this his peculiar haunt he was as greatly dreaded as was his leader, Israel Drake, in a wider field. Three times he had robbed the store and rifled the post-office safe. Twice he had burned the mountain side. He had committed innumerable robberies and assaults. Once he had walked up to a farmer as he stood in his shed chopping wood, with the peremptory demand "I want five dollars of ye!" And when the farmer ventured to demur, Carey, snatching the ax out of the man's grasp, chopped off his right hand.

Very recently the local constable had hired out to a farmer to pick the apples in an orchard high on the mountain side. Perhaps the orchard lay too high—too near his own aerie, to please Carey Morrison. At all events, when Carey, moving over his domain, espied the village officer so engaged he descended at once to the orchard owner's house. Towering in the doorway, shutting out the sunlight with the terror of his big and sinewy bulk, he issued his edict:

"Constable is picking apples up in your orchard. Tell him if I ever see him there again I am going to kill him."

The farmer tremblingly obeyed. The constable conformed. And no one would willingly pronounce the name of Carey Morrison for fear the very shadows would be his messengers.

Yet through their silence pierced once and again some little rays of light. Brought all together these showed the general direction and area in which the man should be sought. Unfortunately that area lay in a territory obviously bad for hunting, while the good game grounds stared from the opposite quarter.

The two officers were by no means blind to this flaw in their pose, yet for the moment they saw no choice but to risk the suspicion that it brought upon their heads.

Meantime in the boarding house the strongly developed native curiosity of their host and hostess increased apace. On the very day of their arrival the troopers had seen the necessity of satisfying it with food fit for their ends. Private Booth, therefore, had written two decoy letters—one to an imaginary friend in Boston, another to a creature of his brain elsewhere addressed, dealing with hunting dogs and discussing plans for a trip. These letters he had left on his bureau carelessly unsealed.

But the soporific did not long suffice, and to make matters vastly worse it chanced that a series of burglaries, begun in the region just previous to their arrival, now continued nightly. The spinster teacher of the district school, resident in the house, conceived the idea that the two hunters were no other than the burglars in disguise. Harping on that string she so imbued the rest of the household with her own belief and fear that several persons sat up each night to spy upon the possible goings and comings of the Philadelphia sportsmen.

This was hampering enough, but when at last the village constable—he who picked apples too near to Carey Morrison—began stealthily trailing them about in the woods the two officers were more amused than vexed.

Nevertheless the diurnal routine of losing the constable came soon to be rather a handicap. For now the trail was growing warm. The hunters had discovered in a mountaineer named Cox a brother-in-law of Morrison's. Cox, lank and idle, butternut-jeaned, lived high among the ledges, far above the settlement, and alone. Constitutionally suspicious of all strangers, he, too, was prone to curiosity, in the wildwood way of his kind. Like wily snarers of a light-winged bird the troopers at first played for his interest by hunting round his perch, without visible remark of his existence beyond a passing nod. Next day they drew a little nearer. Later they ventured a word, and so by increasingly rapid degrees became friends.

Some odds and ends of dogs were hanging about the shack.

"These look like promising coon dogs," ventured Private Booth.

"Good coon dogs, them be!" rejoined the mountaineer with warmth.

"If there's anything I do love it's coon hunting!" cried Booth.

"Good coon hunting back yonder," spoke Butternut-jeans, with a jerk of the thumb toward the high woods, "but them dogs belong to a brother-in-law of mine. They won't work their best for me."

Cox Called Away

"I'LL GIVE you ten dollars if you'll take us out with 'em anyway," Booth pursued with growing enthusiasm.

"Nothin' again' that," assented the mountaineer. "When d'yer want to go?"

"Well, let's see ——" Booth pondered, looking interrogatively at Smith.

"Not before to-morrow night, I reckon. Make it to-morrow night," responded Smith with decision.

And so, having arranged to meet again at Cox's cabin on the following noon, they parted for the day.

As the two troopers dropped down the mountain side toward supper and their distrustful housemates Sergeant Herbert Smith divulged his plan. The details of that plan are his secret—the fruit of his own wily brain. But his statement to his comrade ended thus:

"And so, you see, Cox will be called away. He'll leave to-morrow afternoon. And we two will manage the rest very easily."

True to their appointment the two reappeared at Cox's shack at the hour agreed. The mountaineer sat on his doorstep, his hat pushed back on his head, whittling a stick without purpose. Plainly his state of mind was mixed.

"Reckon I can't take you fellers out to-night after all," he remarked without looking up.

"Oh, come now!" remonstrated Booth. "What's come over you, man?"

"Got a call to go away for a couple o' days," answered the whittler, gruff with embarrassed pride. "Business. Got to leave before sundown, sure."

"Well, now," ejaculated Sergeant Smith, "if that isn't the meanest yet! Why, we've got to get back home in a couple of days ourselves, and I did want a night's coon hunting the worst way!"

"I kinder hate to lose that ten dollars too," reflected Cox.

"Oh, look here!" protested Smith. "We can't let it go like this. Say, if you'll find someone to take us out with the dogs to-night we'll give you that ten dollars anyway and square it with the other man besides."

Cox meditated, brightening.

"Mebbe I might fix that," he hazarded. "But there's only one other man could work them dogs. That's my

(Concluded on Page 64)

The Conaphore has a smooth front surface. Easily cleaned. Does not clog with dust or mud

Note how the mellow light from the Conaphore shoots through the mist. There is no "back-glare" to confuse the driver

The light that shoots through fog and rain

How the Conaphore gives your headlights this exclusive feature

THE Conaphore is the only automobile headlight glass that eliminates dangerous "back-glare"

Whenever an ordinary headlight beam is projected through fog, dust, rain or snow a dangerous "back-glare" of diffused light produced by his own lamps, blurs the driver's vision. This is the reason. Any ordinary light is composed of rays of every color blended together. The blue and violet rays are easily diffused by small particles in the air and thus are the chief cause of "back-glare."

Conaphores correct this dangerous condition because they are made of Noviol Glass *(patented)*. This unique, yellowish-tint glass absorbs the blue and violet rays, but projects all the rest of the light in a strong, clear beam. Thus "back-glare" is eliminated. Thus the Conaphore shoots the light right through fog and rain and you get perfect road vision even though the night is stormy.

Easiest light for the eye to follow

In wet weather pavements reflect a confusing glare from street lamps and electric signs. The Conaphore counteracts these reflections. By means of the powerful Noviol beam, your own path is always clearly defined. This mellow beam makes the easiest light for your eye to follow, and so you can drive at average speed without undue strain on your nerves and eyesight.

The instant motorists and pedestrians see the soft, yellowish Noviol light from the Conaphore they know that it will not blind them and feel perfectly safe. They recognize it as the true "signal of safety." You never need to dim your lights.

Controls the light within legal limits

The Conaphore entirely eliminates the menace of glare. It uses all the light, but controls it within the law's requirements

Patented corrugations on the inner surface of the Conaphore bend down the light rays and shoot them along the road. Cylinders fan the light sidewise. This provides a 500 ft. range of strong driving light, with ample illumination each side of the road. As the height of the beam is never more than 42 inches, there is no chance of blinding approaching motorists and pedestrians. Thus the Conaphore gives you maximum range and at the same time kills all glare.

Made also in clear glass

For those who prefer, the Conaphore is made in clear glass. Clear glass Conaphores give 500 ft. range, ample sidelight and kill glare. Correct design, however, does not completely solve the headlight problem. There are few nights in the year when weather conditions do not interfere more or less with vision. The Noviol Conaphore overcomes such conditions, and gives perfect road vision even if the night is thick.

Easy to install

Conaphores are easy to install. Your dealer will equip your car while you wait. If he has not yet received his supply of Conaphores write us, giving name, model and year of your car, with diameter of your present headlight glass. We will see that you are promptly supplied

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
5 to [illegible] inches incl.	$5.40	5 to [illegible] inches incl.	$1.[illegible]
[illegible] to 8 inches incl.	5.50	[illegible] to [illegible] inches incl.	[illegible]
8½ to 10 inches incl.	4.50	8½ to [illegible] inches incl.	[illegible]
10½ to 11½ inches incl.	6.00	10½ to 11½ inches incl.	[illegible]

Prices 25c more per pair west of Rocky Mountains
Sizes vary by steps of ½ inch above 8 inches

Manufactured by the World's Largest Makers of Technical Glass

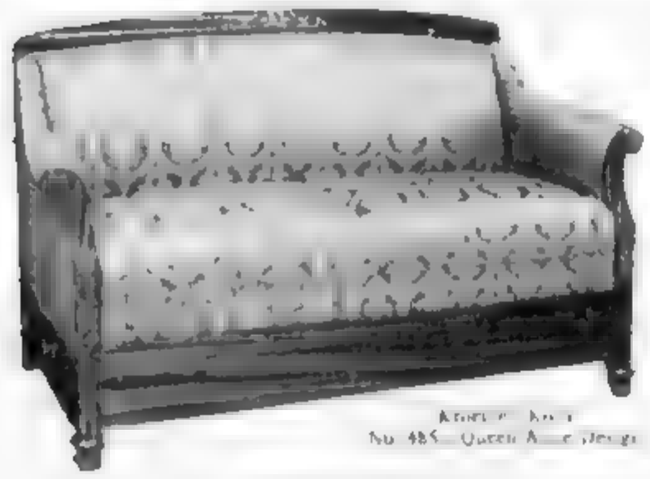
CONAPHORE

Pierces Fog and Dust — No Glare — Range 500 feet

CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Mgrs.
282 Madison Avenue New York City

CORNING GLASS WORKS

NATIONAL SALE
By Leading Furniture Dealers Everywhere



TO further emphasize the many exclusive comfort and economy features of Kroehler Bed Davenports, enterprising dealers in all parts of the United States will simultaneously conduct a Special Sale, during which Kroehler Bed Davenports will be offered at especially attractive prices and terms.

This National Sale begins Saturday, March 30th—ends April 13th. Watch for your Furniture Dealer's Announcement and be sure to see a Demonstration.

KROEHLER
Bed Davenports

Are Great Economy —— Save Space, Save Rent

Every family should invest in a Kroehler Bed Davenport. During the day time it adds beauty and luxurious comfort to your living room or parlor; at night it can be turned with one simple, easy motion into a comfortable, full-sized bed, either for members of your family or for guests. It makes one room serve as two—enables you to live in a smaller house or apartment and save rent.

Two types—the Kodav is the short davenport; the Daveno is the long davenport. You should buy the one best suited to the size of your room. Either has a full sized 72 in. x 48 in. comfortable, sanitary, *all-steel* bed frame with sagless bed spring.

Mattress, springs and bed frame are entirely independent of upholstery. Plenty of room for bedding and for circulation of air. Folds and unfolds with slightest effort. Nothing to get out of order.

Most dealers sell mattresses separately, giving customers choice of weight and make. To insure greatest comfort we recommend that you buy a 30 or 35 pound cotton felt mattress.

Many Handsome Designs

At the left and on the page opposite are reproduced a few of the many attractive—and popular—Kroehler Kodavs (the short davenport). With others, they will be displayed and demonstrated by most dealers during the big sale. Notice them carefully. Read other reasons on next page why Kroehler Bed Davenports will appeal to you. Then plan to attend the sale at once.

If no sale is going on in your city write us for name of your nearest dealer demonstrating Kroehler Bed Davenports. We will send our handsome illustrated book free.

Kroehler Manufacturing Co.
Naperville, Illinois

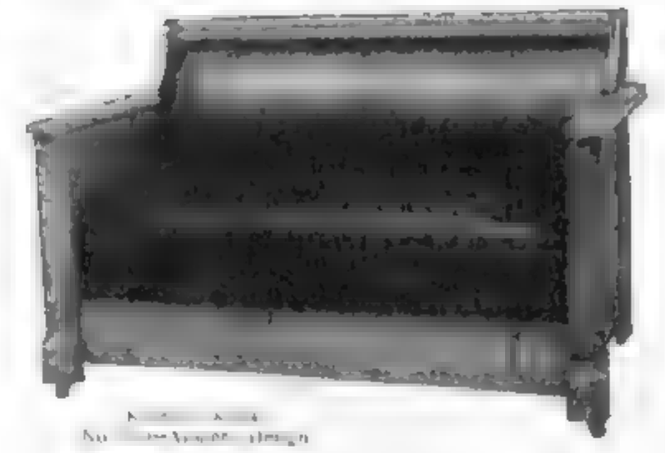
Other factories at:
Binghamton, N. Y., Cleveland, O., Kankakee, Ill.
Grand Rapids, Mich., New York City
***Canadian factory:* Stratford, Ont.**

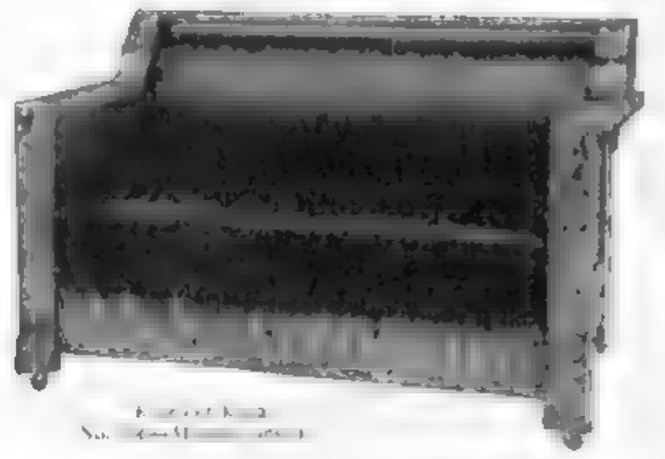
March 30 — April 13
See your Dealer for Demonstration

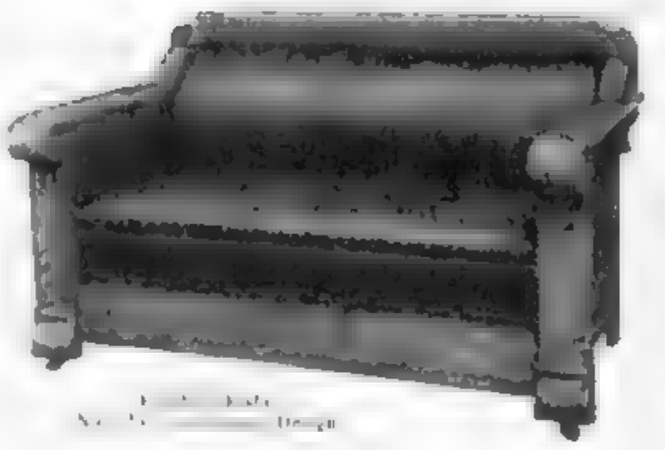
SATURDAY, March 30th, is the opening day of the big National Sale, during which Kroehler Bed Davenports will be freely demonstrated and sold at specially attractive prices at the stores of leading dealers everywhere.

Go to your local dealer, whether you intend to buy or not. You will be greatly interested. You will be placed under no obligation. You will begin to realize how tremendously convenient are Kroehler Bed Davenports.

KROEHLER
Bed Davenports







Made for Finest Homes

You'll find models perfectly harmonizing with the highest ideals of modern interior decoration and furnishing — handsome Period designs, finishes that are really superb, and luxurious upholstering. Rich covers in tapestry, damask, velours and genuine leather — also imitation leather.

(We recommend the Superior Leather Substitute, "O'BANNON MOLESKIN," which has the rich Leather appearance and durability of high-grade Genuine Leather.)

Made by master craftsmen in a factory equipped with the highest type of modern machinery to make perfect furniture and do it economically, and with facilities for seasoning and drying the lumber before it is used. Every detail in process of construction is carefully watched. The best materials are used and the finished article critically inspected before shipment.

Because of their marked distinctiveness in design, finish and construction, Kroehler Bed Davenports were given *Highest Award* at the *Panama-Pacific Exposition*.

The price is most reasonable.

Can be bought for Cash or on Liberal Easy Payments

of reliable furniture dealers everywhere. It is to your interest to buy furniture made by a large manufacturer, of steady financial standing, whose reputation is at stake. Our Trade Mark, the name "Kroehler," is on every Bed. Insist on seeing it before you buy. Do not accept a substitute.

Don't miss this Special Sale. If there is no Kroehler Bed Davenport Sale in your locality, write us, we'll send our Handsomely Illustrated Book with some interesting information and name of nearest dealer.

Kroehler Davenport No. 985—Queen Anne Style (long davenport for large room

Kroehler Manufacturing Co.
Naperville, Illinois

Other factories at:
Binghamton, N. Y., Cleveland, Ohio, Kankakee, Ill.
Grand Rapids, Mich., New York City
***Canadian factory:* Stratford, Ont.**

(Concluded from Page 60)

brother-in-law, that owns 'em. And I ain't sure he'd do it. You see, you don't know who my brother-in-law is yet. Well, I'll tell ye: He's Carey Morrison!"

Cox paused with patent satisfaction to watch the bomb fall.

"You don't mean it!" gasped the coon hunters, looking askance over their shoulders as though the woods had suddenly rustled with ghosts.

"Thought it'd scare ye!" chuckled Cox. "But you don't need to be scared of him just now, not so much as usual. Fact is, he's hidin' out these days.

"You see, he's done what he pleased in these here mountains so long that he didn't ever reckon no other way. He'd got all the folks trained to give him his own will peaceable. They never interfere with him. But here the other day, after a little sport that Israel Drake had with a couple of old misers, what does the district attorney do but up and hand out a warrant to the state wild cats!

"And I'm damned if them crazy wild cats didn't go in and nab Israel Drake the very first jump! Him that had laughed at the whole county for years and years! You most couldn't believe it!

"So now that's why Carey's a little skeered.

"Of course there's a lot of us that's his brothers and cousins, kin and kind, round on the mountain, that will stand by him till hell freezes shet. But it seems like he's got these state police on his mind. I reckon he's hipped about it. They ain't never been seen round these woods. And none of 'em ain't going to dare show themselves here neither. But since they got Israel Drake, Carey's like he's plumb locoed. He's looking for 'em behind every bush, not knowin' what shape they'll come in. But you fellers wait for me here and I'll go over to Carey's place and ask him. Reckon he might like a little money himself just now to skip away out of this."

Bigger Game Than Coons

The two troopers let Cox get out of sight. Then with their trained woodsmen's skill they trailed him, soundless as Indians. As he reached his destination—a little barnlike slab shack buried in thick brush by the edge of an abandoned slate quarry—they had him well in view.

"Carey!" Cox called within the door; and again in a suppressed voice round the place, "Carey! Carey!"

No answer. Cox sought a little farther, as though his man might be sleeping in the cover of some rock or bush. Then he turned, evidently convinced that the search was useless. When he regained his own cabin the two coon hunters were lying on their backs in the shade of the wall, half asleep, smoking their pipes.

"Well," asked Smith, rearing up on one elbow with a yawn, "did you find him?"

"He ain't there. But I reckon to find him on my way out. I'll start now, so's to have time to hunt him and I'll send him back here to ye. Will that do?"

"First-rate," answered Smith heartily. "Where shall I leave the money for you if he comes up?"

"Oh, leave it in yonder coffee can, inside on the shelf, under the beans. I'll tell Carey about it," and the mountaineer with a good-by nod vanished into the forest.

Hours passed, while the pair conscientiously enacted the rôle of care-free idlers, dozing and loafing about the empty cabin. Well aware that the wary eyes of the outlaw might be scanning their every move from behind some near-by screen of leaves they gave their best thought to the behavior natural to coon hunters under such circumstances; and they conducted themselves accordingly, to a hair's breadth.

But though chipmunks, rabbits and blue jays came to gaze upon them with impartial interest no human being appeared—no Carey Morrison.

"No use," murmured Smith at last as twilight began to fall. "Either Cox didn't find him or else he's too scary and won't come."

"My idea," said Booth, "would be to go back to the settlement and get a fresh start in the morning."

That night as Sergeant Smith blew out his candle he was distinctly aware of an eye withdrawn from his keyhole—of a rustle retreating down the hall.

Next dawn as the troopers sat over their corn bread and bacon their host's face was full of puzzled distrust. As he left the table he crossed the room and took his gun from its nail on the wall.

"They was another housebreakin' on the mountain last night," said he casually, examining the lock of the weapon. "If we could lay hands on them fellers once ——" And he looked up sharply at his two stranger guests as though he expected to surprise them wearing faces of guilt.

That morning the village constable, cheerfully unconscious that he was himself observed, kept up his forest watch with the tenacity of a dragging bramble, so that it cost the troopers a half hour of patient doubling to lose him effectually.

"This sort of thing would get to be a nuisance," growled Smith as they finally cast off their pursuer. "Now, let's get down to the job."

Morrison Captured

Cutting across buttresses and ravines that they had come to know as well as they knew the insides of their own pockets they made for the old slate quarry smothered in the brush.

As they neared the spot they separated, with the agreement that Sergeant Smith should come up upon the rear of the shack while Private Booth approached from the other direction.

Gliding noiselessly Smith had already attained his chosen position—the cover of a stone wall close at the back of the cabin—while Booth had advanced to within two hundred feet of the front door, when that door opened and a man came out—a big man, heavy and tall. His manner was unconcerned. Clearly he thought himself alone.

"Hello, Cox!" called Booth.

No answer, but the man, looking up, instantly averted his head.

The glimpse had been enough. In that full, heavy visage, in those black eyes, Booth recognized beyond a doubt the description of Carey Morrison.

"Morrison," he commanded, "throw up your hands! You are under arrest." As he spoke he cocked one barrel of his shotgun.

Morrison, swinging like a flash, drew a heavy revolver, fired twice—and missed. In the same instant Booth fired also.

Morrison flinched as though lead had touched him and jumped for the cover of a tree at the side of the house. But this move brought him unawares within range of Sergeant Smith. And so as Private Booth, standing in the open, coolly waited his chance for a shot at Morrison, and as Morrison, behind his tree, as coolly debated the deadliest moment for Private Booth, Sergeant Herbert Smith, congratulating himself on the unusual ammunition that he had persuaded his duck gun to hold, shot the bandit with exact calculation just above the knee.

"Don't fire! Oh, don't fire again. I give up!" implored Morrison, crumpling down in a heap, then writhing his full length on the ground.

Booth was running in—had almost reached him—when the outlaw with a snarl jerked himself to his elbow and threw up his gun for a shot.

But before he could drop the hammer something as sudden as a thunderbolt happened to that aiming arm, and Morrison found himself again sprawling on his back, gazing with amazement into the disconcerting eyes of Sergeant Herbert Smith.

"Here!" said the sergeant reproachfully. "Don't you know you're under arrest? Now be still till we put a tourniquet on you or you'll bleed to death."

As the two officers worked over the body of the prostrate man the pain of the wound, the fear of punishment, the dread of prison so worked upon his mind that before them his nerve disappeared utterly.

"Shoot me! Shoot me now," he entreated. "Jest shoot me through the head and be done with it. I can't live in prison. I can't live in prison. I can't stand this pain. Oh, shoot me now! Do! Do!"

Soon the practiced skill of the officers had stopped the flow of blood from the wounded leg. So much achieved, trooper Booth started off to find a conveyance, the sergeant remaining with the prisoner. Nothing was more probable than an attempt at rescue should Morrison's friends learn of his plight. So the sergeant, after looking to his own weapons, reloaded the outlaw's gun and laid that, too, ready at hand, while with eye and ear he kept lynx's watch upon the encompassing circle of brush.

Meantime trooper Booth was cutting down and across through the forest, seeking a man with a cart. Finally by happy chance he found that very phenomenon. Near a mud-chinked cabin in a little clearing, backed up to a pile of freshly dug potatoes, was a cart. A horse stood between the shafts, and a big, raw-boned, thick-whiskered mountaineer was just preparing to load the crop.

"How do you do!" said the trooper.

"Howdy!" rejoined the other civilly enough.

"I'd like to hire your horse and wagon to go to Bendersville. A man has been shot up in the woods. We have to take him to the nearest doctor."

"Well—'tain't very convenient. I was just getting ready to load. But if the man is bad hurt I suppose you kin have the rig."

And then idly: "Who's the man?"

"Carey Morrison."

The mountaineer dropped his hands.

"You can't have this wagon!" he exclaimed roughly.

"Will you get into the wagon and come along peaceably?"

"I tell ye I won't come at all."

Booth drew his service revolver. "Get on that wagon!" said he.

The mountaineer did as he was bid.

Booth guided his gloomy captive back toward the quarry. They hitched the horse at the point of road nearest the quarry trail. Then they went in, and, all three aiding, carried the helpless prisoner out in their arms.

The mountaineer's bearded visage was a moving map of contradictory emotions as he looked from the terror of the mountain, now so incredibly abject in his whimpering defeat, to the two who were so unconcernedly bearing him away.

Carey must have given them a fight; so much was sure, no matter how craven he seemed now. And yet they were handling him as gently, and yet they were as careful to spare him pain as if he had been their comrade and their friend.

How had it happened? What could it mean?

"Stranger," he broke out at last, "askin' your pardon, who might ye be?"

"Officers of the state police."

"Them the bad niggers calls state wild cats?" he ventured further, breathlessly daring.

"Yes."

The mountaineer looked to right and left and behind, as if to reassure himself of the place, of his auditors. "Them"—and he whispered as gingerly as if the words might burn his lips—"them as got Israel Drake?"

"No," rejoined the sergeant, "those were comrades of ours, of the state police. But they didn't have time for a little job like this." And with a depreciative gesture of the chin he indicated the inert figure that they were now loading into the cart.

With dropped jaw the mountaineer drank in each word.

Morrison's Wife

In the whole town to which the prisoner was taken there are about three hundred and fifty inhabitants. On the main street of the town are the doctor's house, the hotel, a few shops and a few dwellings. To the doctor's the troopers now bore Morrison.

"Will you be so good as to look him over, doctor, and give him first aid?" requested the sergeant. "We'll take him to the nearest hospital when you've fixed him up for the trip."

The doctor examined the wounded man with some care. "I suppose I might bandage him up fresh," he said as he finished. "But the fact is you boys have applied first aid as well as I could myself and —— In heaven's name, what's happening outside?"

The street outside was filled with people—with strange, wild-looking men, gaunt-faced, fierce-eyed, lean-framed, rifles in hand and revolvers at belt—with women as strange, wild-eyed and fierce. By twos and threes, in carts or on horseback, they had been descending into the village from the mountain roads and trails ever since the advent of Carey Morrison in his captor's hands. By what telegraphy they had learned in their widely scattered aeries of the mischance befallen their kinsman and chief, who shall guess? But here they were on the very heels of his disaster, pressing hard round the doctor's door.

Their sympathies lay all with the prisoner—that was clear. Loud and louder rose their curses of the unknown who had dared to intrude upon their domain. Loud and louder rose their threats of attack and rescue as their numbers grew. And then with a rumor of climax running before it came a movement down the center of the crowd, a tossing to right and left like the tossing of spray by the prow of a ship, as a tall savage woman clove her way through.

She burst open the door and stood on the threshold of the little office.

"Where is my man?" she demanded in a terrible voice.

Then her glance fell on the figure collapsed on the doctor's lounge. She paused as if fascinated, eyes riveted on Carey's white whimpering face, while her magnificent fury slowly faded.

"And two strangers could bring you to that!" she said as if to herself as she went away.

Another who had pressed into the room gazed with wonder and incredulity upon the prisoner's face.

"Who done it to ye, Carey?" he burst out at last.

It was as if the tone and words gave the wreck on the couch the one spur that could rouse him to speech. Slowly he opened his eyes and gazed his interlocutor full in the face.

"Cox, it was your coon hunters done it to me," he retorted, and gasped into silence.

Angry faces, threatening faces were thrusting over Cox's shoulder. The place was filling up.

"Doctor," said the sergeant, "with your permission we will clear the office. After that we will clear the town."

"Go ahead," whispered the doctor; "but don't say I said so—and good luck to you!"

Trooper Booth pulled out his watch. "If any of you wish to say good-by to Carey Morrison, say it now," said he. "In just two minutes you will have vacated this room."

He stood, watch in hand, while the crowd, lowering and muttering, backed into the street.

Then Sergeant Smith addressed the mob outside.

The Mob Obeys

"We are officers of the state police," said he slowly, clearly, with exceeding directness, and showing his badge. "We have arrested Carey Morrison in the name of the law. He is wounded because he unlawfully resisted arrest. We shall now take him away to jail. Meantime you will all quietly disperse to your own homes. I give you just ten minutes to get out of town."

For a moment the crowd stared at the officer as though weighing the echo of his words—testing the judgment of its own ears. Then it began to move, to split apart. On the outskirts rose the rattle of wheels, diminishing—the lessening clatter of hoofs. In ten minutes' time the streets were clear. Not one of the recent visitors remained.

How did it happen? Why did they do it? Perhaps they scarcely could have told, themselves. They cared not a whit for any law or peace officer within their ken—would have thought nothing of taking his life—and they had never before seen the state police.

But—there lay Carey Morrison. And they knew the fate of Israel Drake. And this strange man, who issued his orders so sternly, whose eyes were terrible, like blue lightning, and who knew no fear at all—this strange man expected to be obeyed.

Somehow they dared not hesitate.

Since that day there has been a saying in those mountains—a saying with a sound basis of truth:

"When the state police want a man from here they don't have to fetch him. They send him a post card and he comes in."

The doctor got out his two-horse wagon to convey the wounded outlaw to the hospital. On the road, they stopped at the boarding house for the troopers' effects. Like magic the entire settlement assembled to gaze upon its late guests as men born anew.

"Why didn't you say who you were?"

"So you are state troopers! I never guessed!"

"Well, you'll always be welcome in this town! That's one sure thing!"

"I'd like to shake hands with you boys."

"Me too!" "And me!" came the greetings from every side.

But the school-teacher beamed happiest of all. "I knew they were something remarkable all along," said she. "Didn't I tell you so?"

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Miss Mayo.

Hotels Statler

Prices Marked

In every Statler bedroom is a framed card on which are *printed* the rates for that room.

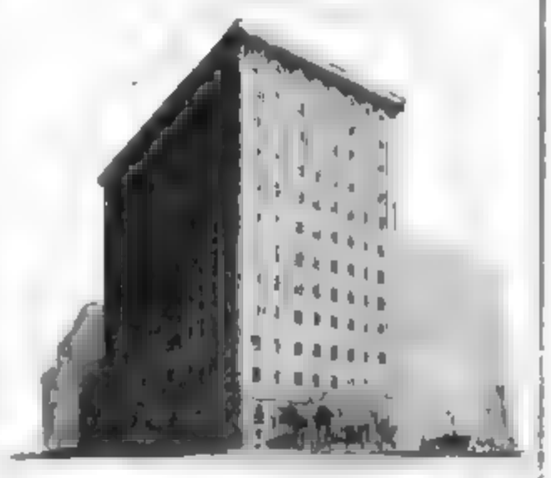
In other words, Hotels Statler mark their selling prices in plain figures. You know what your bill will be; you know that you're not being overcharged through a misunderstanding—yours or the clerk's; you know that you're paying just what every other occupant of that room pays—no more, no less. That's standard American practice in first-class retail stores; some day it will doubtless be standard practice in the best hotels.

That framed card is a small detail—but it illustrates the Statler way of doing things. It's one of the many concrete applications of the Statler policy of *fairness;* and *a full and honest money's worth,* to every patron—whatever kind or price of room he occupies.

And in These, for Instance:

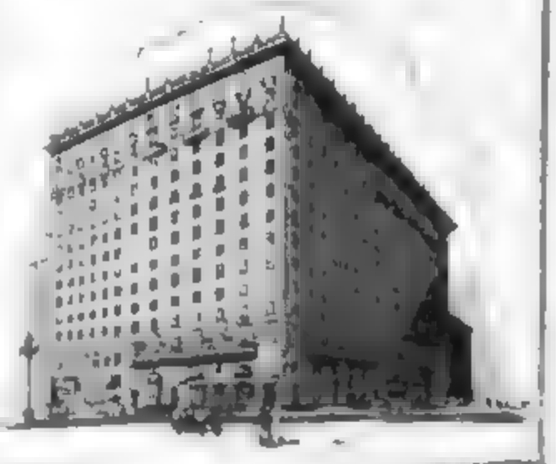
You find other expressions of that policy in Statler hotels *when you buy a newspaper*—and pay no more than if you bought it on the street; *when you use a public washroom* without being annoyed by whisk-broom or other service which you do not specifically request; *when you notice at the restaurant-entrances* printed signs explaining that checking of hats and wraps is free; and that tips aren't expected. Instances might be multiplied; the point is that the policy finds expression in actual practice in all the Statler Hotels.

BUFFALO
450 Rooms 450 Baths



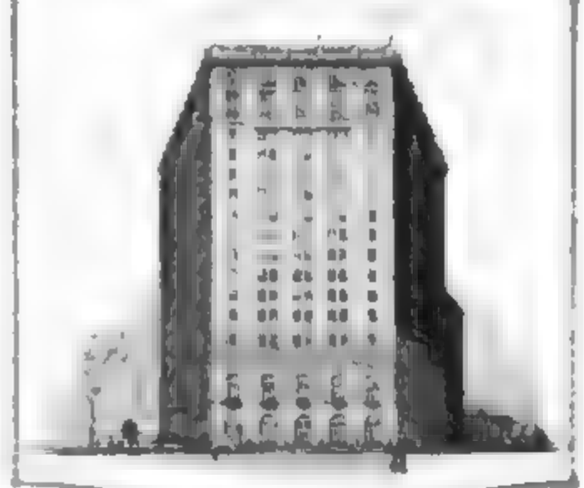
Every—*every*—Statler bedroom has private bath, circulating icewater, and numerous other unusual conveniences. Rates from $2 a day.

CLEVELAND
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths



An instance of Statler service to guests: when you wake you find a morning paper under your door—but you don't find a charge for it in your bill

DETROIT
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths



ST. LOUIS
650 Rooms 650 Baths

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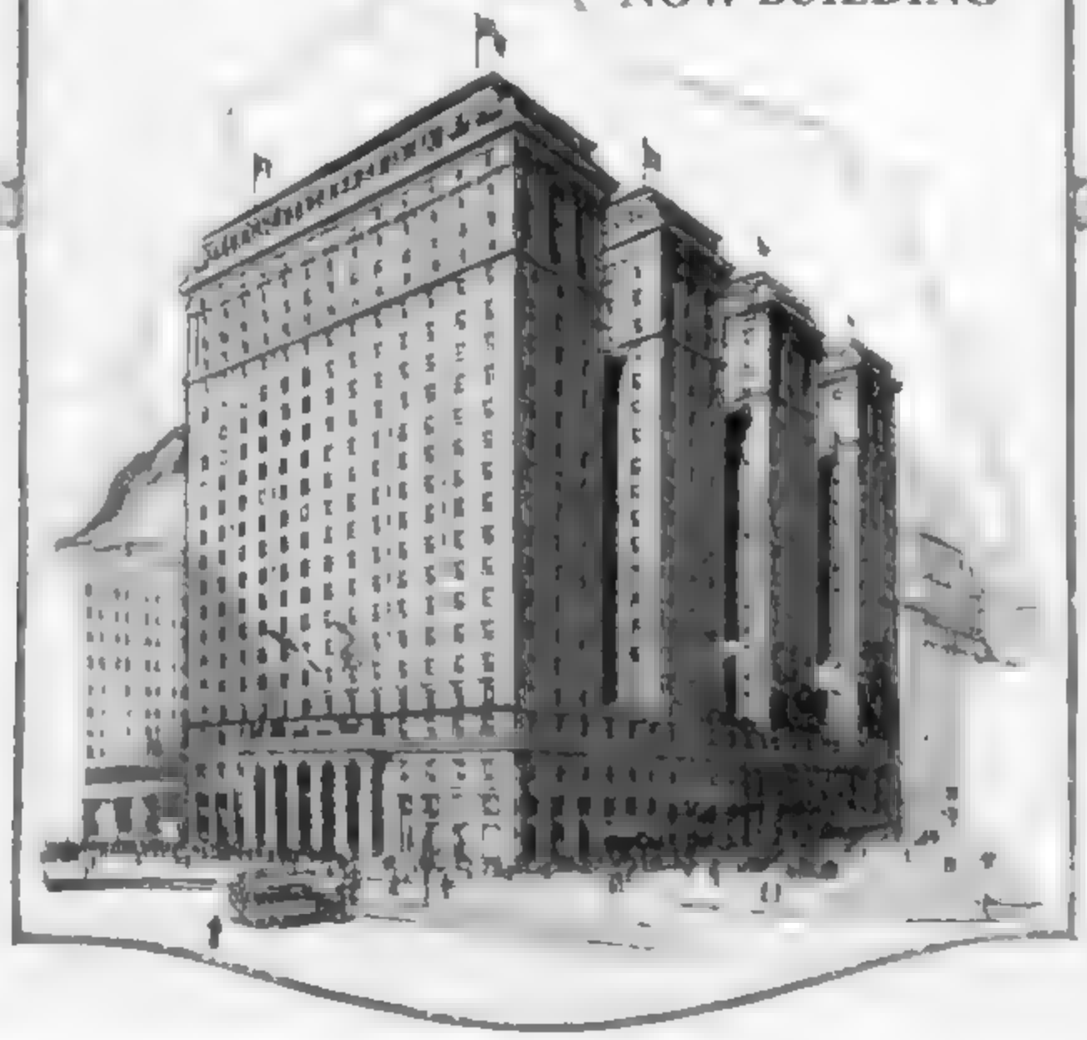
NOW BUILDING



The world's greatest railway—the Pennsylvania System—is building, in New York, the world's largest hotel. It will be called *Hotel Pennsylvania,* and will be Statler-operated.

In Hotel Pennsylvania's 2,200 guest-rooms (each with private bath) will be found all the "extra" comfort-features of the present Statlers—and some besides. It will be opened in the fall of 1918.

The Burroughs

Backed by a Reputation

In beauty of design and finish, in mechanical excellence, in speed, accuracy and ease of operation, the Burroughs Calculator is a typical Burroughs product.

Many improvements are built into it—results of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company's thirty years —and more—of experience in manufacturing figuring and bookkeeping machines.

This superior Calculator followed the old box-type of machine into the accounting world. And, like other Burroughs Machines, it is smoother-running, easier to operate, more durable, handsomer and more economical.

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The 10-column Burroughs Calculator has fewer parts than the old 9-column box-type machine. And its wearing parts are sturdier and more durable. It is smaller, more compact and weighs only eleven pounds.

Easy to move, to carry, to pick up, its usefulness is multiplied by its greater convenience.

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The clearing lever requires only one motion (forward).

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There are more than 100 models of Burroughs Figuring and Bookkeeping Machines, fitted to all kinds of business. Consult your telephone book or your banker for the address of the nearest of the 189 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada. Burroughs offices are maintained also in the principal foreign cities of the world

Price, 10-wheel capacity, $175; 14-wheel $275

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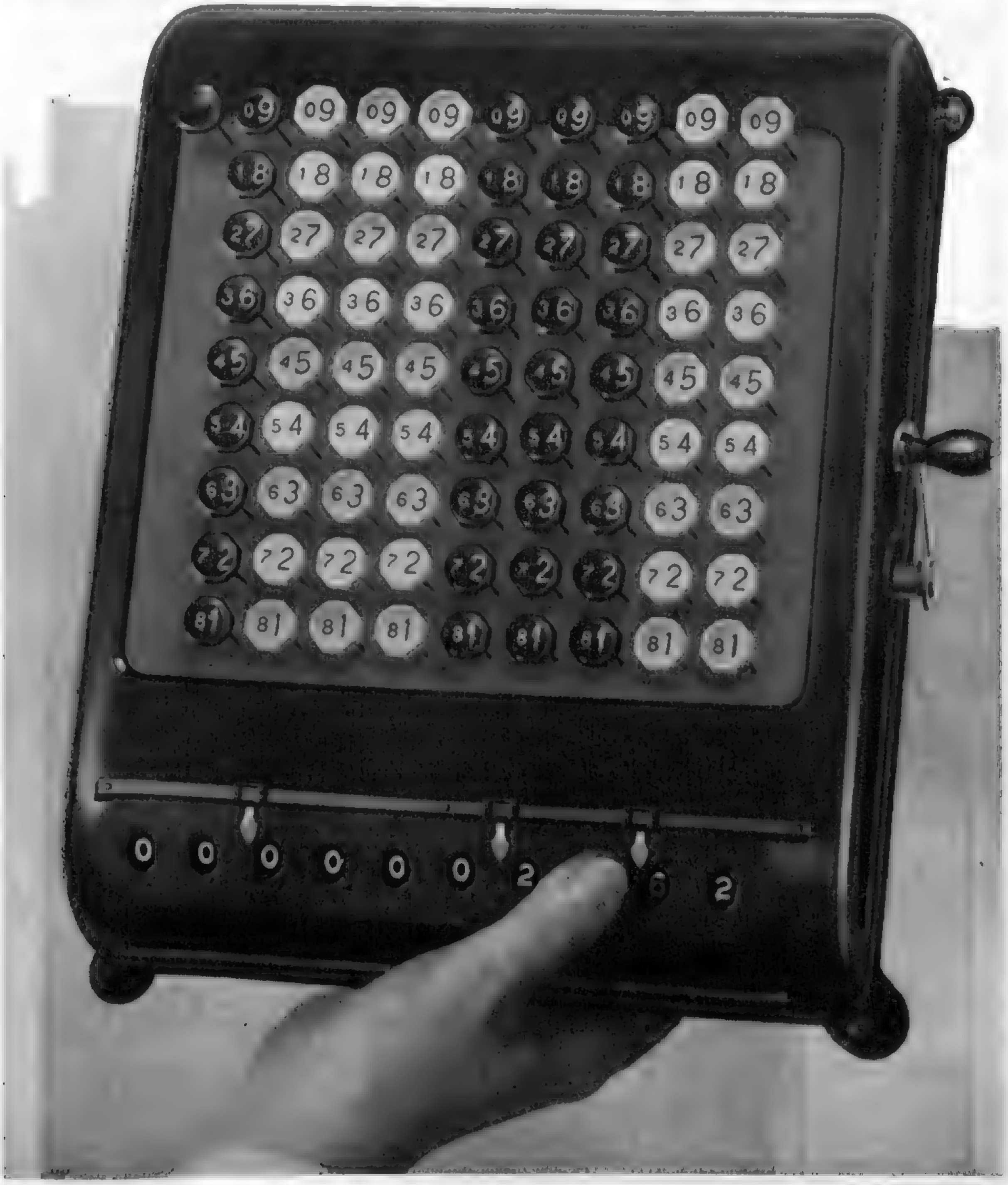
Calculator $175



The Most Expensive Cap

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Ozone Park, New York City

Makers of Cloth Headwear de Luxe for Men & Boys

Leading dealers are invited to ask for our salesman to call.

THE STRANGE STORY OF MR. SMITH

(Continued from Page 7)

"Are you real?" said Mr. Smith. "You look ——" He checked himself. Extravagant compliments had no place in his plan. "Where shall we go? It is my idea to let the costume in which I find you each evening determine that," he said.

"I understood that you proposed to leave nothing to chance," said the Rose-girl.

"I shall not," said Mr. Smith; "but I have a sense of the fitness of things, and shall give your gowns the correct background."

And he did. The gray gown dined at a famous restaurant where the hangings of rose-colored brocade and Mr. Smith's pink cocktails and sparkling burgundy became it well. In a tiny rose-and-gray theater that matched it, it saw a gay demure little comedy that matched it too. Then in a grillroom where, out of the frieze on the wall, little figures from real fairy tales looked down at the gray fairy lady, they danced.

Their dancing, too, matched the girl's gray gown, for they danced smoothly on into a gray sweet dream. And all the tunes to which they danced sounded like new tunes to Mr. Smith, though he had danced them all threadbare with Helen—thin, tinkling tunes of the year and Broadway. Now they cried out to the world that Broadway and music and laughter and love had a right to live on with the world at war; they were lights of a lightless night—brave and gay little tunes.

"I—have never danced before," said Mr. Smith as their last waltz began. And, so it had seemed to him all the evening, he had never talked before. They had talked of everything and of nothing, and all their silences talked too. Each time he looked at her it was like the first time, yet he seemed to have known her all his life. It had been a perfect evening, yet Mr. Smith, as they waltzed, felt that there was a more perfect minute somewhere ahead. There were words he could say that would bring it near if only he could think of them and say them; if only the music went on he could dance straight into it. But the dream-music stopped—gone forever, like an interrupted caress—and the Rose-girl slipped out of his arms and looked up at him, laughing.

"You are wonderful," said Mr. Smith. "I—you —— My plan for the week," he finished awkwardly, "was an excellent plan."

"I am glad I give satisfaction," the Rose-girl said.

She was tailored on their next evening, blue clad and slender, correct from the tip of her mannish bronze-brown pump to her big dark hat—like a schoolgirl's, yet like all Paris—and her tiny boutonnière of scarlet flowers. The suit, she explained, was only a model suit refitted, but it looked like the unrealized dream that might inspire a tailor to royalty or the queen of the fairies. They dined in an old restaurant near Broadway, once a pioneer among cabarets; and it is there that you can best breathe the breath of them still—there in a maze of tarnished, glittering gold and red, and shifting faces and mirrors, all to bewilder and delight that heart of a child which is the heart of Broadway. To-night it must also have delighted Mr. Smith, for he would not leave it. They dined and danced, and then drank or danced, or, as on their first evening, sat still and looked at each other. And so all the evening passed, and it was like an hour; but in that hour their new and unaccountable intimacy grew.

"We are friends now," said Mr. Smith then, though this was a forbidden topic until the end of their week. "Is that the thing you want—the thing this week is to give you—a friend?" But she would not answer.

"Your plan for the week," she said—"does it still quite satisfy you?"

"Quite," said Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith's plan, indeed, was succeeding in every detail, as Mr. Smith's plans always did. His daily life did not interfere with it. Helen developed bronchial pneumonia, his mother stayed on at Atlantic City, he avoided his intimate friends and his intimate clubs, and nobody asked him embarrassing questions. His work went smoothly, and a word from him seemed to straighten out any tangle of high or low finance. All day he hardly thought of the Rose-girl, but though the furnace coal was giving out and the temperature of his dressing room was well below sixty degrees, he would catch himself whistling dance tunes as he got into his dinner coat at night. His plan was succeeding, and his next evening began like the rest.

The Rose-girl was for the first time in evening dress. It was the modified evening dress of our first year of the war; it was shrouded and scarfed and veiled, and mysterious as first love, and it was of rose color; every trailing ribbon and touch of fluttering tulle was rose color. Ruby earrings—rubies quite as convincing as her pearls had been—lit little gypsy flames in the depths of her eyes—rose flames, cœur de rose, heart of all the roses. It was a disturbing gown, and Mr. Smith was in a mood that matched it.

He was disturbed and restless, making arrangements, only to change them. He developed an unreasonable but consistent objection to staying anywhere long. He ordered a perfect dinner, but hurried somewhere else for inferior coffee, somewhere else for liqueurs and somewhere else for no reason at all. He looked in at crowded cabarets, one by one, like the most blasé rounder on Broadway. At last he bought seats for the musical comedy of the year, just as the curtain went up on the second act; and left it just as the orchestra swung jauntily into the pseudomilitary air that was the song hit of the season.

"We must get out of here," he explained vaguely. He chose a substantial taxi and tucked the Rose-girl into it, opening both windows. "Air—that's what I want. Anywhere, but go fast!" he instructed the chauffeur; "and don't turn round till I tell you to."

They swept quickly up the dark drive and over the bridge and on and on, and the unrest that was in Mr. Smith's blood died out and left only a pleasant languor there.

"You are wonderful," said Mr. Smith after several silent, far-lighted miles.

"You know when to keep still. What friends we are! What is the thing that is going to happen to you and hurt you? Surely you can tell me now."

For he still did not know. The Rose-girl lived somewhere in the sleepy uptown block to which he drove her every night, and somewhere downtown, near where he had met her first, she worked. She was a

(Continued on Page 70)

The Little Maid, Who Had Crept Pluckily After Him Up the Stairs, Was Peeping in at the Door

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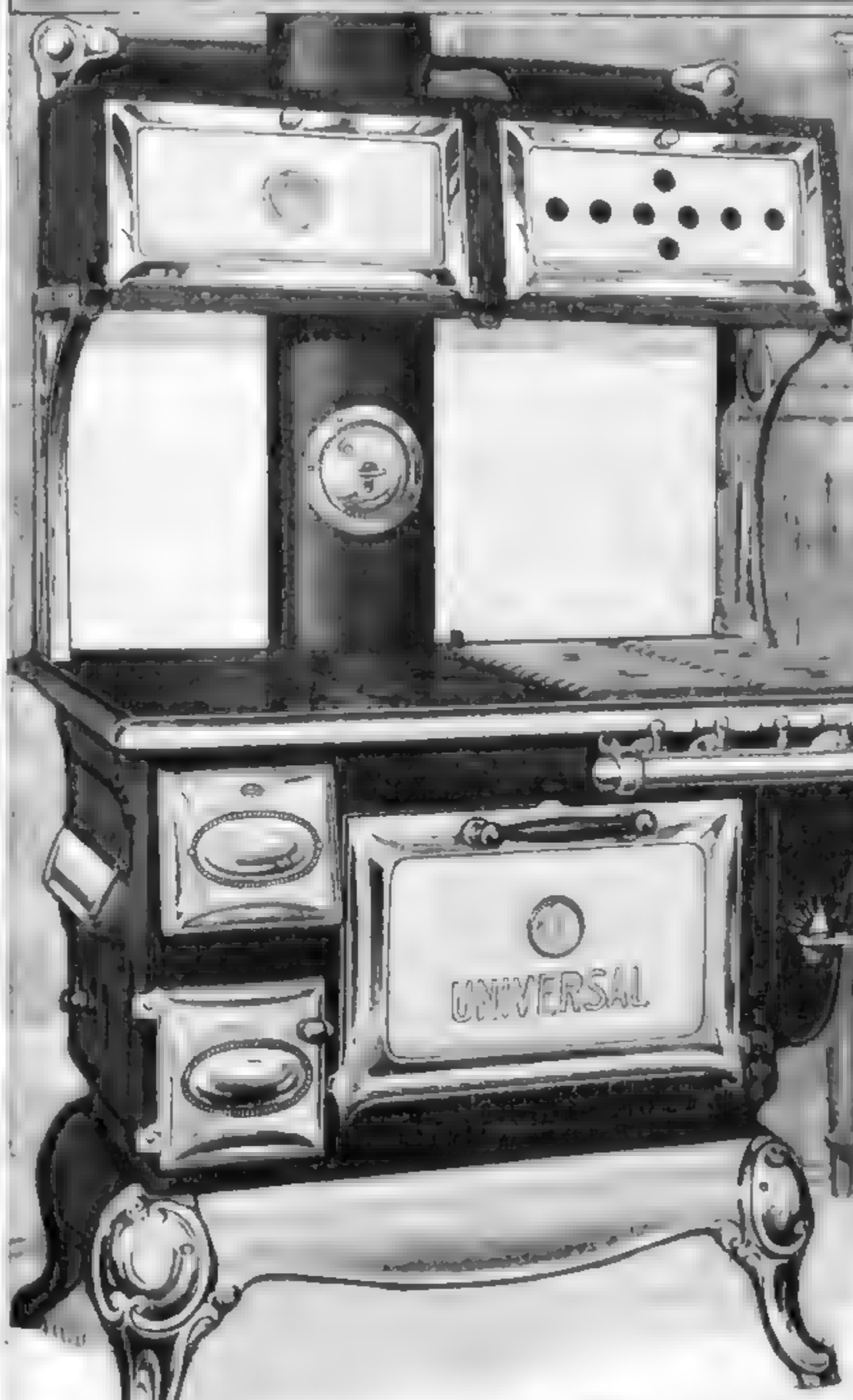

Burns Natural or Artificial Gas and Coal or Wood - - -

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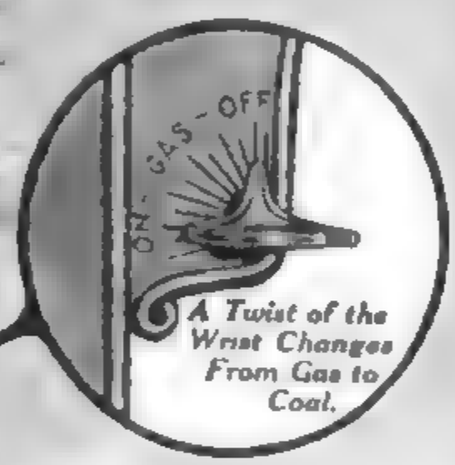

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Grand Home Demonstration Sale

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burns gas and coal or wood - or both at the same time - whichever is best suited to the food you are preparing.

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The Universal helps government conserve coal and lessens your fuel bills. Gives you a **warm kitchen in winter—a cool kitchen in summer.** Recommended by Marion Harris Neil, M. C. A., former cooking editor of the Ladies' Home Journal and National Culinary Expert. "Starred" by Good-housekeeping Institute. The largest selling Combination Range in America.

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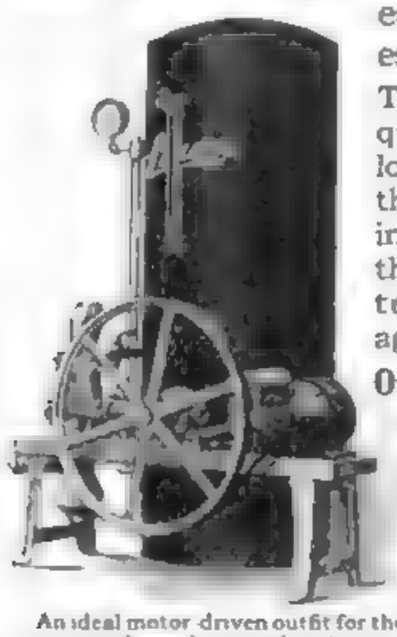

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Outfit with 50 gallon tank, $120 00
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1ST Leader Water Systems supply homes, public institutions and country clubs

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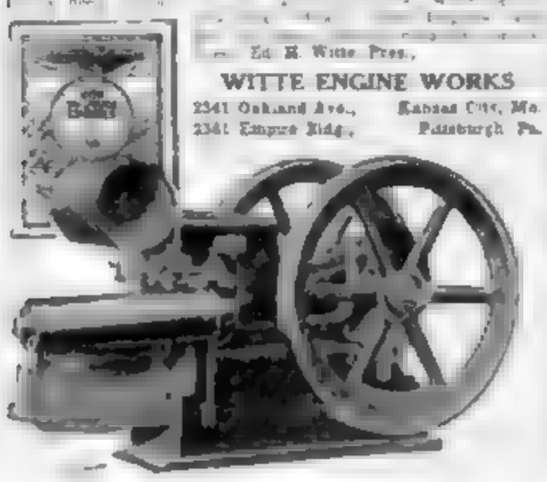

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Delta Electric Co.
Dept. 45, Marion, Ind.

(Continued from Page 68

private secretary, and not the underpaid typist or stenographer he had at first thought her. He had learned this from the Rose-girl, but nothing more.

"Tell me," said Mr. Smith.

"Death," the Rose-girl said.

"Death," she went on very softly, "to everything that is—me."

And Mr. Smith understood that she would tell him nothing more.

"What is the thing that you want of this week, and me? Tell me," he said; for suddenly he wanted greatly to be told, and it seemed to him that the dark, boundless night through which they rushed wanted also to be told, and was silent only to hear.

"Don't you know?" the Rose-girl whispered. "Oh, don't you?"

It seemed to him that she drew closer to him in the dark; a strand of her rose-sweet hair blew lightly across his cheek; and Mr. Smith drew the Rose-girl into his arms and kissed her.

The Rose-girl was quiet in his arms. Her face was hidden against his breast, so he turned it and held it and bent to kiss it again. Then they swung close to a street lamp, and then quickly past, but he had seen her eyes. Having seen them he let her go.

"Forgive me!" he said when he could speak.

"I forgive you," a voice so soft it was like an echo of his own promised from the Rose-girl's corner; "but—remember—I—have been offered love before, and the thing I want of this week and you is not love."

The thing she wanted? What was it? Though his plan, his week, and Mr. Smith himself seemed to him next day to exist only in order to find out, he could not think. He could not think with his mind, so he tried to think with his heart; and, though long unused to thinking, Mr. Smith's heart told him at last of something the Rose-girl might want. He was not prepared to give it to her; certainly not. But Mr. Smith now stopped thinking and let his week go on.

That evening they descended into Bohemia. Mr. Smith, conspicuous in his dinner coat, looked like a large embarrassed boy, and the girl like a princess, condescending, in her most wonderful costume yet—a cunning blend of spring and summer modes, of shy yellows and rich greens, with bright straw showing under the brim of her dark velvet hat; and trailing over one silken shoulder so jauntily that they looked real she wore heavy sable furs.

They made the round of the candle-lit lofts and silk-curtained cellars where Bohemia dances and dines, and found there what everyone may find in Bohemia who brings it there—youth, laughter, life and love. After an excellent rarebit, made and served by the sad, smocked hostess, they sat in rocking-chairs before the smoldering wood fire where the inner circle of Bohemia finishes the evening, and the Rose-girl slipped her hand quite openly into Mr. Smith's.

"This has been the best night of all," she said.

"No. The best night is coming, coming soon," said Mr. Smith. "Perhaps ——" he added cautiously. He had guessed what she wanted, but had not yet made up his mind to give it to her.

"Perhaps," said the Rose-girl doubtfully. "Perhaps."

His pink Rose-girl was a white Rose-girl on the next night, from her silver-buckled shoes to the one gardenia in her hair. She was exquisite, but her pale enveloping flutter of laces and tulle seemed to shut her away from him into some dream of her own where there was no room for him, it was so still, so white.

"You do not like this gown?" she said.

"'White,'" quoted Mr. Smith from some half-forgotten poem, "'too white for a mortal man's despair.' And the cut is queer—high for an evening gown, and low for an afternoon gown. Where shall it go? The Ritz, a drawing-room comedy, and the Crystal Fountain Supper Club? I—don't get it. It is perfect though, and you are perfect."

Something about that white perfection held him while it repelled, and he came eagerly close. But she gave him her coat to hold; and Mr. Smith, diverted, stared at it. The coat was white, like the gown, and it was all of fur; white fox, with a flaring collar of ermine, and with the light soft thing in your hands you could not doubt it—the fur was real.

Mr. Smith tried to think, and think fast. This coat had cost at least three times the entire sum he had given her; what had her perfect costumes cost, each a little triumph of taste? At any price, how could she assemble them at short notice? Were her sables real, too, and her rubies and pearls? Above all, what did the Rose-girl want? He had guessed, but had he guessed right? The white mystery that was the Rose-girl seemed to go suddenly to Mr. Smith's head like a new and insidious cocktail, and he could not think. The Rose-girl slipped quickly into her coat and drew it tight round her, as if she were cold.

"Oh, come! We have only to-night and to-morrow night," she said; and then, so softly that he hardly heard, "I am glad that you did not like this gown, my dear."

That evening passed quickly, like the rest, and a day as long as all the week passed, too, and Mr. Smith's last evening with the Rose-girl came.

His last evening, but there were no solemn thoughts of parting in the mind of Mr. Smith as he climbed the dark stairs; no questions, and no doubts; they were forgotten for the moment. In what new guise would he find her, his lady of so many surprises, who was, too, exquisitely the same, always the same, like a true chord of music, waking always one echo in the heart? Eagerly he gave his signal knock, let himself in, and groped his way through the suite to his own door, knocked again and opened it.

Mr. Smith paused in the open door and stared; then, finding his desk chair—the only familiar thing in the room—dropped into it and still stared. The room was no longer his. It was the Rose-girl's.

Though the change was complete the touches that made it were small: Tapestries hiding obtrusive bookshelves; something soft and bright pinned across the window; a rose-colored cushion or two; rose-shaded lights. In the center of the room was a supper table. It was Mr. Smith's own battered desk. The cloth that hid it had the blue-white sheen of old damask. The crest embroidered on the cloth was repeated on the thin old silver. The china was heavily banded with gold. Through the aroma of perfect coffee bubbling in a percolator Mr. Smith could smell his favorite preparation of chicken, simmering, ready to serve, under the chafing-dish lid. An old-fashioned epergne, piled with richly colored fruit, was the centerpiece, but a squat iridescent vase at Mr. Smith's place held a single small but perfect rose.

"There is nothing here that I cannot take away in two suitcases. I cooked all this myself; the biscuits too. You don't mind?" the Rose-girl said.

"Mind?" said Mr. Smith. He looked at her.

The Rose-girl's toilet to-night was her most perfect toilet of all. She wore the simple black gown of their first meeting, and a white apron—no trifle of beribboned lace, but a real apron. Her face was warmly flushed, and her soft hair tumbled, and her brown eyes welcoming and sweet. She was the picture that every man dreams of seeing at his own door when he comes home from work at night, and, if he never sees it, is homesick for all his life without knowing why.

"Mind?" said Mr. Smith. "My dear——"

But she would not let him go on.

"Come, we'll dine," she said.

"Our best meal," said Mr. Smith when the little meal was over; so he had said every night, but on this night it was true.

"I wanted you to see me once in my own setting," the Rose-girl said. "Home is the best setting for any woman; and a meal she has cooked for herself and the man she likes best on the other side of the table—that's home. I want you always to remember me like this."

"Remember you? But I am never going to lose you," said Mr. Smith. "I ——"

But the Rose-girl stopped him. "Whatever we lose or keep, let us have this evening first—all of it," she said.

So they had it. She filled his pipe and lighted it. She cleared the supper things away, and he helped her, gracefully ordered about. Then she did something mysterious with two cushions, which made him more comfortable in his own chair than he had ever been, and sitting, little-girl fashion, on a third cushion at his feet, she read to him.

She read from an old story of long-dead ladies and knights, once a favorite of his but half forgotten now. She made new music of the words, and he listened not to the words but to her voice. Sometimes it

(Continued on Page 73)

THE 4 PASSENGER PHAETON

THIS is a development of one of the most popular models Hudson has ever produced. Last year we called it the "Speedster" and that name properly describes it to all who are interested in a car possessing that quality. But the name unfortunately seemed to limit the car to those interested in a fast car.

Everyone is so familiar with just what the Super-Six can do in that particular that now there is no need to emphasize speed in any one model. Any Hudson, even the Limousine for that matter, which in most cars, because of the heavy body is more or less sluggish, is as lively and speedy as anyone will want.

The Four-Passenger Phaeton is a beautiful, cozy car, as richly finished in its detail as any model in the Hudson line. It will appeal to all who appreciate beauty, comfort and unostentatious luxury.

As for the chassis, experience with the thousands of cars of similar type that we produced last year, is proof of its complete adequacy.

There is great pleasure in driving a car that takes every road with the smoothness that characterizes the Super-Six.

And especially is it important that a car of this type should be capable of performing every service without making its work obvious to the driver or his passengers. That kind of performance can be relied upon from the Super-Six.

The Hudson Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

The Four-Passenger Phaeton is finished in a double deep blue-green for body, hood, radiator and wheels. Fenders and splash guards are in black enamel. Tire sizes 32x4½ inches

Ten different models make up the Hudson line for 1918. Its reliability is established. This year the Hudson Super-Six more than ever will be the choice car.

What town will be next?

JUST think back. How often has your newspaper, fresh from the press, cried out the news of another fire, and for days after fed you piecemeal the whole tragic story of death, loss, privation and distress?

Fate seems to time these shocks by some weird schedule so that ere one horror dulls in memory, it strikes again.

What town will be next? Who knows? It may be a quiet hamlet, or a busy factory town helping to build America. It may be a great city.

But the day is coming when we shall not consider what town will be the next, because roofs will be fire-safe. Buildings will no longer be topped with tinder, and when that day comes, fire's path will be blocked. You can see this working out in your town.

Up the street there's a cottage shingled with Johns-Manville Asbestos. Through the trees you see a stately mansion, with its beautiful roof of these same shingles in specially blended colors. Here's a garage—over there a great factory with a roof of the same material. All Johns-Manville Asbestos—all roofed for safety.

The demand for the fire-safe roof is growing fast, and with your own interest at heart you can help it by using any of the roofings listed below.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings: Asbestos Built-Up Roofing; Asbestos Ready Roofing; Corrugated Asbestos Roofing; Colorblende Shingles; Transite Asbestos Shingles.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 61 Large Cities

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Service in Fire Prevention

(Continued from Page 70)

thrilled and stirred him, sometimes it was warm and sweet, like a cradle song. Sometimes it stopped, and the shadowy, candle-lit room still seemed full of it. When at length it read no more there seemed no need of further speech.

The last hour, the last minutes of Mr. Smith's evening and his week passed almost in silence.

It was a beautiful hour. The girl sat still there beside him, her head leaning lightly against his knees, the candlelight bringing out hidden gold in her pale soft hair. Sometimes he put out a hand and touched her hair and played with it, and she let him. All the little pageant of his week passed in review before him as he sat, and Mr. Smith found it good, and the end he had planned was best of all.

But the end was coming too quickly; the hour was going too quickly. And with the hour it seemed to Mr. Smith that something which was his was slipping away from him, farther and farther away into the shadows of the room—some precious thing, some golden chance, some golden dream that would soon be lost to him forever. But this he would not believe.

And once the girl had turned as she sat, and looked up at him, eagerly searching his face with a shy and lovely light of hope in her eyes; that light died as she looked, for she did not see what she was looking for in the contented face of Mr. Smith. But Mr. Smith would not see it die. At last, shaking off the sleepy spell that held him, he touched her shoulder.

"I cannot wait any longer," he said.

"You need not," said the Rose-girl. They stood up now, face to face, and all the warm color was gone from her cheeks and all the hope from her eyes, and she looked very tired and very cold; but this, too, Mr. Smith would not see.

"You may say what you wish to me now," she told him, "but I warn you, it is not—what I wish to hear you say. Oh, you do not know what I want. And I hoped ——" She paused, trying not to cry; and she did not cry. "This week has been the happiest week of my life," she said; "I shall never forget it—or you. And—I shall never do the thing that would have been death to me. You have saved me from that. Though I shall never see you again—never!"

"Stop!" said Mr. Smith. "I want you to marry me."

The irrevocable words were out. He had made his gift to the Rose-girl now—the hand of a Wessington Smith. It spoke for itself, so he said nothing more. Respectfully but with confidence, as a Wessington Smith should wait, he waited her answer. It was slow to come, and unshed tears clouded the Rose-girl's eyes.

"Oh, is that—all?" she said.

Mr. Charles Cornwallis Wessington Smith was silent. What could he say? What, as a Wessington Smith, or a lover? If this gift would not speak for itself, he could not speak for it.

"I have nothing further," he said, "to offer."

"Oh!" the Rose-girl said; and then she was silent too. Shyly, like a scolded child putting toys away at night, she dismantled the room. One by one her possessions disappeared into the bags she produced. Mr. Smith did not help her.

As he watched, black anger gave place to incredulous surprise in his heart, and then to dumb, helpless pain. She was going—going. Going, and he could not stop her. Marriage with a Wessington Smith was not what she wanted. He had guessed wrong. He did not know what she wanted. He would never know.

She put something on his desk—a little pile of crisp new banknotes, all the money that he had given her; and still Mr. Smith did not speak. He was too miserable to speak. She put on her shabby cape and her little hat and came and stood before him, her brown eyes asking their eternal question no longer; sad but tearless.

"You—you won't marry me?" said Mr. Smith.

"No," she said. "No."

"Won't you even let me carry your bags downstairs?"

"No," said the Rose-girl, but she leaned suddenly close, and with soft cool lips she kissed him, once only. "Good-by," she said, "my dear."

Mr. Smith stood still, where he was. He saw her go slowly out of the room; he heard her go slowly down the stairs, carrying her heavy bags; heard, far down, a door sharply and suddenly closed. His week was over. His Rose-girl was gone. But why? Why?

We cannot choose our great moments. They come and are gone in a breath; with a glimpse of a face in a crowd, waking, forgotten dreams; with the closing of a door that shuts beloved feet out of our lives forever. This is perhaps the strangest part of the story of Mr. Smith, but when he heard that door close behind her he knew.

He knew why she had gone. He knew what she wanted. His trained mind could not tell him, but all in one sudden moment of vision he knew. And before him, with only the short hours of the night between, half of them gone already, was another day.

Another day, and it dawned in a golden glory; and that was suitable and right. Mr. Smith waked late and breakfasted late and deliberately, ignoring his house telephone.

"Phone my office that I shall not be there to-day," he directed the butler as he left the house; "that I shall not be there this week," he added. Then waving a hovering taxi away, though it would have saved time—and all time to-day was golden—he climbed the stairs of the nearest elevated. This was an adventure to enter humbly, on foot and alone. On his uptown train he forgot his dignity and lounged on the platform, breathing clean morning air. From the elevated he walked long cross-town blocks to a street he had promised never to visit by day.

The shabby section of shabby street had one little group of brownstone houses in passable repair. Before them he stopped. The first was shuttered and closed; the next was divided into frowzy tenements, overrun with frowzy children. The door of the third house lacked paint, but the windows were immaculately curtained. It was Mr. Smith'ssimple plan to inquire at every door in the block, but he chose this door to begin on. He rang the bell.

The bell jangled, and the maid who answered it had a parlor maid's manner, a kitchen-maid's apron and the water-soaked hands of a maid of all work.

"Miss Mary?" said Mr. Smith, though the dark hall and mid-Victorian furniture he could discern through the gloom were as far from her taste as from his. "Miss Mary?"

"What name?" said the maid; and, hearing his: "We don't know any Mr. Smith."

"I have come," said Mr. Smith, "about—roses."

"All the florists' orders were countermanded because ——"

But Mr. Smith did not stop to hear the reason. He heard, somewhere above, floating down to him very faintly, the voice that he came to hear—a voice at the delicate pitch of muted violins just before they are unmuffled, to sob their whole hearts out in song. There could be no other voice like that in the world. Mr. Smith took the little maid by both shoulders and put her out of his way and plunged into the darkened hall and on up the creaking, carpeted stairs.

They curved interminably, and the hall above was dark, too, but the sun rose and set in the room at the end, for it was from that room that the voice had come. After a minute's reverent pause before that door Mr. Smith knocked softly and opened it.

This room was mid-Victorian, too, hung with a dull-flowered paper, and darkly and solidly furnished, but piled high on bed, armchairs and tables with things that were not mid-Victorian but delicate and new, soft and befrilled and beribboned and pink and white. All this Mr. Smith did not see, for between the two windows, which faced the east, at a long-mirrored Queen Anne dressing table the Rose-girl stood.

She saw him in the mirror, and turned and faced him. The morning sun shone golden all round her, but it could not warm her pale beauty. She was not even the whitest of roses; she was a lily now—the coldest of all pale lilies. Her brown eyes were eyes that had not slept. She was wearing the gown that Mr. Smith did not like, and over her small high-poised head, hiding the pale burnished gold of her hair, fluttering in the light morning wind, was her wedding veil. The gown was her wedding gown.

"You," she whispered, her white face turning whiter. "You ——"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Smith, and then stood still in the sunlight, meeting her eyes. She looked at him, and as she looked slowly, silently, a miracle too lovely to watch, like

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Wholesale Tailors
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REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.

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You're sure of shave-ease when the nurse-face smiles at you from any San-Tox shaving help.

You can depend on this purity symbol, which designates both a high type of druggist to whom "purity" is a watchword, and also a complete line of San-Tox Toilet Purities. Only San-Tox druggists who are specially appointed sell San-Tox preparations.

For Shaving:

San-Tox Shaving Cream: Very white and [illegible]

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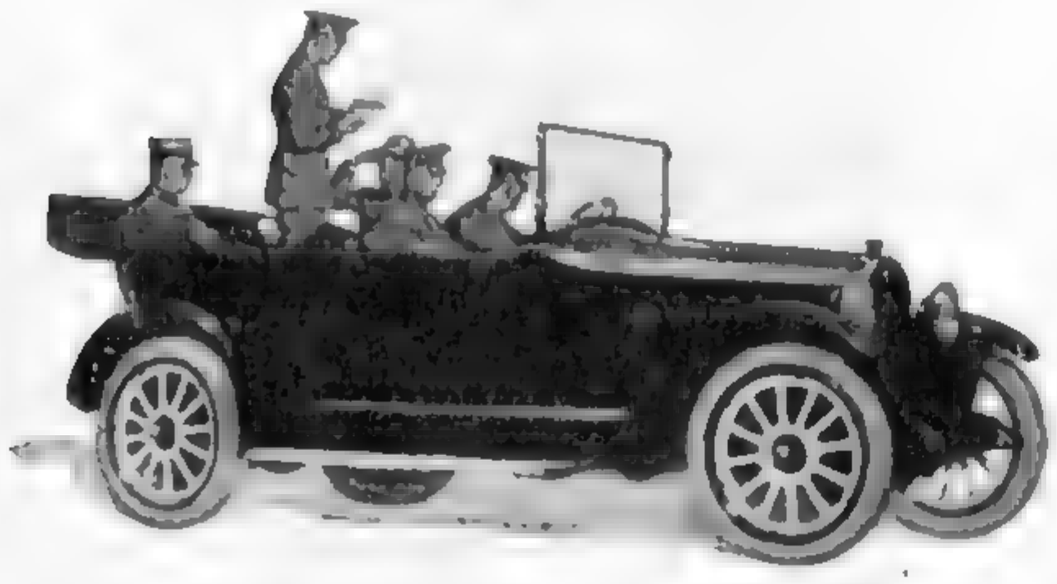
The Liberty represents the combined ideas of a group of men who have already made national reputations in the automobile industry for themselves and their product.

The result of this composite idea is quickly evident by the difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives.

LIBERTY



LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

the opening of strange night flowers, the color came back to her cheeks and light to her sleepless eyes. Then a new light was born in them—a light that no man sees twice in the eyes of any woman.

"You know what I want!" she said. "You know!"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Smith. The little maid, who had crept pluckily after him up the stairs, was peeping in at the door, so he shut the door in her face and locked it. He held out his arms, and the Rose-girl, without another word or look, came straight into them and dropped her tired head on his shoulder. The white veil touched his cheek.

"I am not too late?" he said.

"I was saying good-by to the gown, that's all. This was to have been my wedding day. I was marrying for money. My mother wanted it. I'm all she has. I wanted it too. But I have sent the man away. I hated him. I have given back his jewels and his furs. My gowns that I wore for you were all trousseau gowns. I am in debt for them all."

She recited these facts briefly, for they had just then no interest for her, and little for Mr. Smith. Only one thing interested them in the changed and golden world—the thing that the Rose-girl wanted.

"You know!" she said. "Oh, how long have you known, my dear?"

"Since the beginning of the world. Since last night." Mr. Smith's happy eyes looked deep into the Rose-girl's happy eyes.

"The thing you want is the thing that I want," said Mr. Smith. "It is in my heart for you, and in your heart for me. All through our week it was there, but we could not find it. You looked into my face and you could not see it there. It hid in our hearts and would not be found. For I bargained with it, and set a trap to catch it, and appointed times and seasons for it to appear. It comes at its own time and season, and if it never comes it is just round the corner all our lives. I gave it a week. A week was not enough to give it. I will give it one day more, and then, always, one day more. I will give it all my life."

"It is not love?"

"It is greater than love; it is the heart of love."

"What is its name?" the Rose-girl whispered. "Oh, say it!"

But they said it together, with Mr. Smith's arms close round her and his lips close to hers:

"Romance . . . Romance."

You and I, who do not believe in roses that talk, know that this is not the end of the story of Mr. Smith. We are right. About one year later, on the day when so many love stories end and begin—the first day of spring—two young people were locked in Mr. Smith's private office, while Miss Gibbs, with an approving smile, gave out to the world the news that Mr. Smith was very much engaged.

They were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cornwallis Wessington Smith. Mr. Smith sat correctly enough in his battered but comfortable desk chair, but Mrs. Smith sat on the arm of it, with one arm round the neck of Mr. Smith. The tea basket required her other hand to operate it. It was an English tea basket, with plenty of room for sandwiches, but they were all gone now and Mr. Smith was finishing his third cup of tea, while Mrs. Smith dipped lumps of sugar into it and ate them.

"Mollie, you know you must not do this again in office hours," said Mr. Smith. He always said this after his third cup of tea in the office, especially when he had himself suggested the ceremony, as on this occasion.

"I know, dear ——" said Mrs. Smith meekly.

"But to-day I think I will show you something," continued Mr. Smith.

"Not—the rose?" said Mrs. Smith.

"The rose," said Mr. Smith. "Our rose. I never would show it to you before, and, do you know, I never have looked at it myself. I have never once opened that drawer. I—was afraid."

Mrs. Smith did not laugh at this, as you or I should have done. She put the tea basket and all her belongings neatly away. Then she kissed Mr. Smith quite gravely and formally, once.

"Don't be afraid. We will look at it now," she said, "together."

So together, holding each other's hands tight, as if they were both, perhaps, a little afraid, they bent over the locked drawer of Mr. Smith's desk. He unlocked and opened it, and they looked in.

They looked, looked again, and then, a little afraid and a little puzzled, too, they looked at each other. Then, as it always made a puzzling situation more clear, they kissed each other.

"How queer!" said Mrs. Smith. "But how beautiful! You see, we did not need it any longer."

"Who wants a rose if he can have you?" said Mr. Smith. "Yes, it's beautiful, but it's queer. It's certainly queer."

You and I know that roses do not climb out of locked drawers of desks which nobody opens. Perhaps Miss Gibbs dropped the rose on Mr. Smith's floor, where he found it. Perhaps some office boy, intrusted with the keys of Mr. Smith's desk for a perfectly commonplace purpose connected with blotters or mucilage or ink, found the withered flower and threw it away. Perhaps — But the fact remains — and for those who do not believe in fairies some facts are hard to explain—that in the empty drawer of Mr. Smith's well-ordered desk there was no rose.

ALICE OF THE RED TAPE

(Continued from Page 15)

"Good day, miss! Fery pretty," she said composedly. "Already we expect fourteen good ladies from the village at two o'clock to-day. Till now I teach them, but I am delighted to take my rightful place."

Alice smiled good-naturedly.

"Oh, I'm sure you know quite as much about it as I do," she said easily; "I shall depend enormously on you, Miss Markheimer."

Miss Bertha smiled back a broad-toothed smile.

"You are bolite as well as bretty," she remarked.

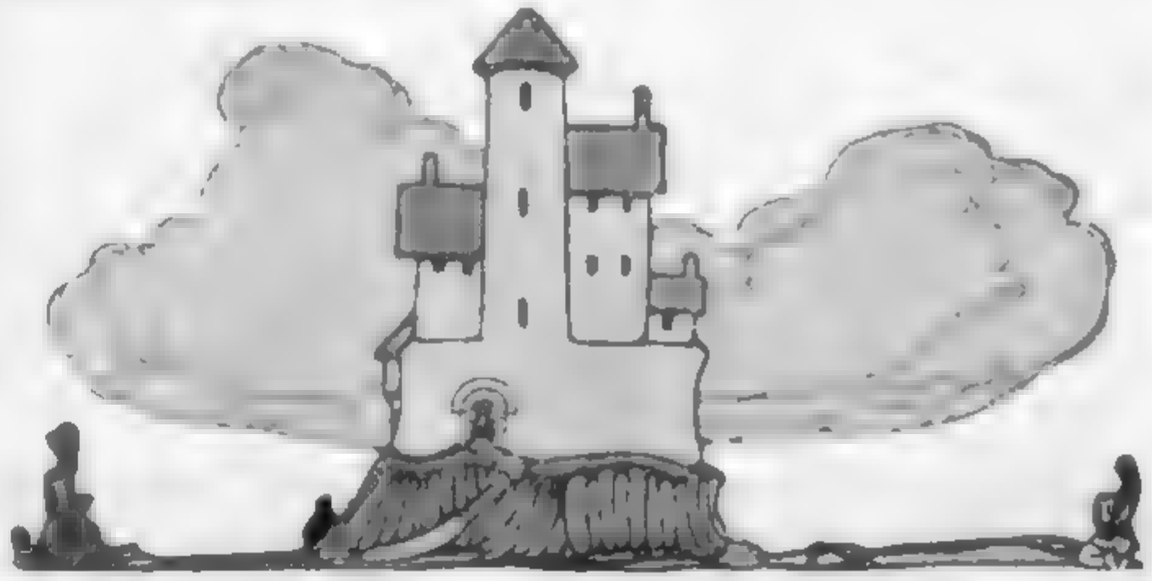
Alice did not feel called upon to explain that she felt the need of a little extra politeness in the circumstances. It couldn't be very jolly, she thought, to be a German by blood, no matter how loyal you might be to your adopted country. She felt a delicate sympathy for Miss Bertha.

"Directly I reach my five hundert," said this lady briskly, "I begin my packing. That makes me one dousand. From to-day on I work for you, but all these gompresses are bromised beforehand."

"Really? That's too bad," Alice returned. "Where do you send them?"

"To all my friends, a few," said Miss Bertha; "all the summer I bromise them. Whereffer I blay golf, and that is effrywhere I bossibly can, there is a workroom in that club, you see.

(Continued on Page 77)



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Easily and thoroughly removes obstinate dirt, stains, grease and grime.

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You'll discover an *imported* cigar, of rich, tropic fragrance, sweet, mellow taste and gentle mildness at less than the price of the usual domestic cigar.

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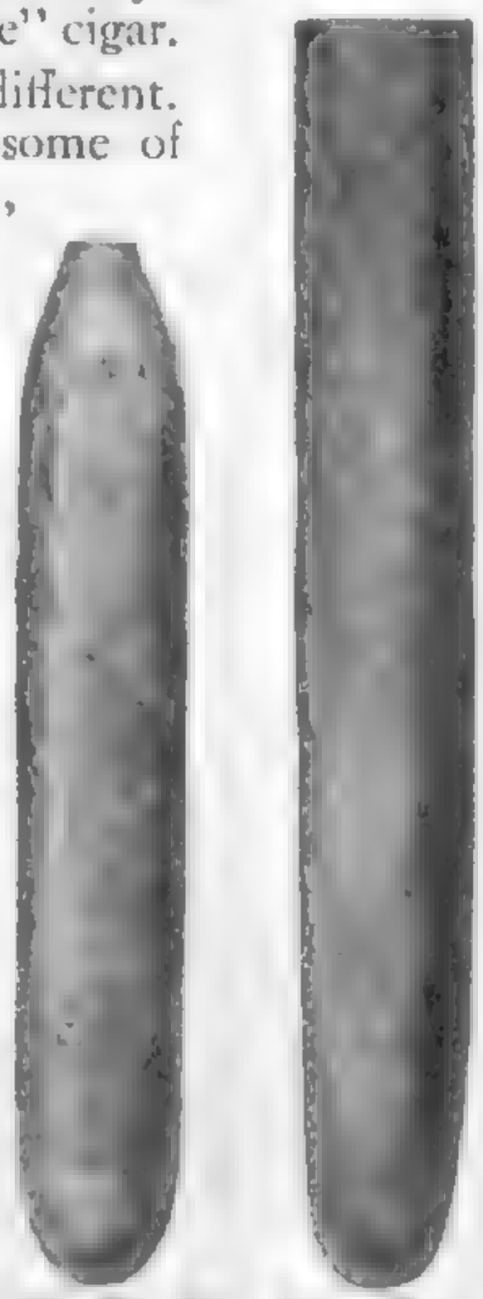

Saratoga Size—7c
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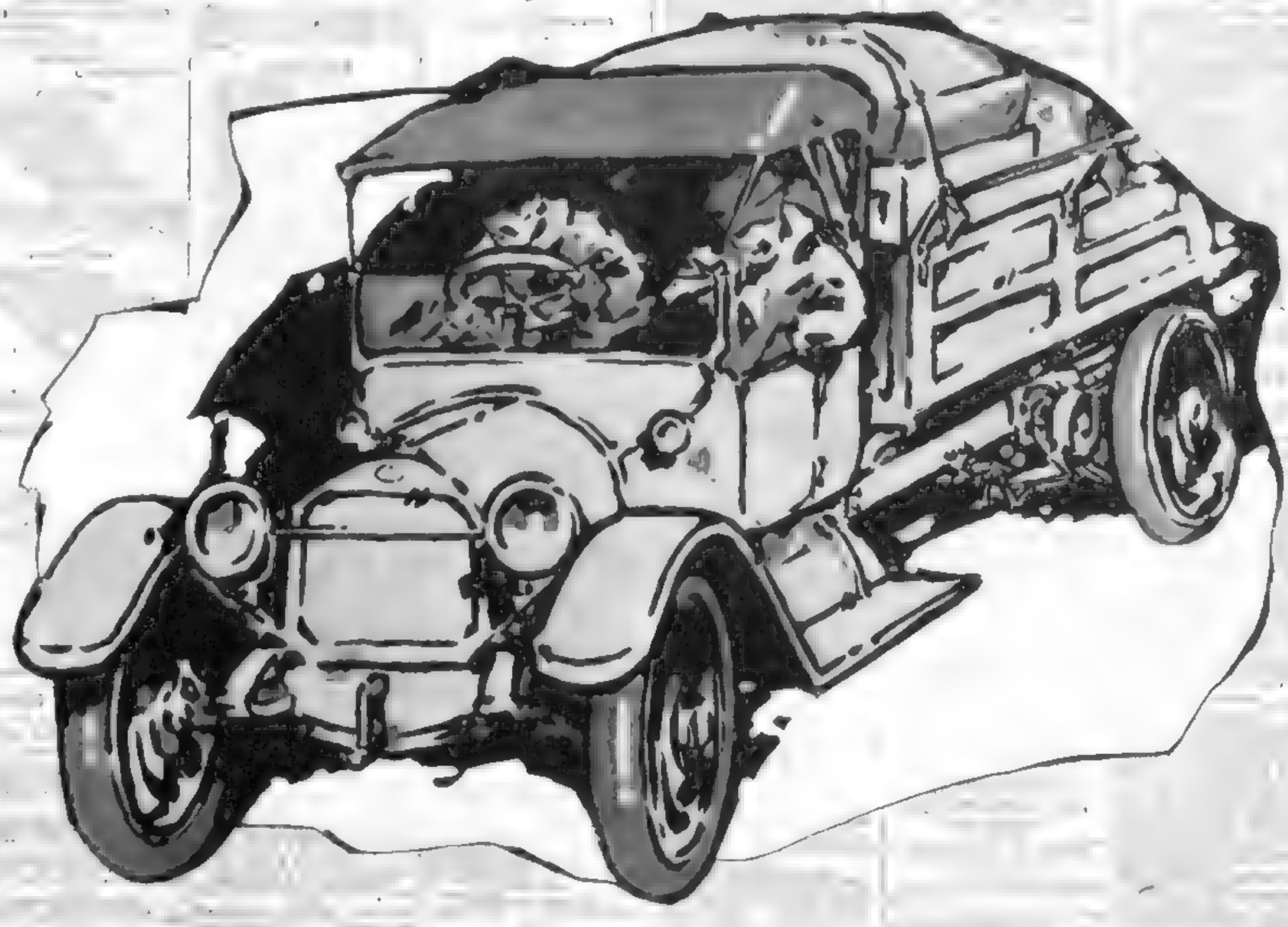

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It Is Worth Three to Four Times What You Can Get For It

Your business needs it—make it pay YOU a profit—turn it into a truck.

The car is old only because it looks old—there is still plenty of power for a sturdy and powerful truck—one or two-ton capacity.

Your car with a universal Smith Form-a-Truck is worth from five to seven dollars a day in your hauling and delivery—the work it will do as a motor truck will pay YOU a yearly profit several times greater than its "trade-in" value.

30,000 Smith Form-a-Trucks are already in use with the power plants of passenger cars—this is worth your consideration.

Tell us about the car you have—we will show you how it will make MONEY for you in your business—or suggest how you can sell it.

After April 1st, 1918, prices are:

One-Ton Standard (for Fords)	**$390**
One-Ton Universal (for all cars)	**450**
Two-Ton Universal (for all cars)	**550**

F. O. B. Chicago

SMITH MOTOR TRUCK CORPORATION

Michigan Avenue at Sixteenth Street, Chicago

(Continued from Page 74)

"'Oh, Miss Markheimer, sit down and make us a few gompresses!' all the ladies beg me, till I am tired of it. At last I say, 'Ladies, I am here to blay golf. I do but the one thing at the one time. But I will not forget you and I bromise you one hundert gompresses, when I visit my brother at Heim Mark, if you will let me off now.' And they laugh and let me blay golf. So now I keep my bromise."

"I see. You are very systematic about it," said Alice.

"Yes, I am fery systematic," Miss Markheimer agreed; "so, I aggomplish much. Is there any other way?"

"I suppose not," Alice admitted.

All this while she was idle, and in order not to continue so, she sat down by Miss Markheimer and wrapped in strong brown wrapping paper the bundles which that lady handed her. Afterward they addressed them to the various country clubs.

Just as the last wrapper was tied Motherwell entered the room.

"Did you ring, madam?" he inquired.

"No," answered Miss Markheimer, "I did not. But zince you are here I would like these pundles by express sent."

It occurred to Alice suddenly that Miss Markheimer disliked the butler, and that when she disliked anything she spoke with a stronger German accent.

"Very good, Miss Markheimer," he replied and piled half of them in his arms on the spot.

"How soon will they go?" she asked.

"I will find out, Miss Markheimer. Thank you," he said and left them.

"*Ach*, these English servants! 'Thank you!' For what does he thank me?" she exclaimed.

"They all do that, don't they?" Alice agreed pacifically.

She couldn't help thinking that servants on the stage were not so exaggerated, after all; in real life they acted sometimes just like good character butlers in an English drawing-room comedy.

Motherwell returned quickly for a second armful.

"No one is going down from the garage till four o'clock, Miss Markheimer," he said, looking respectfully into space over the bundles.

"Thomas is on Red Tape duty all the morning, and Jackson and the mechanic are overhauling the other cars. If quickness is a point, madam, I can take them myself very shortly; I am to meet Mr. Markheimer's secretary on the ten-forty-five for some papers, and I believe the eleven-two, the down train, carries express."

"Fery good," observed Miss Markheimer; "but how then do you, yourself, get to the station?"

"I drive the little car, madam."

"You are fery glever, Motherwell," said Miss Bertha jocosely. "You are almost too glever for a butler, *nicht wahr?*"

A slow red crept over the man's cheek bones. The little lines round his eyes stood out almost painfully and the iron-gray hair at his temples gave the red in his cheeks a curiously artificial effect.

"I try to be useful, madam," he said in a low voice.

"*Ach!* I was choking only!" Miss Markheimer cried impatiently. "But you English can neffer take a choke."

"So they say, madam. Thank you," he replied in his even voice, and slipped out.

Alice felt sorry for him and disgusted with his mistress' sister-in-law. Since she was to be free until after luncheon, and since the older lady left the room abruptly, she went to her own room, put on her hat and jacket with the idea of taking a little walk, and started down the stairs, where the second man, who had carried her bags up from the hall the day before, met her.

"A registered letter for you, miss," he explained, adding that her signature was necessary in order to get the letter, and that through carelessness no slip had been sent for her to sign.

"And Jackson thought, miss, that you might care to go down with him if you wanted it quick, and sign at the office."

"Why, yes, I should," she began; "but I'm afraid it would be too much trouble."

"None at all, miss; he's just starting."

"Oh, I understood the cars were out of order," she said; but the man shook his head.

"I'm sure not, miss. Jackson's waiting at the side door, miss. It's his regular trip with the mail."

Alice sat thoughtfully beside the young chauffeur, in a smart runabout, trying to think why Motherwell should have lied so. For obviously he had lied. Evidently he wanted an excuse to get to the village.

Her registered letter—a characteristic device of her mother's for sending an unnecessary key to her suit case—disposed of, she strolled round the back of the little station, which was also the post office, and paused, amazed, at the sight of Mr. Motherwell in his shirt sleeves, vigorously nailing cleats across the top of a white-pine box. The box was full of the bundles she had helped Miss Markheimer to address, not an hour before.

Alice saw her own handwriting on the top one.

"How stupid even the best servant can be!" she thought and started forward impulsively, speaking to him as she would have spoken to anyone in his place, utterly forgetting that from his point of view she was hardly in a position to do this.

"Oh, Motherwell, what are you doing?" she cried. "Wait a moment, please! Those packages are all to go separately. Didn't you understand? Every one has a different address!"

He stared at her as at a ghost.

"Wh—what —— I beg your pardon, miss," he stammered.

"Take those out," she went on, "and put them into the office as separate packages; don't you understand? Where were you going to send them, anyway?" she added. "To the Red Tape, I suppose!"

"Y-yes, miss; quite so," he replied, fingering his hammer nervously. "The Red Tape, of course, miss."

"Well, you'd have made a great mistake," said Alice. "That isn't at all where Miss Markheimer wishes them sent. You have only to read the addresses," she added impatiently.

"Yes, miss," he answered dubiously, but just then a faint whistle echoed down the rails, and seizing his hammer he nailed down another cleat before her eyes.

Alice stiffened.

"I will step in and telephone Miss Markheimer," she said curtly, but he sprang in front of her.

"I beg that you won't, miss!" he cried. "I truly beg you not to. What I'm doing seems strange to you, miss, I don't doubt, but I'm acting in the best interests of my employer; and that is the truth, miss—before God, it's the truth!"

Alice was really moved. The man might be a fanatic, crazy even, but she felt him to be sincere.

"You mean that these are Mr. Markheimer's orders?" she asked.

"I am acting in his best interests, miss; and I'm doing nothing he wouldn't wish, I assure you," he repeated, nailing on the last cleat.

"This is very strange, Motherwell," she began, and then the train whistled loudly, at which he leaned down and shouldered the box. The address, written on one side in plain marking ink, was partly covered by his body, but Alice saw distinctly the words:

—— Chemical Laboratory
——th Street
—— Y. City, N. Y.

A strange, frightened thrill ran through her to her knees and loosened the joints of them. She felt that something, somewhere, must be prevented by somebody, but that she didn't know what to do. Was this man wicked? He was certainly sly. Why should he deliberately distort and missend and disobey?

The train drew in to the platform, shrieking and hissing.

"One moment, miss," he said abruptly. "Wait just where you are; I'll be back and explain to you. But don't move!"

He started off. She stood staring at his strong, slim, shirt-sleeved figure.

"You'll not move?" he said over his shoulder; and it came to her suddenly that she couldn't move. His eye controlled her, simply.

He must have seen this, for he nodded almost imperceptibly, and hurried to the expressman—an old chum evidently.

"Got her ready, Motherwell? Right you are!" called out the man, and between them they tossed the box into the still moving car, ahead of a great truck loaded with boxes and barrels.

People began to climb down from the coaches, and others from the platform rushed up the steps.

"Miss," Motherwell's voice sounded very close to her, "may I ask you for your word

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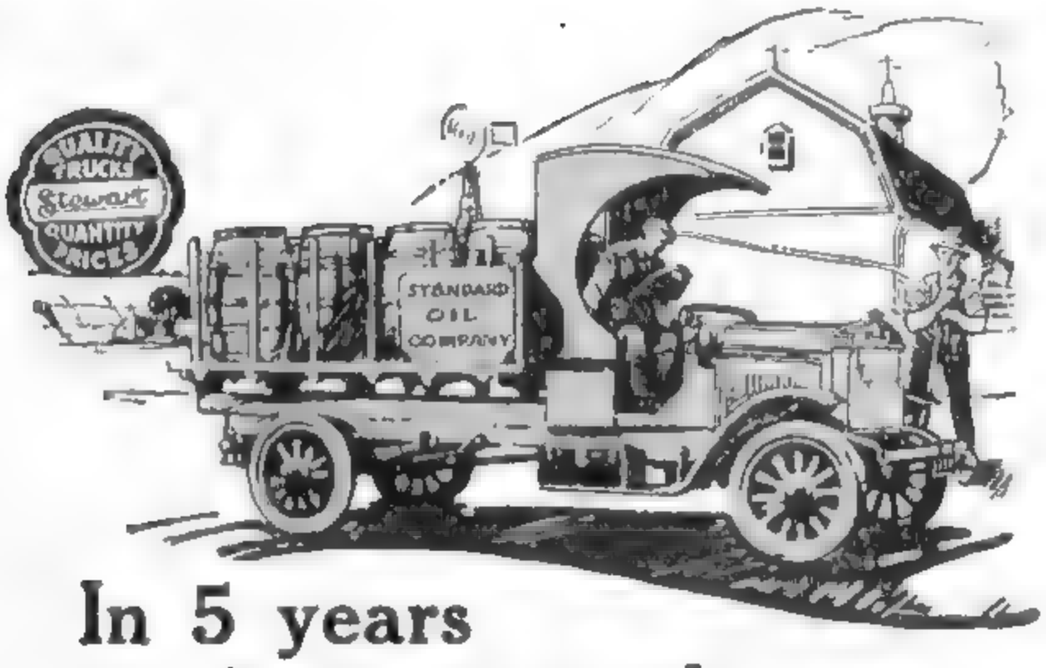

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Stewart sales and shipments are averaging a 246% increase over last year.

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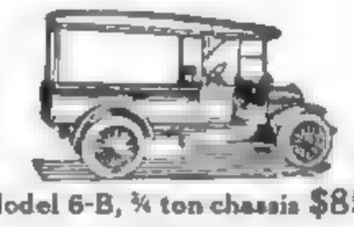
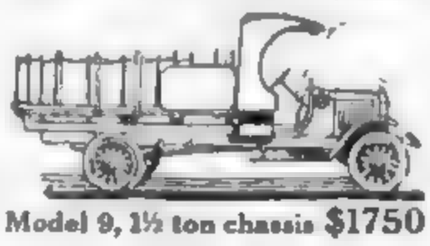
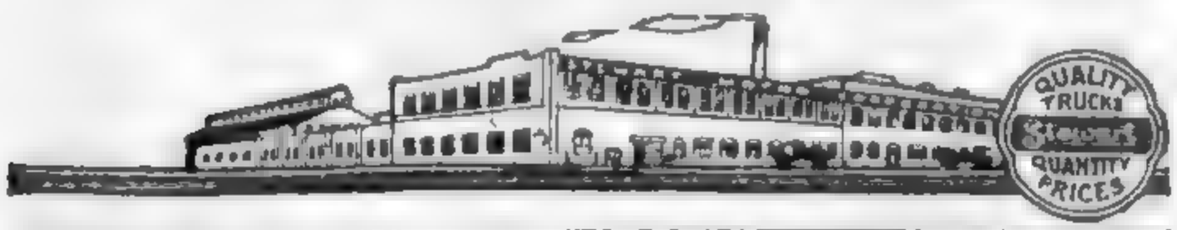

Model 6-B, ¾ ton chassis $850

Model 8, 1 ton chassis $1395


Model 9, 1½ ton chassis $1750

Model 7, 2 ton chassis $2295



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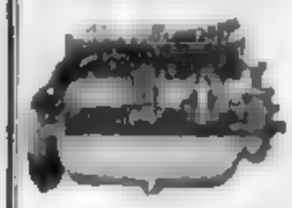

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of honor not to mention any of all this till to-morrow?"

"Certainly you may not!" she answered coldly, furious with herself at the power of his eye.

"Not just until to-morrow, miss? It's a matter of great importance. I didn't expect to see you here, miss; I didn't indeed."

"I can't discuss it," she began, when suddenly an enormous limousine dashed to the farther end of the platform and Miss Markheimer jumped out, waving her hand to the train and lumbering heavily toward the drawing-room car.

Quick as a flash Motherwell pulled his overcoat from the ground, snatched a soft hat from beside the hammer and box of nails, and drew Alice, with a quick, strong gesture, into the shelter of the express shed.

"Lord!" he gasped, "this is a close shave! See here!"

With one eye on the train he pulled his waistcoat open. Inside it was a dull silver star.

"Do you see that?" he said quickly. "That means that you must do as I say or—or you'll go to jail. Or be electrocuted against a wall at sunrise, or something; I never know. I have to follow her. United States Secret Service, child; do you understand? You're to keep your mouth shut."

"Then you're not a butler?" said Alice stupidly.

"No, no! Just get right back and pack your things. Say that the letter was from home and you have to go. There won't be any class anyway, probably; not after to-day. There we go!"

The wheels moved.

"Then you never were a butler?" Alice repeated, her jaw—I am sorry to say—dropping more and more.

"Go and sit down; you're as white as a sheet. Bless your heart!" he muttered. And as she stared at him he shook her slightly, leaned nearer, put his finger under her chin and kissed it.

As one sees the actors in a moving picture Alice saw him run, apparently several feet behind the last car, catch up with it, swing himself to the platform. There were a few seconds of jar and rumble and whistling, and then the station was quiet. Alice found herself sitting on the sill of the express shed and, after what seemed to be several years, she got up unsteadily and found Jackson smoking philosophically in the lee of the big limousine.

"Thomas and I, we thought you was lost, miss," said the young chauffeur. "Would you rather the big car, going back?"

So Alice, still of the Red Tape, came back to her committees, and continued to make a fourth at bridge. It was not at all difficult to explain why she returned so suddenly, for the simple reason that nobody had ever been particularly interested in her affairs; so as soon as they had said: "But I thought you were going to Pauline Miller's? Wasn't there any class there?" they always went straightway on with: "Oh, my dear, what *do* you suppose happened to me on Thursday!"

Nobody really cares what you do, you see.

Now Alice never had been kissed by any man outside of her family. There are more girls of whom this is true than popular-magazine fiction would lead you to suppose. Of course if you have been kissed once by several men or several times by one man you can't recall how Alice has been feeling all this time. And it was only her chin anyway. But she felt so, all the same.

So you can imagine how she blushed and turned quite pale and stared when, one afternoon in December, a perfectly strange young officer in olive drab, with U. S. R. on his collar, stood for some minutes in perfect silence in front of her table at a big bazaar and then said: "May I have a cup of tea, Miss Delamar?"

Where had she—when—but this man had a heavy dark mustache. Besides, he was a young man.

"Oh, you've met Miss Delamar before?" asked the friend who was serving with her.

"Rather, I should say so! We were dining at the same house last fall," said the young officer promptly.

"But I thought you said you were in the West all the autumn?" persisted the friend.

"So I was—in a way," replied the young officer. "More or less, you know. Miss Delamar's father wants her. I believe I'm to take you over there."

She went out of the booth quickly, but the young officer pushed her gently toward an empty fortune-teller's booth beside them.

"I had to go West directly," he said easily, as one resuming an interrupted conversation; "and I never had a minute to write. I made a good butler, didn't I? You see, it was just nip and tuck that I got that boche lady. Got her right with the goods. We interned her."

"But your hair ——" Alice stammered.

"Butlers were my long suit at college. I was the best butler ever graduated from Harvard, they said. Of course that may have been flattery," he added modestly.

"It was hard on little Eddy Markheimer; he's straight as a string, you know. She's his half-sister. It was kept very quiet. Lots of people heard about those doped compresses, but they don't know who did it," he said soberly. "Of course I knew you wouldn't tell. You'll probably hear a lot more than you ought about these things—they're giving me more all the time—but I shan't be able to help telling *you*."

"Why?" asked Alice, dazed.

"When we're married, I mean. I simply couldn't help it, I know."

"When we're —— What are you talking about?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? So stupid of me!" said the young officer, holding her firmly beside him. "Do you mean to say I forgot to mention I'd come on East to marry you? It's the war and all, you know, that put it out of my mind. Well, I did. Now, please don't bounce so. I've been perfectly mad about you since that night, you wonderful little thing. If ever a girl was a sport! To sit right down at that table with old Arkwright and me, and never turn a hair! I didn't think you'd do it, honestly. 'That's the one for you, Sherlock!' I said to myself. And when you turned so white at the station —— Oh, my dear, I couldn't help it!"

"I think you must be crazy," said Alice, in a low, even voice. "Please let go of my arm. I don't even know your name. I want to go to my father."

"But I'm trying to tell you my name," said the young officer reprovingly. "I'm trying as fast as I can. I never marry anybody who doesn't know my name. I'm from Boston and I'm horribly conventional. Besides, I think you can't be too careful about those little things."

Then Alice began to laugh, in a humiliating, choked sort of way; but all at once she was sobbing.

"Oh, you mustn't! My dear, darling thing, you mustn't!" he cried, deeply moved. "My name is Wolcott Motherwell Mather, and everybody knows all about me, and I've got loads of money, and plenty of people are perfectly willing to marry me. Honestly, you know how it is in Boston."

"You don't know anything about me," she protested. "You're idiotic."

"I am not in the least idiotic. I'm a very promising young member of the Secret Service, on the contrary; and heaven knows where I'll end. Even my family are proud of me. And I know all about you. I found out. Your brother-in-law, Bill, is a member of my fraternity, and I met your father this afternoon. I told him we'd stayed at the same country house."

"Oh, how could you!"

"Because it was the truth, my dear. I'm a regular John Hay. You'll always like me to tell the truth, won't you?"

"Yes," she said. "I mean —— Oh, how absurd!"

"Look here, my dear girl," said he; "are you in love with anybody else?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well. Neither am I. Then why is it absurd?"

She was silent and put away her handkerchief.

"Won't you look at me?" he begged.

She tried to, but could not.

"You'll have to, sometimes, when we're married," he reminded her gently; "I've noticed they all do!"

"Oh! Are you ever sensible?" she flared out, and stared defiantly at him.

But that was her Waterloo. His eyes conquered hers . . . and this time he paid no attention to her chin!

They grew very quiet after that, and he held her hands very gently and told her the few things every woman wants to hear, so that she was quite happy.

"I suppose we couldn't live in a tent always?" he said wistfully, and then Alice knew that she would always laugh at him.

"We must go, dear," she said. "Where is father, really?"

And they went out again, into the big world of the Red Tape.

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The 6- to 600-car experience of operators of business automobiles points a way

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But a loose-kept record of a single tire, or two, is no conclusive test of cost-per-mile.

That is why the Sterling Tire Corporation has spent most of its sales efforts on operators of *fleets* of salesmen's automobiles and delivery trucks. Users of this kind keep accurate records of tire-cost per mile.

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While we do business with all kinds of tire buyers, we like best to sell to traffic managers who are responsible for the tire economy of several or several hundred cars.

Such men know the folly of a one- or two-tire try-out. Any tires they test go at least onto all four wheels of one car. They card-index every tire they buy, and keep the other eye on the speedometer.

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90% on Business Cars

To the above reports may be added others from tobacco companies, bakers, city departments, public service corporations, oil refineries, department stores and other large concerns.

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They point to lower cost-per-mile since they changed to Sterling Tires. This lower cost is a matter of card-index records, bookkeepers' expense accounts or other accurately kept records.

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An Easter Offering

In these days of energy-depleting action we must all strive to keep fit. The task of providing sinews of war for our men in service must be our first thought, but no less important is the proper choice of foods for home consumption.

True food conservation finds its economic expression in Morris Tested Foods. They have passed the "Supreme Test" in quality and flavor.

Wisdom dictates that on Easter morning and on all other days of the year you insist upon Morris Tested Food products—Supreme Ham, Supreme Bacon, Supreme Eggs, Supreme Butter, White Leaf Brand Lard—guarantees of maximum food values.

Marigold Oleomargarine and the new Nut Oleomargarine—Morris products—are especially valuable pure foods of quality.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

CHICAGO EAST ST. LOUIS ST. JOSEPH KANSAS CITY OKLAHOMA CITY OMAHA

WATCH YOUR STEP!

(Continued from Page 18)

were unable to accommodate customers. Never was there a gayer orgy of dancing, of jewel-buying, of soft living, of spectacular waste. Now these people either are not in New York or are economizing.

Apprehension is really the most serious element in the world of retail business today. There is no difficulty that cannot be surmounted if it is for the good of the nation. The merchant who has succeeded in the face of fierce competition will be clever enough to readjust his affairs to meet the changed conditions of the hour. But at the best the situation is difficult. Business is on the brink of a tremendous readjustment. The merchant stands uncertain; for the first time he has no precedent to follow. For years he has been trained to look ahead with clocklike regularity. Now he faces a market that has been skyrocketing. He is afraid if he buys at high prices that he will be ruined by the time his goods are delivered. He faces, further, a determined Government demanding that business be reorganized, be put on a more economic basis. This demand has met with some strong opposition; the Government had never before attempted to interfere, and the merchants wished to be shown. They must change their whole mental attitude, and some of them have been slow in doing it. Those who will not recognize the altered conditions will have pretty hard going. Some of those who do are faint of heart.

"I'm sixty," one man said; "I see that the methods of business operation are going to change. I'm too old to readjust to a new viewpoint. Let younger men do it. I'm going to retire."

Fuelless days; congested freight conditions; the fear of a Government embargo on the shipment of nonessentials; the demand for labor release; the increasing difficulty of getting labor; the rise in wages, in the cost of raw materials, of merchandise; the difficulty of adjusting supply and demand in woolen cloth; overhead charges that cannot be dodged—these and many other questions are perplexing the business man. Conferences with the Government and conventions with his fellow business men are helping him to readjust himself. He wants to be patriotic and he is coming to see that he must change his business methods. But he is like the average woman—he has to watch his step.

Shrewd Opinions on the Outlook

The retailer is rarely doing so badly as his private moan says, or so well as his public hints indicate; but in these parlous times the prevailing spirit is really optimistic. Here is the view of a careful and broad-minded investigator, Mr. E. L. Howe, secretary of the National Retail Dry-Goods Association:

"The stores that meet the new conditions intelligently and seek the light will have all the business they can handle whether the war goes on or whether peace comes. The people who live on their investments, who have incomes, are curtailing expenses, but the people who get money from their own individual efforts are making for the most part more money and will spend it. The money will be in different hands and more widely distributed.

"The proprietor of a Fifth Avenue store who caters to exclusive trade asked my advice about his business. I told him that what the rest of the country might do need make no difference to him. He should find out what his customers would do. He should talk to his salesmen one by one and discover what they know of the intentions of his customers. That information should be his starting point for operations.

"Garfield's order woke up the retailer to the necessity of the campaign for economy. This has been his attitude: 'Let me conduct my business in my own way. Let me make money, and I'll give as much of it as is necessary to the Government.' It takes him some time to see that the Government wants labor and material rather than profits. Last summer I met with some hundred and twenty merchants, the majority of whom were frankly antagonistic to the rulings of the Government. Their compliance was perfunctory. Now they are gradually seeing the necessity of sacrifice. Sometimes I take a merchant who has the 'Don't interfere with me' attitude to Washington and show him what the Government is trying to do and the enormous obstacles in the way. That makes the thing concrete for him and he goes home a new man and spreads his influence all over his community.

"Even if the war should stop to-morrow the shaking up that the retail business has received would be healthy. Whatever happens, the methods of operation will be changed. There will not be the same wild scramble for sales, but a getting back to the first principles of business. The store will be made a convenience; it will be studied as a science. No community should have more stores than it can support. We speak of the war as making soldiers over; it will make business over too. With all its sorrows this war may prove the salvation of America."

Such a successful merchant as Franklin Simon says that by minding his own affairs and adapting himself to conditions a merchant can always do business.

"The Government does not want 'business as usual,'" he said, "and all patriotic merchants will support the Government. The working people are earning more money, and they have found out that to buy cheap stuff is wasteful. Besides, the American woman is going to have fashion even now. You can't break her of the habit. She is doing without the luxury of evening wraps and expensive slippers, but she still wants high-class goods."

Department Stores Patriotic

"I expect my business to be good. I may sell fewer things, have fewer transactions, but they will be higher priced, and I'll save on paper, twine, boxes and deliveries. So I shall have the same result. A merchant who before the war sold a hundred garments can do better now if he sells seventy-five of good style. The problem of men's wear is with us too. We have to reckon with the fact that two and a half million young men who used to like new suits of the latest cut are or will be in uniform. But in spite of all drawbacks business is thoroughly satisfactory.

"It has to be admitted that, though as much money is made, things cost more, and taxation will make a difference in profits. But on the whole business has increased rather than fallen off. There is almost nothing a customer can buy that is being overproduced, and no sensible person wastes any more. If we find that long gloves are not being bought we cut off the tops and make short ones. The tops can be used. All surplus, all reserve stock can be utilized. From now on all good stuff will be wanted at good prices. A careful merchant has every reason to be optimistic."

"So far as the effect of the war on my business is concerned," said a partner in a great popular-price store, "I should scarcely know there was a war except for the unrest of my work people. The general excitement has affected them. They change from position to position, usually not getting any more money; they simply move on for the sake of change. I have of course some difficulty in getting supplies; I can't keep up my stocks so well. Business ought not to be so good, and yet my customers take what they can get. My sales, if not my profits, indicate great prosperity. My customers would buy ahead enormously in groceries if I did not check them. They have of course bought heavily this winter in heating appliances and in blankets, due to the severe weather. As to the future effect of the war on my business I cannot prophesy; I am before a blank wall. I try to prepare in my buying for whatever happens. I am slowly diluting labor, employing women where I once employed men, in case the Government needs more release of labor. All department-store people want to stand behind the Government."

From all the uncertainty the conviction is rising clear on the part of the most far-sighted business men that the retailer who puts the volume of business and profit before quality will harm himself. "Quality and conservation" is the new motto, quality covering attractiveness. Conservation of assets and the elimination of waste will govern the retailers. They believe that the rank and file of women are getting back to utility; therefore they are speculating in merchandise of staple character. At the same time they are not neglecting the woman who will follow the old extravagant trail, who thinks that nothing she wants is a

Make baby's playroom more attractive.

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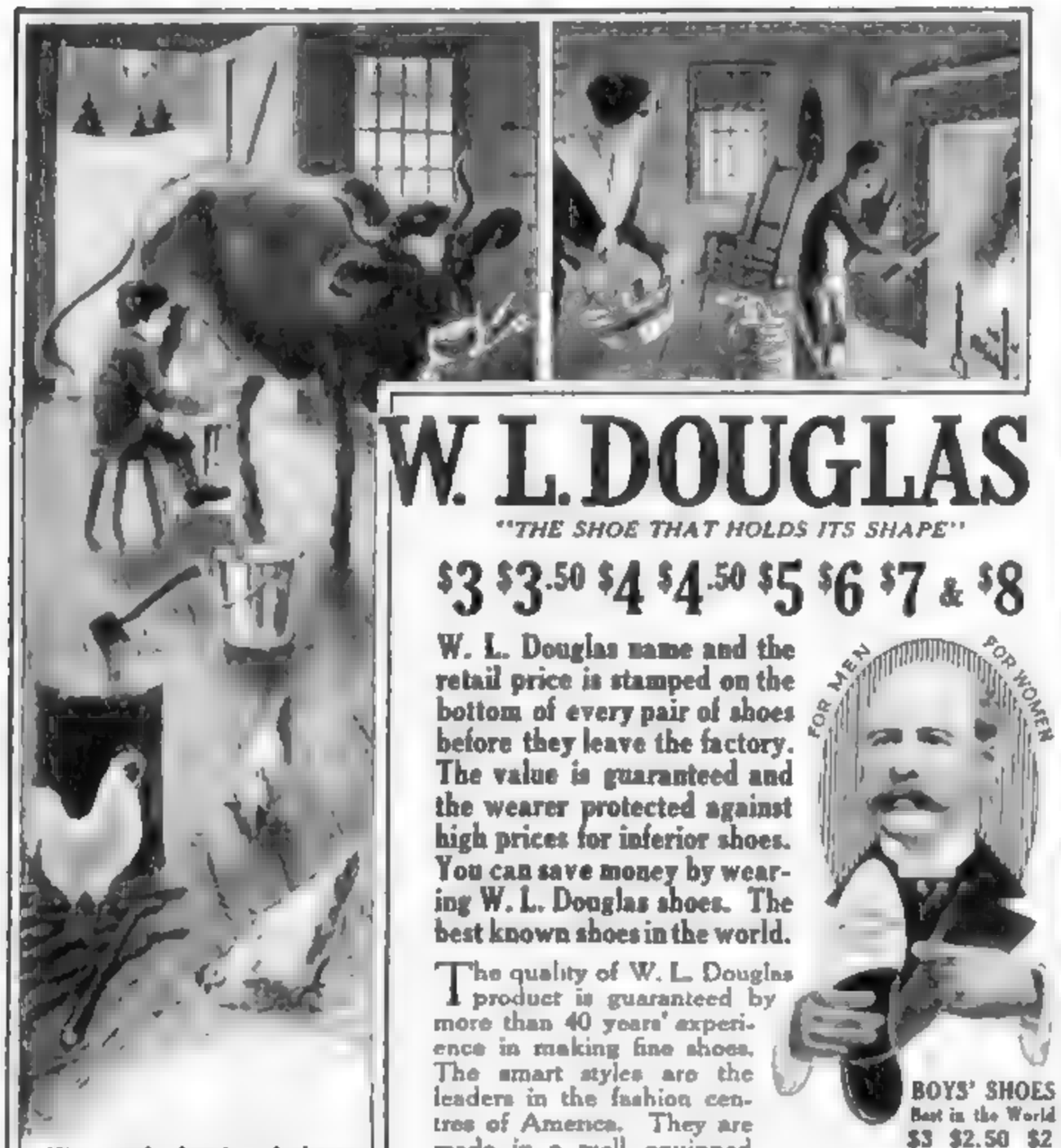
For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.



The early boyhood days of W. L. Douglas were spent in hard work with long hours. Besides pegging shoes all day he was obliged to gather and cut up wood for the fires, milk the cow and take care of the horse, working early mornings and until after dark at night by the light of a smoky whale oil lamp.

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The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

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All or spare time. Sell beautiful, fragrant California Flower Beads. Big profits. Good open agent's town. Write to-day for attractive proposition. Mission Bead Co., 4311½ West Pico, Los Angeles, Calif.

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luxury; nor are they forgetting the new spender who never before has had a chance to buy lavishly. The retailers have been influenced in their merchandising somewhat by the trend of trade in England after 1914, and by the fact of an increase in the volume of sales as reported from France, Great Britain, Canada and Australia.

Whenever I think of the war prosperity of the stores of London I see it in terms of munition girls walking along Piccadilly clad in high leather boots, short skirts, chiffon blouses and fur boas. Tens of thousands of them had never before had a chance to wear everything new at the same time. No need to talk of economy and war bonds to them; they meant to splurge. Each of them wished to make a beautiful picture for her Tommy Atkins to carry back to the Front. If she did not have a Tommy Atkins she meant to acquire one, either from home talent or from the colonies. Their prodigal spending, coupled with the discreet spending of families who had always been forced into a low standard of living and needed to stock up on blankets and boots and other necessaries, made an increased trade for the stores.

That trade has lasted, but for months its character has been changing. Staple merchandise has been more and more in demand. The rich, with their men at the Front, their war charities and their heavy income taxes, have no wish to buy expensive jewels and laces, dinner gowns and theater wraps. They are wearing clothes which call for durability rather than for style and fragility. The English merchants who have done the best business have felt this change and have responded to it.

The crying difficulties in the way of trade to-day are the congestion of freight, the difficulties of getting material, and in many cases the difficulty of getting extended credit. The edict commanding heatless days was in the popular language of trade "an awful wallop."

Many people did not realize that it was a matter vital to the whole country that two or three hundred ships loaded with supplies for our allies and our soldiers were unable to get away because they had no coal. Still it was a cheerless prospect to face fourteen days in which business would be wholly or partially suspended. That, plus freight difficulties, naturally affected business. Buyers, for example, were in no haste to restock when they knew that goods would be delayed in manufacture and in shipment; or probably would not be shipped at all. The customer who does not shop on a heatless day may end by not buying at all.

Various Trade Reactions

The retail stores rallied quickly from the Garfield order and determined to put six days' business into five. Most of the popular-price stores did it by planning for morning events, trying in their advertisements to convince the public that it was worth while to shop early in the day. Practically no large store reduced the pay of employees, appealing to them to use additional effort to offset the heatless holiday. Some manufacturers, however, reduced the pay of their workers, thus adding to the general difficulties of the situation. It was a pathetic enough sight on the first heatless Monday to see pieceworkers flocking about factories, hoping against hope that the doors would open. For the workers in the women's apparel trade need all their earnings to tide them over the months when there is not enough work to go round. Necessary though the Garfield order was, it caused a good deal of hardship. The Ladies' Waist and Dressmakers' Union of New York has had almost the worst year of its history.

Another reaction partially due to the shortage of coal and the freight congestion has been the tightness of money and the slowness of collections. Even well-to-do houses make deferred payments. Certain buyers have bought their goods as usual and then have found it hard to arrange for payment. The millmen, harassed by the higher prices and the demands of labor, and with more orders for material than they can possibly fill, have cut down their dating. Instead of dating for thirty or sixty days ahead they sell for net cash or perhaps date ten days ahead. This embarrasses the jobber, who has been used to giving time to the retailer. If the manufacturer turns to the banks he finds that they do not care to increase to any appreciable extent their lines of credit to him.

There have been a good many failures throughout the country, mostly of small people, the normal crop of men operating on a capital of five thousand dollars or less, and those who are failures chiefly because many manufacturers have to sell on shorter terms in order to get the money to meet the shorter terms imposed on the houses from which they buy. There will very likely be more failures about the time the income tax has to be paid, unless the example is followed of certain big houses which are creating sinking funds, setting aside a certain sum each month so as to be prepared for the tax payment in June. Many houses extending credit are assuming that unless they can induce their customers to create sinking funds for the income tax the withdrawal of cash next June will mean that the Government will be paid and the credit-extending class will be left in the lurch. Again, certain customers of the retailers—some of them rich too—request the retailers to wait for payment until the war is over.

The underlying cause of the tightness is that banks are conserving their borrowing and lending powers for the sake of financing the war. It is the opinion of the Federal Reserve Board that there should be conservation of credit as well as of goods, that credit should not be used except where it is required by the common welfare, as in the planting of crops, in the manufacturing of necessary articles or in such construction work as may be essential in bringing about increased production. Limitation in ordinary lines of credit is needed to make room for the credits required by the Government for war supplies. The banks, so the Federal Reserve Board thinks, should lend their energies to a more general absorption of Government loans by savings, and to the limitation of private credits whenever this is possible without causing hardship. Credit men are urging the pay-as-you-go policy, trying to guard against overtrading and speculation. They believe that the granting of too free credit is responsible for business failures, rather than restricted credit and conservative trading.

"Baa, Baa, Black Sheep"

Long before the coal trouble smote business the ghost at the feast of trade was wool. For a military force of one million men, one hundred and twenty million pounds of raw wool are needed. In 1917 the total consumption of new wool in the United States was six hundred and fifty million pounds, not including wool contained in imported wool manufactures. Two-thirds of our wool supply has been coming to us by import. Less comes now than came a year ago. The large question is, Where are we to find the cargo space? Even if the South American wool crop is purchased and carried to us in the ships of neutral nations we shall still need more cargo space than we can spare for the import of wool, unless the country at large, manufacturers and consumers both, is careful as to consumption.

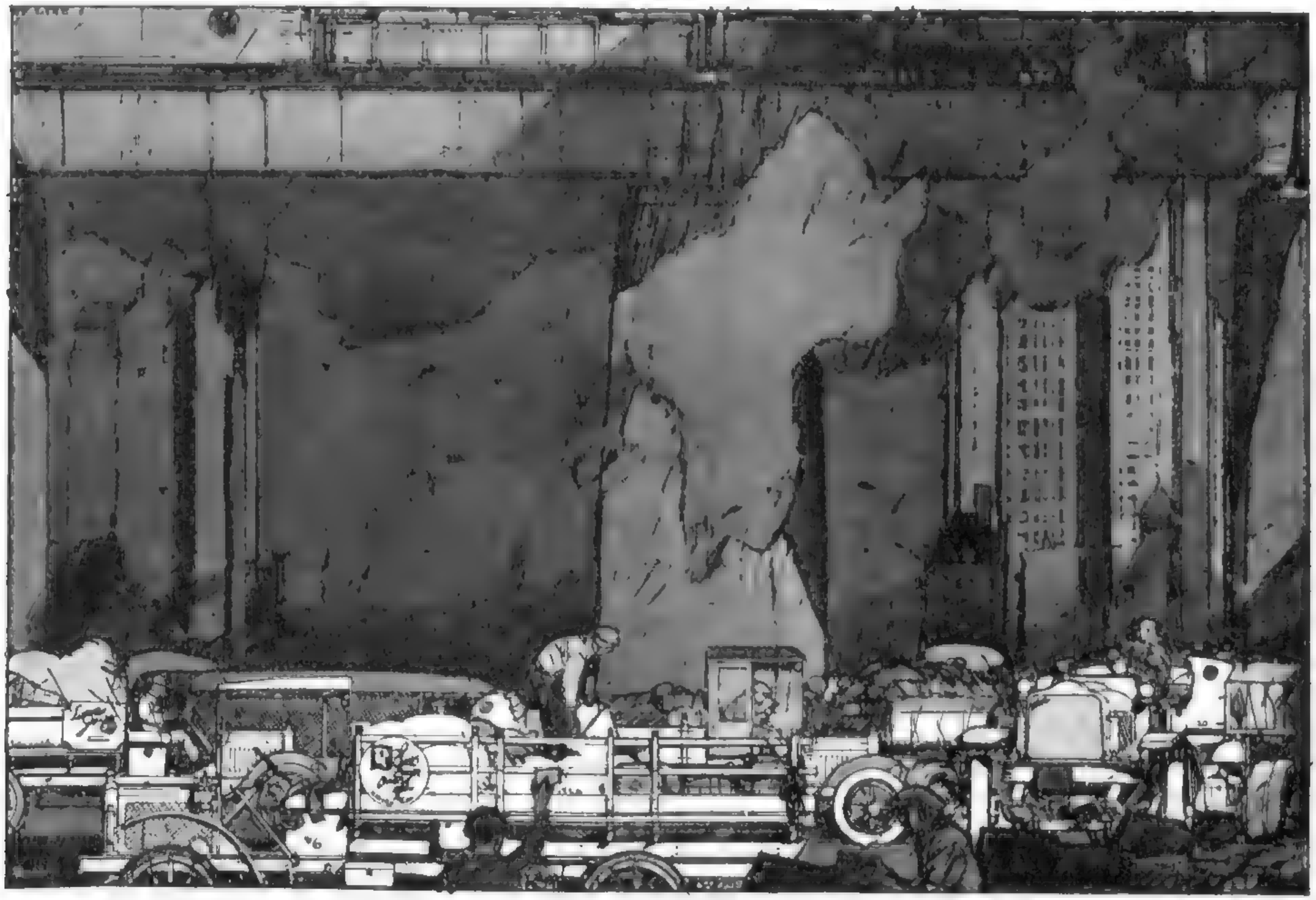
After the Government assumed the point of view that there is but one national business and that is war, and took over about forty per cent of the looms and spindles in the woolen and the cotton industries, the danger of shortage of material loomed large. Moreover, it was not possible to operate the plants to full capacity all of the time, owing to shortage of labor. When our Government entered the wool markets of the world as a buyer and the sources of the foreign wools we needed began to shift, speculation became rampant and prices soared. That difficulty fell under control last December, when the War Trade Board took control of the imports of wool and of some other commodities, and of the exportation of wool fabrics, "to insure the Government a sufficient supply for army and navy purposes, end hysterical speculation and hoarding, and stabilize prices." There is also a movement under way providing for special legislation to place all the woolen interests of the country in the hands of the Federal Government. The price of cotton, also, may be fixed.

Even before we entered the war business men interested in wool formed a committee to coöperate with the council of National Defense to help get an adequate supply of woolen and worsted fabrics for the army and navy. Later the Commercial Economy Board made increasingly strenuous efforts to conserve wool.

Certain firms and individuals not yet fully educated in the needs of the country asked why price could not control the situation.

"I have never yet known money to fail to buy me what I wanted," said one man.

(Continued on Page 85)



Delivery Costs in this Country Equal its Total Freight Bill

AUTHORITIES estimate that the American people pay as much for carting and delivering merchandise in towns and cities as they do for freight charges earned by all the railroads combined. This is a tremendous factor in the high cost of living.

Cartage from freight car to store door is an expensive item. There is no schedule about it. Consignees go for their freight whenever they get ready and often spend hours in getting it, due to congestion, and then carry away only part of a load.

CONSUMER PAYS OVER SIX CENTS OUT OF EVERY $1

An interesting investigation has been made recently by the Department of Commerce to determine the cost of retail delivery in the city of Washington. Figures obtained from 128 concerns doing one-third of the total retail business showed an average delivery cost of 6.2% of gross sales. Out of every dollar spent for merchandise *more than six cents was paid for delivering it.*

The actual cost, in different lines of business, ranged from 1½% to 45%. It totaled $8,000,000, as against $7,250,000 for inbound freight. Each family in Washington thus paid on an average $101.26 for retail delivery during the year 1916.

A SIGNIFICANT FEATURE

Costs varied widely for concerns in the same line of business. While individual conditions, volume of trade, etc., were factors, *inefficiency* and *waste* played a large part in this variation. Some concerns used horses for delivery; others used inferior trucks; and still others, including some of the foremost and largest concerns, used the *best grade* of trucks, whose operating efficiency is high and whose operating cost is correspondingly low.

THE REAL SOLUTION

War-time pressure now and peace competition after the war will inevitably force merchants and manufacturers to use the best trucks which can be built. They are the cheapest. True economy lies in the volume of performance steadily maintained over a long period of time. The investment charge is relatively small. Labor, fuel, depreciation, overshadow it. Any increase of the former which will decrease the latter effects a very substantial saving.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

This Concrete Road

Makes possible efficient, economical operation of motor trucks between Dundee, Illinois, and Chicago. And continuous, successful motor truck operation requires concrete roads—that will stand up under heavily loaded trucks traveling at high speed.

There would be less likelihood of food or fuel shortages if concrete roads were everywhere, so that motor trucks could operate uninterruptedly between farm and town, town and city, transporting promptly as wanted the things needed by homes and industries. Hard roads vitally affect the wage earner, the business man, the farmer—YOU. They are a prime factor in fighting the high cost of living. They are essential to an early winning of the war.

Let us tell you where concrete roads are standing up under the heaviest traffic, how little the burden of their cost, how insignificant their maintenance.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Offices at

ATLANTA CHICAGO DALLAS DENVER HELENA INDIANAPOLIS KANSAS CITY MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS NEW YORK PARKERSBURG PITTSBURGH SALT LAKE CITY SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE WASHINGTON, D. C.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

(Continued from Page 82)

The answer was that we are all in this war. Price control in these abnormal times would work toward hoarding, toward the satisfaction of the well-to-do. They could indulge in luxuries, while the necessities of the less fortunate would be limited. If everyone had precisely the same purchasing power there would be no limit to the proper automatic action of price variation. Wool must be conserved; there must be the elimination of the least essential goods, of the least essential uses of goods, and of the least essential processes or parts of processes.

Last June it was decided in a meeting that the Commercial Economy Board called of the worsted and woolen manufacturers, and also of representatives of the cutters-up in clothing, that the majority of the mills would put out lines of clothing other than those made of pure wool, that the number of styles should be reduced, and that the length of the ends used for samples should be shortened. One firm of tailors, big sample users, saved twenty-one and a half per cent in samples, or two hundred and thirty thousand yards, in one year, of perfectly good woolen cloth, worth approximately half a million dollars. Late in the autumn leading representatives of the various branches of the garment industry formed the Garment Conference Committee on Wool Conservation, with the object of carrying out reforms in dress. Thanks to the assistance of M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, and to the coöperation of French designers and dressmakers, a saving has been managed of twenty-five per cent of the materials to be used in the dresses of women, and a little less in the suits of men. Most superfluities are shorn away. In women's clothes whenever possible there is a combination of silk or satin with wool; this will be very evident in the autumn styles of 1918. There is a famous combination gown to be called the "Conservation Dress."

Not only will men and women have to wear clothes more scant than usual but they may find certain material hard to get. The preponderance of woolen fabrics wanted by the Government has meant that carded wool machinery, as differentiated from worsted, has been more fully occupied and certain lines are scarce, especially of overcoatings and women's coatings and wool suitings. Probably the future will see, as never before in our country, the use of shoddy or reworked wool. In Great Britain there are nearly nine hundred rag-grinding or shoddy-producing machines as compared to three hundred and thirty in the United States.

Though we have enough wool for a year, the future problem in wool is not going to be simple. The English have solved their problem by specialization and concentration. Certain manufacturers specialize in certain materials and colors. The tailor will go to one for his tweeds, to another for his serge. It is clear that if a mill concentrates in the production of one article, turning it out in large quantities, great saving will result. Specialization has overcome some of the difficulties of distribution from the manufacturing centers of material to the manufacturing centers of garments, though the freight situation is still bad enough. A large part of the efficiency of the Germans has been due to their strict specialization.

A Sellers' Market

There has been a certain amount of it already in this country; one famous manufactory produces cravenette, another satin, another thread. Whether or not our Government will decide on such specialization probably depends upon the length of the war and the amount of time necessary to make such a transition with the least cost to individuals.

But wool is not the last word in the manufacturer's problems. He has to consider dyes and silk and cotton. The dyeing industry in the United States has advanced tremendously. Some of the dyes are already as good as those the Germans can produce, but others are still not to be entirely depended upon. Then, though silk is still be had, it too has advanced in price. Cotton is dearer now than it has been at any time since the Civil War. It is selling for several times what it did in 1914. Linen too is high. So far as the wool situation is concerned the millman is the luckiest. He has his own problems, with the shortage of labor, rising prices and scarcity of materials, but he can sell and sell well every yard that he makes. He is now so independent of the manufacturers and jobbers that in many instances he makes them take his goods away ahead of time, and pay spot cash.

But the manufacturer in his turn can be arbitrary with the buyer. He is truly at ease in this sellers' market. Time was when he had to sue humbly at the buyer's rooms for the privilege of showing his goods. Now he can telephone to the buyer that if he wants a chance of getting anything he had better come early to the showrooms. There he can smoke placidly while the other man does the worrying. Not long since a manufacturer was showing a merchandise man some thirty-seven-dollar garments—that is, he was leaning back in his chair, his thumbs in his armholes, while the merchandiser looked at the gowns.

"I like this model very much, David," the merchandiser said; "I'll take two dozen of them, but the price is too high. I'll give you thirty-two-fifty."

David kept on smoking.

"Say, David, did you hear me?"

David kept on smoking.

"Did you hear what I said, David?"

"Sure, I heard you. This smoke is the best darn thing I've had all day long."

Puzzled Retailers

There was a time when a retailer could safely send an open order, could write: "*Dear Jacob:* Pick me out fifty dresses round twelve-fifty, and shoot them along." Jacob would do so, cynical, but afraid of losing his customer's good will. If the dresses did not sell in a hurry, if the retailer was a small-caliber man who thought the world was coming to an end because he could not turn over his money quickly, if for any reason he did not like the garments—back they would come with the notation: "These goods is rotten. Why do you try to work off a pup on a friend?" To-day if a retailer sent back such dresses he would not be allowed again to send an open order. The manufacturer does not even use selling arguments now. A good many manufacturers, especially small ones, have the habit of doing that. But to-day about the only selling argument he uses is one he may have said in past years, but never so truly:

"If you don't take it now, when you come back to get it you'll find it gone."

Nevertheless, for all his independence, the manufacturer has also to play safe. He is trying to make a little of every style that seems popular, discarding quickly any model that promises to become "dead."

The retailers are hesitant, are buying in small lots covering a wide number. This is indeed a time to try the souls of buyers. Many of them began buying a whole month ahead of time for fear they would not get their merchandise delivered early enough. Others delayed. Listening to their opinions is something like listening to the talk of civilians on the edge of the war zone, who can tell you exactly where the Germans are going to strike next, and approximately when and why. One group argues that it is necessary to buy now, largely because of the uncertainty of transportation. Unless there is quick delivery there will be no business. Women will be ready to buy early because they will be afraid of advancing prices. The other group argues that the man who buys early loses, because the women look at his stock and go away, not wanting to decide till all the stocks of all the stores are on display. Then they buy from the man who has the latest models. Some buyers will tell you that if peace should come now values would go up because we should stop supporting charities and would spend. Another says that if peace should come prices would drop with a crash.

"It's a hard time for people in my line," said the buyer of dresses and suits in a certain great popular-price store. "In the first place the merchandiser objects to making our appropriation for buying any larger than it has been. A nice state of affairs, and this a sellers' market! I've got to keep my business at least equal to what it was last year. I've got to charge my customers a fair price. I never have overcharged them, for if I did and they went somewhere else and saw I'd done them they'd hate the store. I've got to have a good stock, and yet I can't buy what I bought this time last year for anything like the same money.

"It isn't so bad with the silk trade. Allowing for scantier models, I can get almost as good a dress in silk as I did a year ago for the same price. But getting wool

"BUT, dear aunt, *general housecleanings* are out of fashion," I protested. "*Your* home looks beautiful," she admitted. "But, with *my* house, housecleaning time *is* necessary. It begins when I decide which ceilings are the most dangerously cracked and which paper is worst faded and torn. And it ends when I've cleaned the whole house, after the workmen's muss."

"Why, Aunt Clara!" I exclaimed, "the *modern* way is to have *painted* walls. See! my Upsonized walls can never crack, fall or peel—and we've finished them in washable paints that a damp cloth always will keep fresh and clean."

"It does sound attractive," Aunt Clara assented. "And both the unbroken surfaces and the paneling look beautiful—painted in such deep, rich shades and soft, delicate tints! But I daren't spend so much money!"

"Upsonizing costs no more than plastering:—while the carpenter does it in a few days, without muss or dirt," I explained.

But make sure you get Upson Board, the board with the remarkable record of not one complaint to every 2,000,000 feet used—in a million of homes.

It is nearly *twice as strong* as ordinary pulp wall board, and costs about half as much as soft, spongy wall boards to paint.

Write for your sample of Upson Board. *It will show you why the LITTLE difference in price does not measure the BIG difference in quality.*

We will also send you a valuable book on Interior Decoration and Upson-Fiber-Tile booklet.

THE UPSON COMPANY
Fiber Board Authorities
2 Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.

FOR DEALERS: A new, live, co-operative sales campaign that will give you quick turnover and substantial profits. Write us for [illegible] complete, the [illegible] selling policy always on the level.

THE UPSON CO.
2 Upson Point,
Lockport, N. Y.

Send me painted Upson Board sample, Interior Decoration book, and these booklets I have checked:

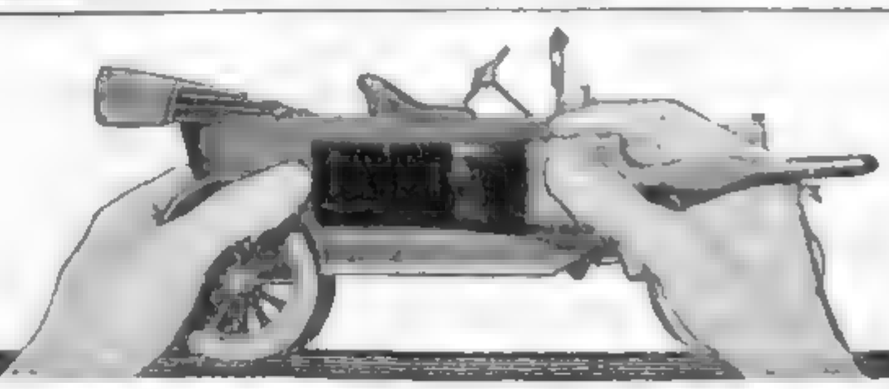
[ ] Carpenter; [ ] Store;
[ ] Factory; [ ] Architect;
[ ] Farm; [ ] Industrial Uses.

Name _____

Address _____

LOOK FOR THE *BLUE* CENTER

The Prophylactic Tooth Brush
The one with the popular reputation. Your dentist will tell why.



Paint Your Ford for $1.25

Think of it—only one coat of Glidden Auto Finish and you have a new looking car.
You can easily do it yourself and in less than 48 hours you'll be driving again.
You'll have a rich, brilliant finish that will give you lasting satisfaction.
Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you, send $1.25 (Canadian Imperial Quart $1.50) for 1 quart of Auto Finish Black to—THE GLIDDEN CO., 1510 Beres Rd., Cleveland, Ohio. Canadian Address, Toronto, Ontario.

Note to Dealers—Send at once for our Marketing Book of Glidden Auto Finishes.

GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

Quality is Economy

The "Why" of the Hood Extra "Ply"

The growth of the Hood Tire reputation is not only because of new users for Hood Arrow Tread Tires, but because old customers buy again and again.

The Hood outdoor signs protect you on the highways of America and the sign of a Hood Dealer in your town is on a store where you can learn why the Hood reputation is so much talked about.

Where you can count the plies, make comparisons and learn why the extra strength of fabric to be had cushions the heaviest loads with the greatest margin of safety.

If you can't find the sign of a Hood Dealer on a store near you look up its location on the page opposite contents page of the 1918 Blue Book. Go to that store and the dealer will tell you the "why" of that extra "ply."

Hood Tire Co., Inc., Watertown, Mass.

$245.00 Extra

In One Month

THIS young man had a steady position in his home town in Oregon. But he wanted more money.

Although his town was small and his spare hours few, he decided to become a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

In a single month his profits with us equaled $245.00

If you have some spare time to sell, we will buy it. Even though your town is small, it offers you a fine chance to build up a profitable money-making business with us. For details write to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
267 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

dresses drives me gray-haired. A dress I bought a year ago for, say, seventeen-fifty I could sell for twenty-nine-fifty. Now when I pay twenty-nine-fifty I have to sell for forty-five or else lose. For, war or no war, the overhead charges go on in a store. My customers too are well enough up in the market to know that I'm not offering them so good a dress as I did this time last year for the same money. Sometimes they grumble and buy and sometimes they grumble and don't buy.

"You see, with this talk of old clothes being a badge of honor it's getting so that women don't have to buy. It's a dress year, not a suit year; that means it's a long-coat year. A woman can wear her last year's dress under a long coat and no one is the wiser. Instead of having half a dozen dresses she can get along with two or three. The time was when lots of women wouldn't go on Fifth Avenue unless they were properly dressed. I wouldn't myself. I've had many customers who were afraid to go on Fifth Avenue for fear their clothes were not right. That's all changing.

"Meantime, I've got to get my business. I stimulate the customers by having frequent sales. You can always have the greatest sale in the world, you know. I try to have quick turnovers. I look round for cheap merchandise. I'm like a scavenger. As we have other stores, I deal with a good many manufacturers, and I try first one of them and then another to get them to give me special prices so that I can make special sales. Then I watch out for cancellations. Some retailer who has ordered from a manufacturer will cancel. Perhaps I will hear of it or perhaps the manufacturer will call me up. I'll go round to his place and make a killing.

"It's my job to make my department pay. As a buyer I wish to heaven that till the war is over we could have each season a standard sort of dress and suit, so that they would carry their date on them. As it is, a woman can get away with any sort of clothes. As a human being I hope the war will make a little change in the way we sell and the way women shop. We stuff them, give them more than they need. They have the shopping mania. I don't mean the woman that stays home and bakes bread, and does her shopping all in a lump about twice a year. I mean the woman who goes to cheap shows and dances, and haunts sales and fills her closet with dresses she doesn't need. It's of a piece with the general waste of the country. Sometimes, if you go out for an evening's pleasure, you'll hardly find people willing to take your money, there's such a crowd ready to pay any price for food or theater tickets. If the war makes a fresh deal all round I'll be glad. I believe I could get nearly as much business from a public that saved as from a public that wasted."

Playing it Safe

Though the retailer may have to go carefully now, he certainly did a big business in the first two years after the war started. His only difficulty began in the summer of 1915, when he had planned ahead on his autumn and winter suits. Paris, the center of style, was still open, and open as it had never been before to American buyers. In the pre-war days certain choice creations were never shown our buyers. But in 1915 women of the world no longer played in Paris; they were wearing Red Cross costumes. The young men of fashion were in the trenches. Rich South Americans were staying at home. The Paris artists who had resented the American fashion of copying a creation in cheap materials were forced to capitulate. No longer did they say, when asked to change this or that model: "The gown is the gown." They changed; with a shrug, perhaps, but they changed. Some of the American manufacturers had their own ideas carried out in Paris.

Meantime the French Government was using the mills for the army. The Austrian houses in Paris that had made the suits were all closed down. The designers in the trenches sent back no designs; the women working in hospitals or *estiaires* or *ouvroirs* had no need of suits. No cloth to spare; no designers; no inspiration for suits from Paris; but of a sudden an immense vogue for dresses. Now, though the American tailor-made suit has always been the supreme suit, still it is Paris that radiates style. The stores that were heavily loaded with suits rather than with dresses were hit; the others were not. The manufacturers had been for some time feeling their way; most of the merchants had bought sparingly in the autumn, and they had a good season. Just now the manufacturers have more merchandise than they had on hand this time last year, having bought with an eye on rising prices. As one manufacturer said, drawing his figure from his favorite game, pinochle: "Everyone in the business is keeping his cards close to his vest."

So they all did well in spite of mounting costs and in spite of the fact that they dared not increase too rapidly their own selling prices. Even when the United States first entered the war not many stores felt the effect. Some little ones did indeed fail. Some large ones that had bought heavily in Palm Beach goods and sports clothes were unable to turn over their money until the summer, when business in these commodities took a leap forward. In the autumn business was good until the Liberty Loan drive arrived, when people shopped for bonds instead of for clothes.

False Economy

The stores that have been hardest hit are the specialty shops and the very high-class exclusive stores. Rich women are very definitely economizing, having in mind the income tax, the necessity of supporting certain war charities, and a general fear of the future. They have left the exclusive shops, and they have gone to less exclusive but still good shops, where, for a hundred dollars, they can get gowns for which they used to pay a hundred and fifty. A credit man who is also a socialist exploded to me in this fashion:

"Put this in your piece!" said he—and I am hereby putting it in: "The nonessential darn-fool rich woman gets a streak of conscience and repeats to herself 'I must conserve in this period of war.' So she leaves her own territory, in a hysteria of economy, and she poaches on the preserves of the wife of the man on a salary. She and her kind buy there and deplete the stock, and the scarcer it gets the higher the price rises for the poorer woman, who wants a good thing but can't afford to pay too much for it. Then this rich woman will start a calico or gingham drive and run up the prices there, and her cook, who needs gingham, will have to get an inferior quality because her employer has been the means of running up the price on her. Shoppers ought to stick to their own normal strata."

Out of the turmoil are gradually rising movements that will make for better ethics. For example, the bitter quarrel between retailer and manufacturer on the question of discounts will doubtless come to some sort of fair settlement. That excellent organization, the National Garment Retailers' Association, has founded a Tribunal of Commerce among manufacturers and retailers which it hopes will be practical. The idea of it rose over the discount problem. Its aim is to act as a sort of civil supreme court to review trade abuses and hand down helpful decisions, satisfactory both to the manufacturer and the merchant.

Retailers, in their common uncertainty, have now a tendency to coöperate with one another. Within firms the heads of departments are coöperating as they never did before. They are also coöperating with the consumer in more ways than by simply offering him good staples. For example, a certain large firm asked the Philadelphia Textile School for assistance in carrying on a campaign of education by which it plans to coöperate with the buyer in ascertaining the value of textile products offered for sale.

It is to be hoped that after the war some of the wasteful practices that have grown up in the keen competition of retailers may be forever abandoned. Already a step in that direction is the cutting down of deliveries. If they are cut down from four to two that does not help much, for almost the same number of men are employed, only they aren't worked so hard. But if they are cut down from four to one, as they were in Columbus, or from two to one, as in Cleveland, that does achieve the purpose.

All these are signs that point the way. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that the sacrifice that people as firms and individuals must make will evolve them into better citizens. Hereafter perhaps we shall take greater interest in the Government; may feel that it is not a few persons in Washington who are the Government, but we ourselves. Who knows but that we shall work into a new nationality!

Send for our new book on "Hack Saw Efficiency." It shows you clearly just how to test saws for lowest cost per cut and how to use them most efficiently. Gives the results of our contest on "How to Test Hack Saws." Free on request.

Detroit Steel Products Another Star Blade User

The Detroit Steel Products Company, another large user of Star Hack Saw Blades, make steel window casings and other steel products that require a vast amount of metal sawing.

So large is their output that even a small difference of efficiency in hack saws makes an unbelievable difference in production and profits. They have found that Star Blades get their production down to the lowest possible cost per cut.

The giant industries of America standardize in Star Blades—the concerns with many millions in output at stake whose successes have been built on efficient production.

Such concerns as Baldwin Locomotive, Pennsylvania Railroad, Standard Oil, National Lamp, Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Eastman Kodak, Cramp Ship Yards, New York Shipbuilding, Union Iron Works, Midvale Steel and Bethlehem Steel are Star users because Star Blades are money-makers for every plant, every shop and every man that saws metal.

STAR HACK SAW BLADES

Made of Tungsten Steel

Machine and Hand *Flexible and All Hard*

No matter what your metal sawing work—on machine or hand cutting, high speed or low, hard metal or soft, angle iron or pipe—we can prove a lower cutting cost with Star Blades if you will make a thorough test and find the facts.

Star Blades are fast-cutting and tough, too, because they are made of a special mixture of Tungsten Steel that combines high speed qualities and toughness in just the right proportion. It is a special steel that we have developed in twenty years of hack saw research and investigation. Another chief reason why Star Blades are fast-cutting and durable is because of the shape of their teeth.

Years ago we found that a properly shaped hack saw tooth could not be made by the ordinary single milling cutter. So we perfected our unique toothing machine, which we control exclusively, that operates with a series of cutters which give an entirely different shape of tooth—a tooth that will cut fast and keep on cutting long after other teeth refused to work.

Our special heat treatment and methods of obtaining absolute uniformity in our blades are almost equally important. These are the four big reasons why Star Blades cut so much faster.

Whatever your sawing problems we can help you solve them most economically. Address our Engineering Dept. at Millers Falls.

Manufactured By
CLEMSON BROS. INC.
MIDDLETOWN, NEW YORK

Sole Distributors
MILLERS FALLS CO.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

Metals and Minerals that help win the war

A Statement from the U. S. Bureau of Mines

IN this year of 1918 the paramount desire of our country is to accomplish a "great task in a great way." All our attention is focused on great things. We think in billions and millions—men, money, food, ships, guns. Everything looms large to our eyes.

Yet in the background, overshadowed by these more obvious things, are factors which wield a vital influence in shaping the future destiny of our country. Certain metals and minerals, of which the public hears little, are such factors.

Quality as Well as Quantity

Coal, iron, steel, copper, are words on every tongue. But how many of us ever mention manganese, chromium, nickel, pyrite, sulphur, or mercury—all metals or minerals upon which victory largely depends, for they are the metals and minerals that determine the *quality* of our production!

The country must not only manufacture munitions of war in great quantities, but also munitions of the highest quality.

It is not sufficient that we have armored steel vessels; their armor must equal, or be superior to the armor of the vessels of the enemy.

It is not sufficient that we have guns equal in size and range to those of the enemy; they must also be equal, or superior, in the quality of the material from which they are made, in order that they may not fail when most needed.

It is not sufficient that we have an amount of ammunition equal to, or greater than, that of the enemy; it must also equal or surpass the enemy's ammunition in power.

Where These Metals Count

Manganese and ferro-manganese are essential for all high-grade steel production. Without chromium and nickel it is impossible to make the highest quality of linings for our cannon. Mercury is essential to produce fulminate for caps and primers. Sulphur and pyrite are the basic supply of sulphuric acid required to make all explosives.

At the present time this country is sadly deficient in these rare metals. By far the larger portion of them is imported. Yet all of them occur within our borders, and investigation and experimental work would doubtless render them available and make this country independent of all outside sources.

So long as any of these essentials must be obtained from foreign sources, the United States will be to that extent dependent and we should be dependent *in no particular*.

Van. H. Manning

Director United States Bureau of Mines

★ ★ ★

The Hercules Powder Company gives publicity to this important statement by Mr. Manning not only as a patriotic duty but also because of its intimate connection with the matters which he mentions.

This connection is two-fold. Explosives made by the Company play a very large part in producing the ores and metals upon which the country depends for victory in the war. In turn our production of explosives depends, as Mr. Manning points out, upon the supply of sulphur and pyrite, which is not at present so great as it should be.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago, Denver, Hazleton, Pa., Joplin, Memphis, New York, Pittsburg, Kan., Pittsburgh, Pa., Salt Lake City, San Francisco, St. Louis, Wilmington, Del.

GOING IN

(Continued from Page 9)

"All in? What if you are? So'm I. But I can keep going, and so can you. Get into your place there!"

Nearly all of them were able to obey. They went back to the ranks and trudged forward. One who seemed to waver in his stride was helped along some distance by a second lieutenant, who had tight hold of his arm.

"We'll stop for lunch soon. Keep going, man! Didn't you ever hear of fellows' sticking on their nerve? Well, where's yours? A rest and some hot coffee will fix you up. Here, give me that rifle."

Another mile and he perceived that the doughboy was growing wabbly. He thereupon relieved him of the pack. The lieutenant carried it and the rifle in addition to his own stuff, the rest of the way. Rid of the load the soldier took a new lease of life and reached the end of the march on his own feet.

But where was Shorty all this time? Far in the rear, losing ground every mile. He dropped back company by company, but he would not fall out. From time to time he sat down, muttering to himself that he just couldn't make it, but a minute later he would get up again and follow. The whole battalion was watching him now, and some of the men shouted encouragement, but he gave no heed. He kept his head down and his gaze on the ground; the only thing that interested Shorty was the mileposts, the tiny stone pillars that recorded the distance to S——.

"Twelve kilometers," he muttered as we passed one on which the numbers were blurred. "I just can't make it."

He kept on for a little while, his feet giving him agony every step. And there was another stone pillar.

"Twelve and a half kilometers," said Shorty, and then his tone changed to a wail. "Sufferin' cats! How did that happen? I ain't even holding my own."

It was now past noon. The word ran down the line: "We stop in a minute for lunch."

Down a long hill and into a village; one company was already resting at the side of the street, eating their sandwiches, which they washed down with water. Just beyond the outskirts Company L's rolling kitchen was smoking. So was the cook. Also he was fuming.

"Come on there, you wops!" he yelled at the lagging lines. "What're you hanging back for? Want me to bring it to you on a tray?"

We went past him and his helpers in two lines, one on each side of the kitchen, and received a thick slice of hot roast beef, two pieces of bread and a cup of coffee that was hot enough to curl one's hair. However, the rain soon cooled it. Never for a minute did it let up.

Four Long Miles

A company commander strolled back to inquire how many of our men had dropped out.

"Only one so far," the captain reported. "And I intend to dock that fellow, because if he had kept sober last night he'd be as fresh as you or I."

The other remarked with a carefully casual air, "I haven't lost a man."

"There's a whole afternoon untouched yet, remember," was the retort.

Hardly had we more than bitten into the beef when the order came to start, so we finished our lunch on the road. The rain was driving down in torrents.

Heartened by the food the troops stepped out with renewed cheerfulness. Some of them sang. The second lieutenant who had taken over a soldier's pack and rifle led off with Dixieland. The extra load did not appear to bother him.

But pretty soon the going began to tell. The majority grew silent, plodding sullenly along through the slush, seeing nothing but the man ahead, thinking of nothing but the miles.

The last four were longer than anything I ever did in my life; and the long-legged scoundrels at the head of the procession were now stepping about a hundred and eighteen to the minute.

"What was that talk you made this morning about going slow?" jeered the captain. "By the time we get in you'll be able to wrap that Sam Brown belt round your tummy twice."

That was all very well too; I don't hold it against him. But a man's figure should never be made a subject for coarse jests. Just for that one thing he said, he'll never get another cigar from me as long as he lives.

After a while it began to dawn on me that we must be actually losing distance. We'd trudge for hours and hours, and yet the wretched stone pillars would register a quarter of a kilometer, which is a little more than an eighth of a mile. I grew furiously suspicious of this S—— place. One never knew where to look for treachery; perhaps the town had moved!

But Shorty was still coming along. True, he was now away back near the tail of the battalion, midway between the last two companies; but then, he wanted room and no crowding.

We got a full view of him as we went round a bend, and the company sent up a yell. It cheered them mightily to see Shorty staying with the game.

Next moment a machine-gun company debouched from a crossroad and butted into the battalion. Without so much as a by-your-leave they edged in between the last two companies and joined the march. Shortly Shorty awoke to the fact that he hadn't the whole road to himself but was being jostled by strange persons.

Shorty Keeps On

"Say," he bleated, "where'd you guys come from, anyhow? What is this—a bunch of cooks? Leave me room now, men! Quit crowdin' me! I'm a-telling you!"

They gave way on either side and Shorty soon dropped behind until he was once more about twenty yards in advance of the rear company. He seemed to like this position, for he clung to it doggedly.

Men were now dropping out fast. Some stopped and waited on their feet for a wagon to come up; others went waveringly into the field at the edge of the road and threw themselves down.

Officers ran to them. Some they raised forcibly to their feet and compelled to go on. I did not understand why at first, until happening to glance down at a soldier who was lying flat on the ground I caught him peering shrewdly up at me. These were the shirkers. Their officers spotted them with the skill of long practice and knowledge of the individual. The men who were really all in they permitted to fall back, to be taken care of by the ambulances.

One big strapping fellow looked reasonably fresh, but he leaned up against a tree and refused to go on.

"What company are you in, huh? What's the matter with you?"

"My feet're sore, sir."

At that moment Shorty arrived opposite. He heard and lifted his head a moment to throw a scornful glance at the laggard. Hadn't his own feet been fiery-hot chunks of lead for the last seven miles?

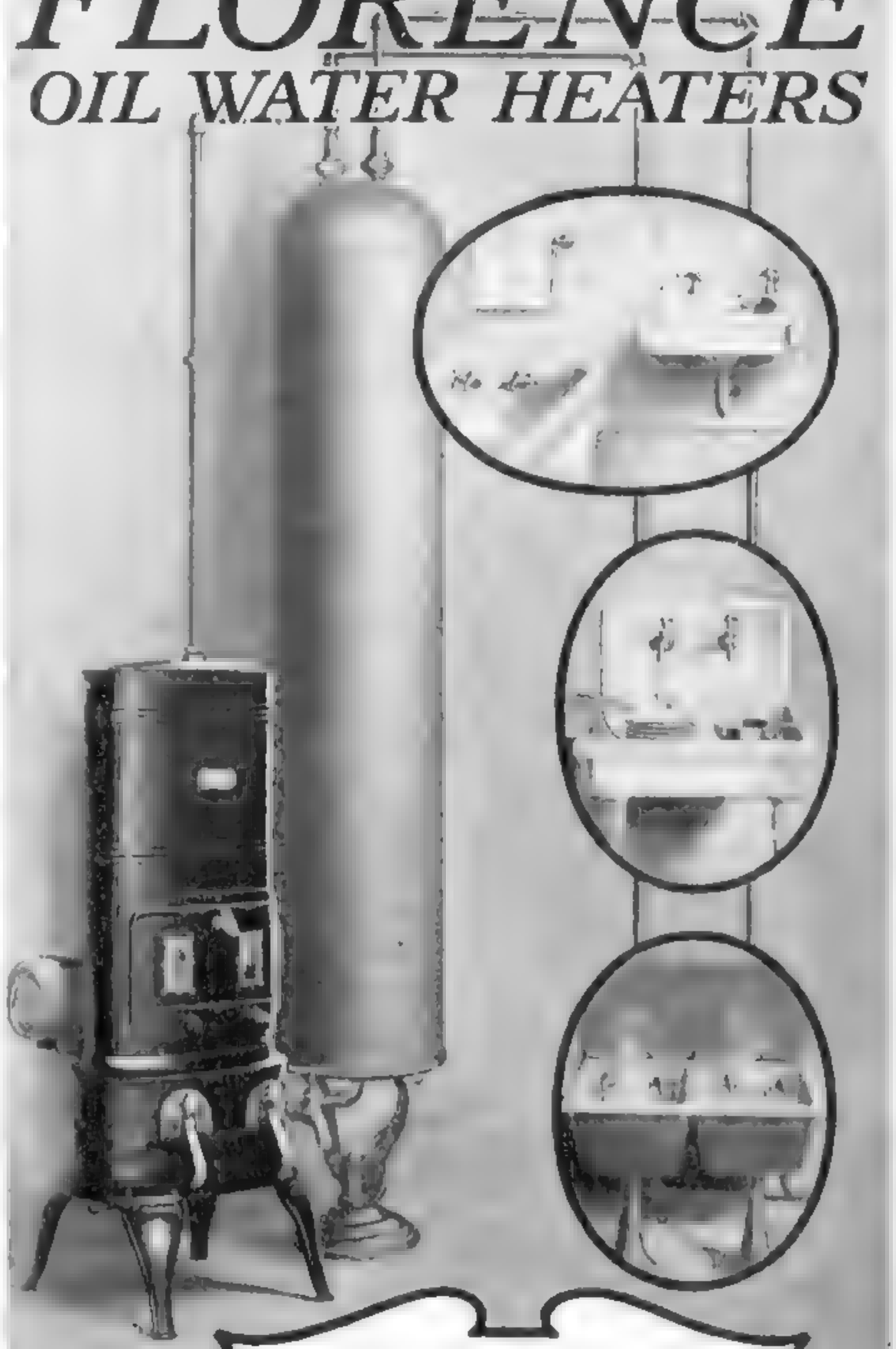
Curiously enough, however, the incident seemed to spur him. Perhaps it gave him pride in himself to see a man twice his size knuckle under. At any rate he did a lot better during the next half hour.

Then he took to sitting down again. That is all right for a man who is tired, but it plays the mischief with sore feet; they stiffen during a rest and hurt far more than if one kept going steadily.

We passed through several villages. The inhabitants scarcely noticed us. A few would come to the doors to stare and make low-voiced comments, but the majority never even paused in their work. For marching men bound for the trenches are a familiar sight to the French. All the sickening business of war is stale and flat to them. They no longer cheer. They can still laugh, but they have no huzzas left for martial doings after forty-two months of war. The only time I have heard the French applaud since July, 1917, was at a movie which showed the heroic Guynemer receiving his decorations. They worship the memory of the great airman; he symbolized for them the divine fire of the nation at its best.

By three o'clock Shorty was away back in the ruck. He was bent far forward under his pack, and his gait had grown decidedly uncertain. Along came the colonel and a battalion major on horses. They rode close behind the little man where he plodded between two companies, and one of the

FLORENCE
OIL WATER HEATERS



HOT WATER

Use Kerosene—Save Coal

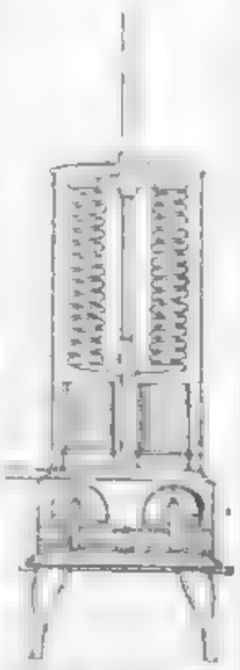
The Florence Automatic Wickless Kerosene Burner provides the hottest flame from the cheapest fuel.

Two intensely powerful flames close up under two copper coils produce an abundance of hot water in a surprisingly short time.

Two cents an hour furnishes plenty of hot water for kitchen, laundry, and bath. One-half cent an hour is sufficient for ordinary purposes.

Using kerosene in a Florence Heater is just as simple and easy as burning gas. You turn a lever, light a match, and get a clean, hot, blue flame. No wick to trim or clean. No smoke, no smell. The flame is easily regulated by means of the levers on the indicator plates. No watching is necessary. The glass bull's-eye shows you instantly the supply of oil in the oil tank.

The copper coils pass the heated water directly into the top of the tank, making it possible to get a small quantity of hot water in a very few minutes, without the expense of heating all the water in the tank.



The Fuel Administration authorizes us to say that the use of Oil Cook Stoves and Oil Heaters at this time is a very important help in the necessary conservation of coal for war purposes.

Write for booklet on Florence Hot Water Heaters

Central Oil & Gas Stove Company
316 School St., Gardner, Mass.
Made and sold in Canada by
McClary's
London, Ont.

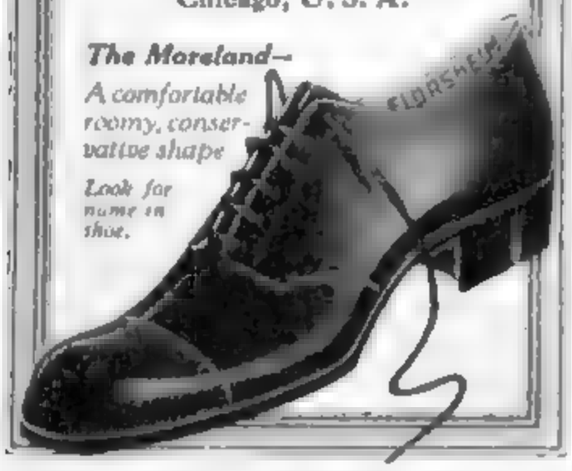
SHOE economy depends on what you get, not on what you pay. The Florsheim Shoe gives full value for every dollar you invest—style and quality that satisfy from first to last day's wear.

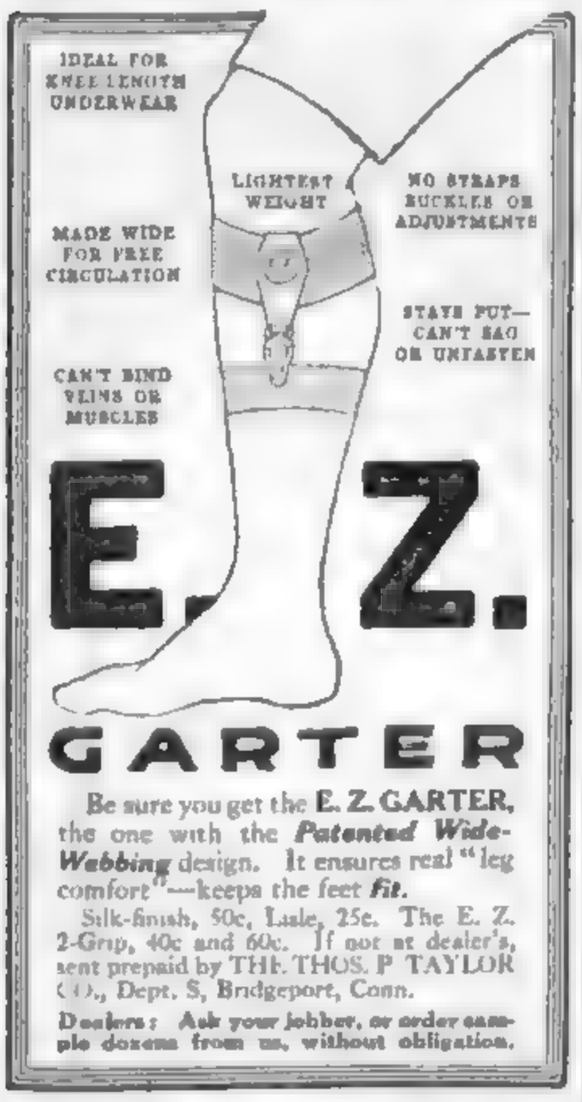
Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered

Ask for The Florsheim Shoe—see the Styles of the Times. Booklet of Military scenes on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Moreland—
A comfortable roomy, conservative shape
Look for name in shoe.





Be sure you get the **E. Z. GARTER**, the one with the ***Patented Wide-Webbing*** design. It ensures real "leg comfort"—keeps the feet ***fit.***

Silk-finish, 50c, Lisle, 25c. The E. Z. 2-Grip, 40c and 60c. If not at dealer's, sent prepaid by THE THOS. P TAYLOR CO., Dept. S, Bridgeport, Conn.

Dealers: Ask your jobber, or order sample dozens from us, without obligation.

A REMINDER
1150
KOEHLER
½-TON MOTOR TRUCK
POWERFUL—ECONOMICAL
M. J. KOEHLER MOTORS CORP.

animals nosed Shorty's pack. Shorty did not trouble to glance round.

"Leave me room, men!" he said in a fretful tone over his shoulder. "You quit crowdin' me. I'm a-telling you now!"

The officers laughed and left him room.

The rain kept pelting our backs. We threaded a lovely valley and moved up the long slope of a ridge. There were dense woods on our right. Down again; nobody had the heart to notice the country. There was only one thing at which every man looked, and that was the road. On it he kept his gaze glued. How far, in the name of heaven, was S——?

At V—— we found an American battalion that had come up the previous day. They lined the street to watch us enter.

"Buck up now and show 'em how we can do it," went down the line.

The men forced their tired legs to simulate freshness; two of the companies arranged to whistle and exchange badinage. We rested ten minutes in that town.

"Each squad commander see to it that no men have dropped out," cautioned the captain, with his mind on the fine opportunities afforded by the cafés.

On again; the last few kilometers were a nightmare. There were men strung out along the side of the road for miles, waiting for a lift. Others were being helped by their comrades. The fresh men divided the loads among them and almost carried the exhausted by the arms.

I perceived a Red Cross man sitting on the bank beside the road.

"There're some chaps back there who need your attention."

"Do they?" He gave a wan smile; he, too, was all in. "I'm waiting for help myself. Couldn't move another hundred yards if you offered me a million."

Even the officers showed the strain. They had lost their snappy stride and looked haggard. Yet some of Company L continued to sing and whistle, led by the lieutenant who was carrying a soldier's pack.

At long last the village of S—— came into view. The troops sent up strident yells of delight; and a few minutes later they were at rest. The day's march was done.

Shorty staggered into the billet to which his section was assigned and tried weakly to remove his pack.

"Well," he said faintly, "I made it!" and dropped like a log.

Next day the battalion moved on to a camp in a wood much nearer the line. They found frame barracks there and stout wooden bunks. The mud was deep; but who cares about mud? You get used to it in France. And there they rested two days.

Saturday broke beautiful and clear. Never did the sun shine more kindly than on the day of America's entry into the trenches.

The Pig Without Legs

All was bustle in the village of A——. Completely refreshed, the troops were up on their toes for the job ahead. They laughed and joked as they made their preparations. There was no boisterousness, but the air tingled with elation.

A—— is a small hamlet within easy shelling distance of the Front. Many of its houses are gaping ruins, with jagged walls still standing; but the church remains intact, and a tin cock on the weather vane is as cheeky as the day he was put there.

The village is on high ground and commands a wide expanse of country. Airplanes were scouring the heavens; from time to time a Jack Johnson burst on a village nearer the line, sending up thick oily black smoke. Two German-sausage balloons were in full view, and behind us a French observation balloon looked for all the world like a gigantic pig without legs, peering at nothing.

The preparations for the night's work went forward steadily. In the billets and in the shacks across the creek men were busily packing up their effects; others were loading wagons in the streets. Dinner consisted of bacon, rice, beans, bread and coffee.

"No beef, of course," sneered the cook. "Done run out, and no more has come up yet. That's always the way—the boneheads!"

In the afternoon some French airmen made a swoop high over the German lines. The boche guns were after them. Puff—puff—puff—little feathery balls of smoke filled the air. The machines skimmed away and mounted higher. Again the shrapnel went shrieking in pursuit. It never got within two hundred yards of them. The airmen seemed to sense where the shots would burst; with the crack of the guns they were off with a flirt of their tails, like birds.

The Americans watched them with delight. There is no more stirring sight in war than a duel between anti-aircraft guns and a pilot's wits. I saw a doughboy with his head thrown back and his mouth wide open, and I speculated as to whether the wonder of this fight six thousand feet from the earth hit him as hard as it did me.

"Say, that fellow's up in the air, ain't he?" he remarked presently.

The Propaganda Balloon

Later in the day two boche machines came flying toward the lines, and the French anti-aircraft guns gave tongue. It was a pretty good show.

About four o'clock a tiny blue balloon appeared above our heads traveling in the direction of Germany. It attained fine speed before the wind.

"What's that?"

"It's a pamphlet balloon," answered a French officer. "At a certain time, which has been carefully calculated, it will open up and discharge thousands of pamphlets over Germany. Propaganda, you know."

Side cars and motorcycles came dashing into the village from the Front. Down the road from the same direction came a Moroccan soldier on a proud white Arab stallion. Its neck was arched; its dainty feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground. He rode without a saddle; horse and man seemed one.

Came another with a long, desert-looking rifle on his back; he was mounted on a slim-legged bay. Then a truck, with some soldiers of the Zouaves in it. The Americans were relieving the Zouaves.

A couple of mule-skinners now strode into view from nowhere. They were in an argumentative mood.

"Where is he, hey? Show him to me—that's all I ask. Show him to me! You said there was a boche spy in this town! Well, point him out!"

His pal stopped and surveyed him pityingly.

"Do you suppose," he said with biting scorn, "do you—actually—suppose —— Why, if there'd been any boches round here I'd killed 'em myself, you rummy! You always want the best of it."

At four-thirty a machine-gun company moved up the Rue de la Croix and paused a while at the corner where the road runs to the Front. Then they started. They went in squads—eight men in charge of a noncommissioned officer—and the squads kept seventy-five yards apart. Also, four men walked on one side of the road and four on the other. These precautions were taken in order to lessen losses if a shell burst among them.

It was still light, and "Stop those men at the next village!" came the command. They were held there until dark.

The infantry went to supper. Some of us ate at a rolling kitchen near the corner where the troops would leave. That company had cold canned beef, stewed tomatoes, bread and coffee. It was their last meal before going in.

Directly back of us lounged a very youthful corporal. He had a pink, cherubic face.

"I wonder what these fellows're thinking about!" remarked a correspondent. "Do you suppose they're scared? Or do you think each man figures it won't be him who gets it?"

In a minute or two I strolled over to the corporal to borrow a match.

"Well, how does it feel to be going in for the first time? Nervous?"

He looked at me indulgently, as a veteran might look at a curious greenhorn.

"Why, this is all old stuff to me," he said loftily.

He had been in a few days for training in November!

If there was any nervousness among the Americans they are born actors, for we failed to detect a sign of it. They kidded each other in ranks; there was subdued conversation and smothered laughter. One youngster was telling his comrades about a cruiser he had sailed on.

"We are all tough guys, see? 'Eat 'em alive' was our motto." And he spat violently into the road just to show how tough he was.

A French captain, wearing two palms for gallantry, eyed our men closely. After a while he spoke up:

"They're splendid. No loud noise about it—but they aren't too serious either." He listened to the hum of jokes and comments a while longer and then he shook his head. "And this is their first real test! Wonderful! I have seen nothing finer in three years with the colors."

It was growing dusk and the companies began to form up in their streets. A major on a black horse took his place at the corner of the Rue de la Croix. It was his business to superintend the going-in of the battalion. Another major stood beside him.

"Well, old man," said the latter, "be sure to keep the dugouts in fine shape for me up there. I'll be along to relieve you pretty soon."

"Don't you worry about dugouts!" replied the officer on the horse gravely. "I'll have a line of concrete ones to turn over to you."

Those near them laughed; everybody knew that only the boches boasted concrete living places in this sector.

At five-fifteen the first company came marching to the corner and halted.

"All right," said the major quietly.

Half of the first platoon started along the road in two lines, one on each side. Fifty yards and —"You're next!" said the major. The second half followed. In a minute they had disappeared in the dark.

A half-moon shone in the sky, and away on our left the evening star blazed like a torch.

Now and again some slight confusion rose at the corner through a commander's marching his company past without discerning the opening in the dark. The major straightened out these tangles without a flurry. He never lifted his voice; in even, modulated tones he gave his orders, but somehow they carried a snap like the crack of a whip.

A Citizen of the World

Probably it was because he knew his job. This was all familiar work to him. Sixteen years of service, and four wounds; with the British in France, and in command of a famous unit in the Gallipoli campaign; born in England, but a resident of the United States since boyhood, and now American to his finger tips—it gave one a sense of security just to hear that major speak. Always the same quiet, conversational tone—even when he stopped the driver of a rolling kitchen that was about to start and ordered him to rake the live coals out of his stove lest the enemy see the sparks.

"They'll relieve the French in platoon groups and there'll be a Frenchman with every platoon of ours for twenty-four hours after we go in," he explained. "That is to give our fellows a chance to get thoroughly familiar with their positions."

"How about the artillery?"

"They'll go in later. A French gunner will stay with each battery a couple of weeks, to give them the ranges and the timing of fuses."

Hundreds of men had already gone by.

"There're two more companies to come," said the major, "but I must leave you. Good night, gentlemen."

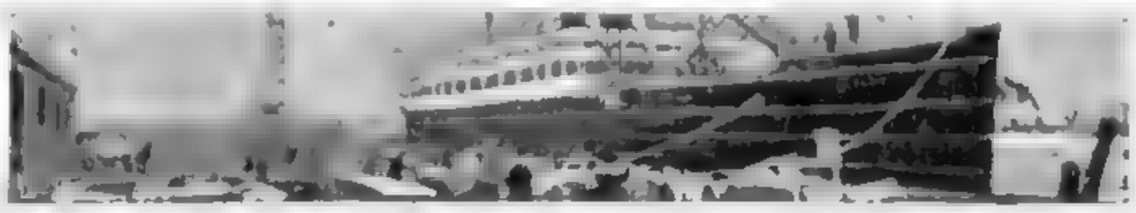
Spurring his horse he loped off into the dark. We continued to stand on the corner.

The minutes dragged. Group after group of men detached themselves from the main body and disappeared along the road. Soon they were all gone.

Long after their departure the second major stood at the corner, listening. He strode this way and that; from time to time he looked at his watch. It was a serene night and no noise of battle broke it.

"Eight o'clock," he muttered. You could see the man straining to catch a sound. He continued to pace nervously up and down. At last he stopped and drew a deep breath of relief.

"Nine o'clock," he said. "All's well. They're in."



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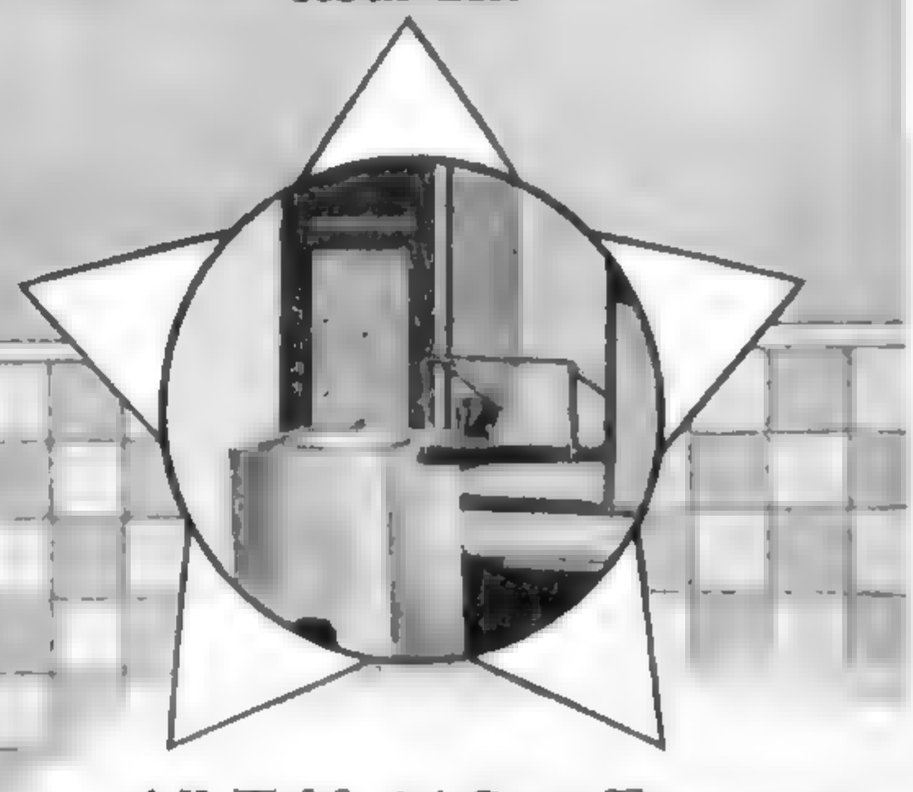

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THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 19)

which is an unusual thing for bodies to possess, it began to sing:

Trou là là, ça ne va guère;
Trou là là, ça ne va pas.

XXVIII

LATE in August Sara Lee broke her engagement with Harvey. She had been away, at Cousin Jennie's, for a month, and for the first time since her return she had had time to think. In the little suburban town there were long hours of quiet when Cousin Jennie mended on the porch and Aunt Harriet, enjoying a sort of reflected glory from Sara Lee, presided at Red Cross meetings.

Sara Lee decided to send for Harvey, and he came for a week-end, arriving pathetically eager, but with a sort of defiance too. He was determined to hold her, but to hold her on his own terms.

Aunt Harriet had been vaguely uneasy, but Harvey's arrival seemed to put everything right. She even kissed him when he came, and took great pains to carry off Cousin Jennie when she showed an inclination toward conversation and a seat on the porch.

Sara Lee had made a desperate resolve. She intended to lay all her cards on the table. He should know all that there was to know. If, after that, he still wanted to hold her—but she did not go so far. She was so sure he would release her.

It was a despairing thing to do, but she was rather despairing those days. There had been no letter from Henri or from Jean. She had written them both several times, to Dunkirk, to the Savoy in London, to the little house near the Front. But no replies had come. Yet mail was getting through. Mabel Andrews' letters from Boulogne came regularly.

When August went by, with no letters save Harvey's, begging her to come back, she gave up at last. In the little church on Sundays, with Jennie on one side and Aunt Harriet on the other, she voiced small silent prayers—that the thing she feared had not happened.

But she could not think of Henri as not living. He was too strong, too vital.

She did not understand herself those days. She was desperately unhappy. Sometimes she wondered if it would not be easier to know the truth, even if that truth comprehended the worst.

Once she received, from some unknown hand, a French journal, and pored over it for days with her French dictionary, to find if it contained any news. It was not until a week later that she received a letter from Mabel, explaining that she had sent the journal, which contained a description of her hospital.

All of Harvey's Sunday she spent in trying to bring her courage to the point of breaking the silence he had imposed on her, but it was not until evening that she succeeded.

The house was empty. The family had gone to church. On the veranda, with the heavy scent of phlox at night permeating the still air, Sara Lee made her confession. She began at the beginning. Harvey did not stir—until she told of the way she had stowed away to cross the channel. Then he moved.

"This fellow who planned that for you—did you ever see him again?"

"He met me in Calais."

"And then what?"

"He took me to Dunkirk in his car. Such a hideous car, Harvey—all wrecked. It had been under fire again and again. I ——"

"He took you to Dunkirk! Who was with you?"

"Just Jean, his chauffeur."

"I like his nerve! Wasn't there in all that God-forsaken country a woman to take with you? You and this —— What was his name, anyhow?"

"I can't tell you that, Harvey."

"Look here!" he burst out. "How much of this aren't you going to tell? Because I want it all or not at all."

"I can't tell you his name. I'm only trying to make you understand the way I feel about things. His name doesn't matter." She clenched her hands in the darkness. "I don't think he is alive now."

He tried to see her face, but she turned it away.

"Dead, eh? What makes you think that?"

"I haven't heard from him."

"Why should you hear from him?" His voice cut like a knife. "Look at me. Why should he write to you?"

"He cared for me, Harvey."

He sat in a heavy silence which alarmed her.

"Don't be angry, please," she begged. "I couldn't bear it. It wasn't my fault, or his either."

"The damned scoundrel!" said Harvey thickly.

But she reached over and put a trembling hand over his lips.

"Don't say that," she said. "Don't! I won't allow you to. When I think what may have happened to him, I ——" Her voice broke.

"Go on," Harvey said in cold tones she had never heard before. "Tell it all, now you've begun it. God knows, I didn't want to hear it. He took you to the hotel at Dunkirk, the way those foreigners take their women. And he established you in the house at the Front, I suppose, like a ——"

Sara Lee suddenly stood up and drew off her ring.

"You needn't go on," she said quietly. "I had a decision to make to-night, and I have made it. Ever since I came home I have been trying to go back to where we were before I left. It isn't possible. You are what you always were, Harvey. But I've changed. I can't go back."

She put the ring into his hand.

"It isn't that you don't love me. I think you do. But I've been thinking things over. It isn't only to-night, or what you just said. It's because we don't care for the same things, or believe in them."

"But—if we love each other ——"

"It's not that, either. I used to feel that way. A home, and someone to care about, and a little pleasure and work."

"That ought to be enough, honey."

He was terrified. His anger was gone. He placed an appealing hand on her arm, and as she stood there in the faint starlight the wonder of her once again got him by the throat. She had that sort of repressed eagerness, that look of being poised for flight, that had always made him feel cheap and unworthy.

"Isn't that enough, honey?" he repeated.

"Not now," she said, her eyes turned toward the east. "These are great days, Harvey. They are greater and more terrible than anyone can know who has not been there. I've been there and I know. I haven't the right to all this peace and comfort when I know how things are going over there."

Down the quiet street of the little town service was over. The last hymn had been sung. Through the open windows came the mellow sound of the minister's voice in benediction, too far away to be more than a tone, like a single deep note of the organ. Sara Lee listened. She knew the words he was saying, and she listened with her eyes turned to the east:

"The peace of God that passeth all understanding be and abide with you all, forevermore. Amen."

Sara Lee listened, and from the step below her Harvey watched her with furtive, haggard eyes. He had not heard the benediction.

"The peace of God!" she said slowly. "There is only one peace of God, Harvey, and that is service. I am going back."

"Service!" he scoffed. "You are going back to him!"

"I'm afraid he is not there any more. I am going back to work. But if he is there ——"

Harvey slid the ring into his pocket. "What if he's not there?" he demanded bitterly. "If you think, after all this, that I'm going to wait, on the chance of your coming back to me, you're mistaken. I've been a laughing stock long enough."

In the light of her new decision Sara Lee viewed him for the first time with the pitiless eyes of women who have lost a faith. She saw him for what he was, not deliberately cruel, not even unkindly, but selfish, small, without vision. Harvey was for his own fireside, his office, his little family group. His labor would always be for himself and his own. Whereas Sara Lee was, now and forever, for all the world, her hands consecrated to bind up its little wounds and to soothe its great ones. Harvey craved a cheap and easy peace. She wanted no peace except that bought by service, the peace of a tired body, the peace of the little house in Belgium where, after days of torture, weary men found quiet and ease and the cheer of the open door.

XXIX

LATE in October Sara Lee went back to the little house of mercy; went unaccredited, and with her own money. She had sold her bit of property.

In London she went to the Traverses, as before. But with a difference too. For Sara Lee had learned the strangeness of the English, who are slow to friendships but who never forget. Indeed, a telegram met her at Liverpool asking her to stop with them in London.

She had replied, refusing, but thanking them, and saying she would call the next afternoon.

Everything was the same at Morley's: Rather a larger percentage of men in uniform, perhaps; greater crowds in the square; a little less of the optimism which in the spring had predicted victory before autumn. But the same high courage, for all that.

August greeted her like an old friend. Even the waiters bowed to her, and upstairs the elderly chambermaid fussed over her like a mother.

"And you're going back!" she exclaimed. "Fancy that, now! You are brave, miss."

But her keen eyes saw a change in Sara Lee. Her smile was the same, but there were times when she forgot to finish a sentence, and she stood, that first morning, for an hour by the window, looking out as if she saw nothing.

She went, before the visit to the Traverses, to the Church of Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields. It was empty, save for a woman in a corner, who did not kneel, but sat staring quietly before her. Sara Lee prayed an inarticulate bit of a prayer, that what the Traverses would have to tell her should not be the thing that she feared, but that, if it were, she be given courage to meet it and to go on with her work.

The Traverses would know; Mrs. Cameron was a friend. They would know about Henri, and about Jean. Soon, within the hour, she would learn everything. So she asked for strength, and then sat there for a time, letting the peace of the old church quiet her, as had the broken walls and shattered altar of that other church, across the Channel.

It was rather a surprise to Sara Lee to have Mrs. Travers put her arms about her and kiss her. Mr. Travers, too, patted her hand when he took it. But they had, for all that, the reserve of their class. Much that they felt about Sara Lee they did not express even to each other.

"We are so grateful to you," Mrs. Travers said. "I am only one mother, and of course now ——" She looked down at her black dress. "But how many mothers there are who will want to thank you, when this terrible thing is over and they learn about you!"

Mr. Travers had been eying Sara Lee.

"Didn't use you up, did it?" he asked. "You're not looking quite fit."

Sara Lee was very pale just then. In a moment she would know.

"I'm quite well," she said. "I—do you hear from Mrs. Cameron?"

"Frequently. She has worked hard, but she is not young." It was Mrs. Travers who spoke. "She's afraid of the winter there. I rather think, since you want to go back, that she will be glad to turn your domain over to you for a time."

"Then—the little house is still there?"

"Indeed, yes! A very famous little house, indeed. But it is always known as your house. She has felt like a temporary chatelaine. She always thought you would come back."

Tea had come, as before. The momentary stir gave her a chance to brace herself. Mr. Travers brought her cup to her and smiled gently down at her.

"We have a plan to talk over," he said, "when you have had your tea. I hope you will agree to it."

He went back to the hearthrug.

"When I was there before," Sara Lee said, trying to hold her cup steady, "there was a young Belgian officer who was very kind to me. Indeed, all the credit for what I did belongs to him. And since I went home I haven't heard ——"

Her voice broke suddenly. Mr. Travers glanced at his wife. Not for nothing had Mrs. Cameron written her long letters to these old friends, in the quiet summer afternoons when the sun shone down on the lifeless street before the little house.

"I'm afraid we have bad news for you." Mrs. Travers put down her untasted tea. "Or rather, we have no news. Of course," she added, seeing Sara Lee's eyes, "in this war no news may be the best—that is, he may be a prisoner."

"That," Sara Lee heard herself say, "is impossible. If they captured him they would shoot him."

Mrs. Travers nodded silently. They knew Henri's business, too, by that time, and that there was no hope for a captured spy.

"And Jean?"

They did not know of Jean; so she told them, still in that far-away voice. And at last Mrs. Travers brought an early letter of Mrs. Cameron's and read a part of it aloud.

"'He seems to have been delirious,'" she read, holding her reading glasses to her eyes. "'A friend of his, very devoted to him, was missing, and he learned this somehow.

"'He escaped from the hospital and got away in an ambulance. He came straight here and wakened us. There had been a wounded man in the machine, and he left him on our doorstep. When I got to the door the car was going wildly toward the Front, with both lamps lighted. We did not understand then, of course, and no one thought of following it. The ambulance was found smashed by a shell the next morning, and at first we thought that he had been in it. But there was no sign that he had been, and that night one of the men from the trenches insisted that he had climbed out of a firing trench where the soldier stood, and had gone forward, bareheaded, toward the German lines.

"'I am afraid it was the end. The men, however, who all loved him, do not think so. It seems that he has done miracles again and again. I understand that along the whole Belgian line they watch for him at night. The other night a German on reconnaissance got very close to our wire, and was greeted not by shots but by a wild hurrah. He was almost paralyzed with surprise. They brought him here on the way back to the prison camp, and he still looked dazed.'"

Sara Lee sat with her hands clenched. Mrs. Travers folded the letter and put it back into its envelope.

"How long ago was that?" Sara Lee asked in a low tone. "Because, if he was coming back at all ——"

"Four months."

Suddenly Sara Lee stood up.

"I think I ought to tell you," she said with a dead-white face, "that I am responsible. He cared for me; and I was in love with him too. Only I didn't know it then. I let him bring me to England, because—I suppose it was because I loved him. I didn't think then that it was that. I was engaged to a man at home."

"Sit down," said Mr. Travers. "My dear child, nothing can be your fault."

"He came with me, and the Germans got through. He had had word, but ——"

"Have you your salts?" Mr. Travers asked quietly of his wife.

"I'm not fainting. I'm only utterly wretched."

The Traverses looked at each other. They were English. They had taken their own great loss quietly, because it was an individual grief and must not be obtruded on the sorrow of a nation. But they found this white-faced girl infinitely appealing, a small and fragile figure, to whose grief must be added, without any fault of hers, a bitter and lasting remorse.

Sara Lee stood up and tried to smile.

"Please don't worry about me," she said. "I need something to do, that's all. You see, I've been worrying for so long. If I can get to work and try to make up I'll not be so hopeless. But I am not quite hopeless, either," she added hastily. It was as though by the very word she had consigned Henri to death. "You see, I am like the men; I won't give him up. And perhaps some night he will come across from the other side, out of the dark."

Mr. Travers took her back to the hotel. When he returned from paying off the taxi he found her looking across at the square.

"Do you remember," she asked him, "the time when the little donkey was hurt over there?"

"I shall never forget it."

"And the young officer who ran out when I did, and shot the poor thing?"

Mr. Travers remembered.

"That was he—the man we have been speaking of."

For the first time that day her eyes filled with tears.

Sara Lee, at twenty, was already living in her memories.

So again the lights went down in front, and the back drop became but a veil, and invisible. And to Sara Lee there came back again some of the characters of the early *mise en scène*—marching men, forage wagons, squadrons of French cavalry escorting various staffs, commandeered farm horses with shaggy fetlocks fastened in rope corrals, artillery rumbling along rutted roads which shook the gunners almost off the limbers.

Nothing was changed—and everything. There was no René to smile his adoring smile, but Marie came out, sobbing and laughing, and threw herself into the girl's arms. The little house was the same, save for a hole in the kitchen wall. There were the great piles of white bowls and the shining kettles. There was the corner of her room, patched by René's hands, now so long quiet. A few more shell holes in the street, many more little crosses in the field near the poplar trees, more Allied aëroplanes in the air—that was all that was changed.

But to Sara Lee everything was changed, for all that. The little house was grave and still, like a house of the dead. Once it had echoed to young laughter, had resounded to the noise and excitement of Henri's every entrance. Even when he was not there it was as though it but waited for him to stir it into life, and small echoes of his gayety had seemed to cling to its old walls.

Sara Lee stood on the doorstep and looked within. She had come back. Here she would work and wait, and if in the goodness of Providence he should come back, here he would find her, all the empty months gone and forgotten. If he did not ——

"I shall still be calling you, and waiting," he had written. She, too, would call and wait; and if not here, then surely in the fullness of time which is eternity the call would be answered.

In October Sara Lee took charge again of the little house. Mrs. Cameron went back to England, but not until the Travers' plan had been revealed. They would support the little house, as a memorial to the son who had died. It was, Mrs. Travers wrote, the finest tribute they could offer to his memory, that night after night tired and ill and wounded men might find sanctuary, even for a little time, under her care.

Luxuries began to come across the Channel, food and dressings and tobacco. Knitted things, too; for another winter was coming, and already the frost lay white on the fields in the mornings. The little house took on a new air of prosperity. There were days when it seemed almost swaggering with opulence.

It had need of everything, however. With the prospect of a second winter, when an advance was impossible, the Germans took to hammering again. Bombardment was incessant. The little village was again under suspicion, and there came days of terror when it seemed as though even the fallen masonry must be reduced to powder. The church went entirely.

By December Sara Lee had ceased to take refuge during the bombardments. The fatalism of the Front had got her. She would die or live according to the great plan, and nothing could change that. She did not greatly care which, except for her work, and even that she felt could be carried on by another as well.

There was no news of Henri, but once the King's equerry, going by, had stopped to see her and had told her the story.

"He was ill, undoubtedly," he said. "Even when he went to London he was ill, and not responsible. The King understands that. He was a brave boy, mademoiselle."

But the last element of hope seemed to go with that verification of his illness. He was delirious, and he had gone in that condition into the filthy chill waters of the inundation. Well and sane, there had been a chance; but plunging, wild-eyed and reckless, into that hell across, there was none.

She did her best in the evenings to be cheerful, to take the place, in her small and serious fashion, of Henri's old gayety. But the soldiers whispered among themselves that mademoiselle was in grief, as they were, for the blithe young soldier who was gone.

What hope Sara Lee had had died almost entirely early in December. On the evening of a day when a steady rain had turned the roads into slimy pitfalls, and the ditches to canals, there came, brought by a Belgian corporal, the man who swore that Henri had passed him in his trench while the others slept, had shoved him aside, which was unlike his usual courtesy, and had climbed out over the top.

To Sara Lee this Hutin told his story. A short man, with a red beard and a kindly smile that revealed teeth almost destroyed from neglect, he was at first diffident in the extreme.

"It was the captain, mademoiselle," he asserted. "I know him well. He has often gone on his errands from near my post. I am"—he smiled—"I am usually in the front line."

"What did he do?"

"He had no cap, mademoiselle. I thought that was odd. And as you know—he does not wear his own uniform on such occasions. But he wore his own uniform, so that at first I did not know what he intended."

"Later on," she asked, "you—did you hear anything?"

"The usual sniping, mademoiselle. Nothing more."

"He went through the inundation?"

"How else could he go? Through the wire first, at the barrier, where there is an opening, if one knows the way. I saw him beyond it, by the light of a fusee. There is a road there, or what was once a road. He stood there. Then the lights went out."

xxx

ON A WILD night in January Sara Lee inaugurated a new branch of service. There had been a delay in sending up to the Front the men who had been on rest, and an incessant bombardment held the troops prisoners in their trenches.

A field kitchen had been destroyed. The men were hungry, disheartened, wet through. They needed her, she felt. Even the little she could do would help. All day she had made soup, and at evening Marie led from its dilapidated stable the little horse that Henri had once brought up, trundling its cart behind it. The boiler of the cart was scoured, a fire lighted in the fire box. Marie, a country girl, harnessed the shaggy little animal, but with tears of terror.

"You will be killed, mademoiselle," she protested, weeping.

"But I have gone before. Don't you remember the man whose wife was English, and how I wrote a letter for him before he died?"

"What will become of the house if you are killed?"

"Dear Marie," said Sara Lee, "that is all arranged for. You will send to Poperinghe for your aunt, and she will come until Mrs. Cameron or someone else can come from England. And you will stay on. Will you promise that?"

Marie promised in a loud wail.

"Of course I shall come back," Sara Lee said, stirring her soup preparatory to pouring it out. "I shall be very careful."

"You will not come back, mademoiselle. You do not care to live, and to such ——"

"Those are the ones who live on," said Sara Lee gravely, and poured out her soup.

She went quite alone. There was a great deal of noise, but no shells fell near her. She led the little horse by its head, and its presence gave her comfort. It had a sense that she had not, too, for it kept her on the road.

In those still early days the Belgian trenches were quite accessible from the rear. There were no long tunneled ways to traverse to reach them. One went along through the darkness until the sound of men's voices, the glare of charcoal in a bucket bored with holes, the flicker of a match, told of the buried army almost underfoot or huddled in its flimsy shelters beyond the railway embankment.

Beyond the lines a sentry stopped her, hailing her sharply.

"*Qui vive?*"

"It is I," she called through the rain. "I have brought some chocolate and some soup."

He lowered his bayonet.

"Pass, mademoiselle."

She went on, the rumbling of her little cart deadened by the Belgian guns.

Through the near-by trenches that night went the word that near the Repose of the Angels—which was but a hole in the ground and scarcely reposeful—there was to be had hot soup and chocolate and cigarettes. A dozen or so at a time, the men were allowed to come. Officers brought their great capes to keep the girl dry. Boards appeared as if by magic for her to stand on. The rain and the bombardment had both ceased, and a full moon made the lagoon across the embankment into a silver lake.

When the last soup had been dipped from the tall boiler, when the final drops of chocolate had oozed from the faucet, Sara Lee turned and went back to the little house again. But before she went she stood a moment staring across toward that land of the shadow on the other side, where Henri had gone and had not returned.

Once, when the King had decorated her, she had wished that, wherever Uncle James might be, on the other side, he could see what was happening. And now she wondered if Henri could know that she had come back and was again looking after his men while she waited for that reunion he had so firmly believed in.

Then she led the little horse back along the road.

At the poplar trees she turned and looked behind, toward the trenches. The grove was but a skeleton now, a strange and jagged thing of twisted branches, as though it had died in agony. She stood there while the pony nuzzled her gently. If she called, would he come? But, then, all of life was one call now, for her. She went on slowly.

After that it was not unusual for her to go to the trenches, on such nights as no men could come to the little house. Always she was joyously welcomed, and always on her way back she turned to send from the poplar trees that inarticulate aching call that she had come somehow to believe in.

January, wet and raw, went by; February, colder, with snow, was half over. The men had ceased to watch for Henri over the parapet, and his brave deeds had become fireside tales, to be told at home, if ever there were to be homes again for them.

Then one night Henri came back—came as he had gone, out of the shadows that had swallowed him up; came without so much as the sound of a sniper's rifle to herald him. A strange, thin Henri, close to starvation, dripping water over everything from a German uniform, and very close indeed to death before he called out.

There was wild excitement indeed. Bearded private soldiers, forgetting that name and rank of his which must not be told, patted his thin shoulders. Officers who had lived through such horrors as also may not be told crowded about him and shook hands with him and with each other.

It was as though from the graveyard back in the fields had come, alive and smiling, some dearly beloved friend.

He would have told the story, but he was wet and weary.

"That can wait," they said, and led him, a motley band of officers and men intermixed, for once forgetting all decorum, toward the village. They overtook the lines of men who had left the trenches and were moving with their slow and weary gait up the road. The news spread through the column. There were muffled cheers. Figures stepped out of the darkness with hands out. Henri clasped as many as he could.

When with his escort he had passed the men they fell, almost without orders, into columns of fours, and swung in behind him. There was no band, but from a thousand throats, yet cautiously until they passed the poplar trees, there gradually swelled and grew a marching song.

Sara Lee, listening for that first shuffle of many feet that sounded so like the wind in the trees or water over the pebbles of a brook, paused in her work and lifted her head. The rhythm of marching feet came through the wooden shutters. The very building seemed to vibrate with it.

She went to the door and stood there, looking down the street. Behind her was the warm glow of the lamp, all the snug invitation of the little house.

A group of soldiers had paused in front of the doorway, and from them one emerged—tall, white, infinitely weary—and looked up at her with unbelieving eyes.

After all, there are no words for such meetings. Henri took her hand, still with that sense of unreality, and bent over it. And Sara Lee touched his head as he stooped, because she had called for so long, and only now he had come.

"So you have come back!" she said in what she hoped was a composed tone—because a great many people were listening.

He raised his head then and looked at her: "It is you who have come back, mademoiselle."

There was gayety in the little house that night. Every candle was lighted. They were stuck in rows on mantel-shelves. They blazed—and melted into strange arcs above the kitchen stove. There were cigarettes for everybody, and food; and a dry uniform, rather small, for Henri. Marie wept over her soup, and ran every few moments to the door to see if he was still there.

Sara Lee did her bandaging as usual, but with shining eyes. And soon after Henri's arrival a dispatch rider set off post haste with certain papers and maps, hurriedly written and drawn. Henri had not only returned, he had brought back information of great value to all the Allied armies.

So Sara Lee bandaged, and in the little room across the way, where no longer Harvey's photograph sat on the mantel, Henri told his story to the officers—of his imprisonment in the German prison at Crefeld; of his finding Jean there, weeks later when he was convalescing from typhoid; of their escape and long wandering; of Jean's getting into Holland, whence he would return by way of England. Of his own business, of what he had done behind the lines after Jean had gone, he said nothing. But his listeners knew and understood.

But his dispatches off, his story briefly told, Henri wandered out among the men again. He was very happy. He had never thought to be so happy. He felt the touch on his sleeves of hard brown, not overclean hands, infinitely tender and caressing; and over there, as though she had never gone, was Sara Lee, slightly flushed and very radiant.

And as though he also had never gone away, Henri pushed into the *salle à manger* and stood before her, smiling.

"You bandage well, mademoiselle," he said gayly. "But I? I bandage better! See now, a turn here, and it is done! Does it hurt, Paul?"

The man in the dressing chair squirmed and grinned sheepishly.

"The iodine," he explained. "It is painful."

"Then I shall ask you a question, and you will forget the iodine: Why is a dead German like the tail of a pig?"

Paul failed. The room failed. Even Colonel Lilias confessed himself at fault.

"Because it is the end of the swine," explained Henri, and looked about him triumphantly. A gust of laughter spread through the room and even to the kitchen. A door banged. Henri upset a chair. There was noise again, and gayety in the little house of mercy. And much happiness.

And there, I think, we may leave them all—Henri and Sara Lee; and Jean of the one eye and the faithful heart; and Marie, with her kettles; and even René, who still in some strange way belonged to the little house, as though it were something too precious to abandon. The amazing interlude had become the play itself. Never again for Sara Lee would the lights go up in front, and Henri with his adoring eyes and open arms fade into the shadows.

The drama of the war plays on. The Great Playwright sees fit, now and then, to take away some well-beloved players. New faces appear and disappear. The music is the thunder of many guns. Henri still plays his big part, Sara Lee her little one. Yet who shall say, in the end, which one has done the better? There are new and ever new standards, but love remains the chief. And love is Sara Lee's one quality—love of her kind, of tired men and weary, the love that shall one day knit this broken world together. And love of one man.

On weary nights, when Henri is again lost in the shadows, Sara Lee, her work done, the men gone, sits in her little house of mercy and waits. The stars on clear evenings shine down on the roofless buildings, on the rubbish that was once the mill, on the ruined poplar trees, and on the small acre of peace where tiny crosses mark the long sleep of weary soldiers. And sometimes, though she knows it now by heart, she reads aloud that letter of Henri's to her. It comforts her. It is a promise.

"If that is to be, then think of me, somewhere, perhaps with René by my side, since he, too, loved you. And I shall still be calling you, and waiting. Perhaps, even beyond the stars, they have need of a little house of mercy. And God knows, wherever I am, I shall have need of you."

(THE END)

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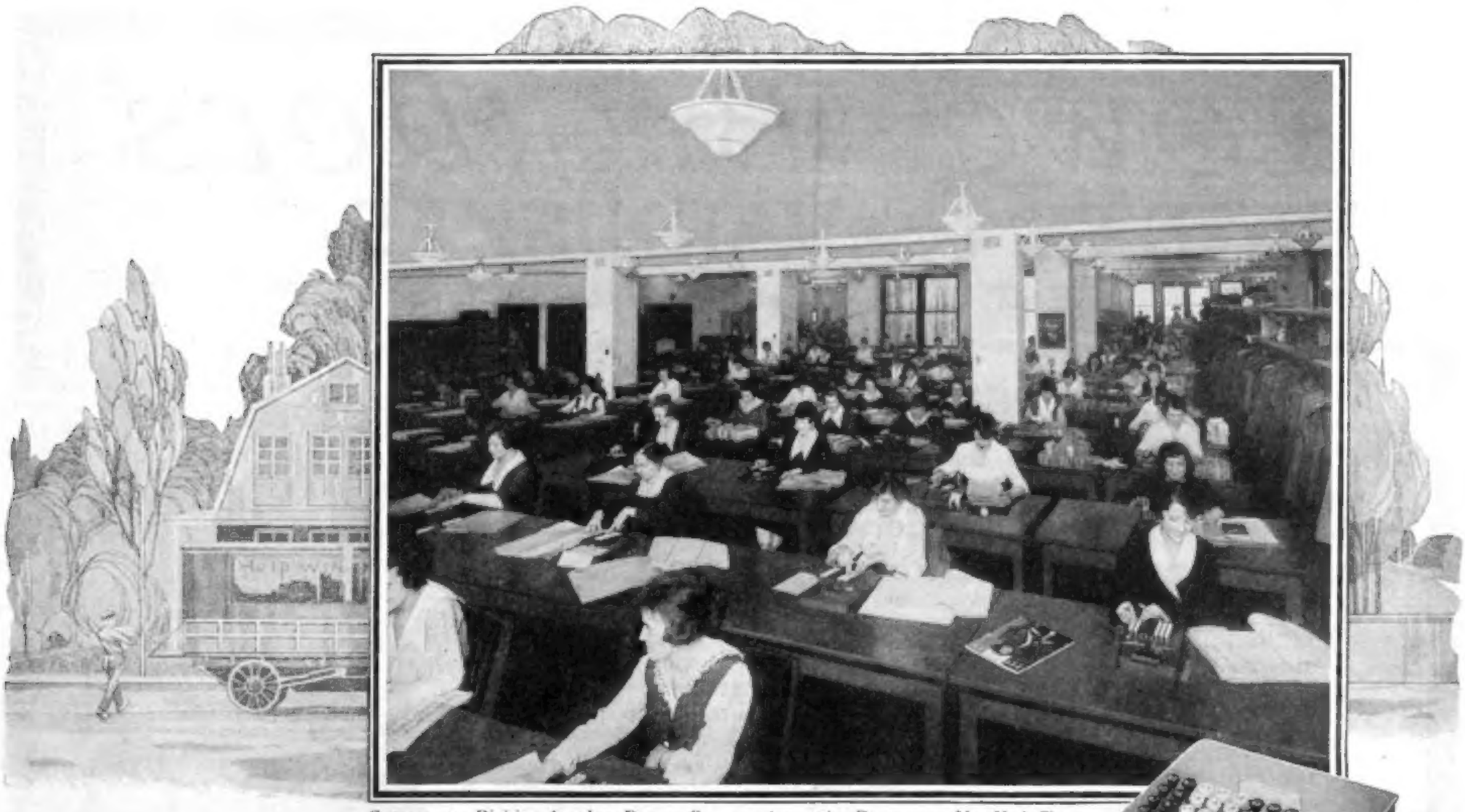

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